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THE NEW YORKER

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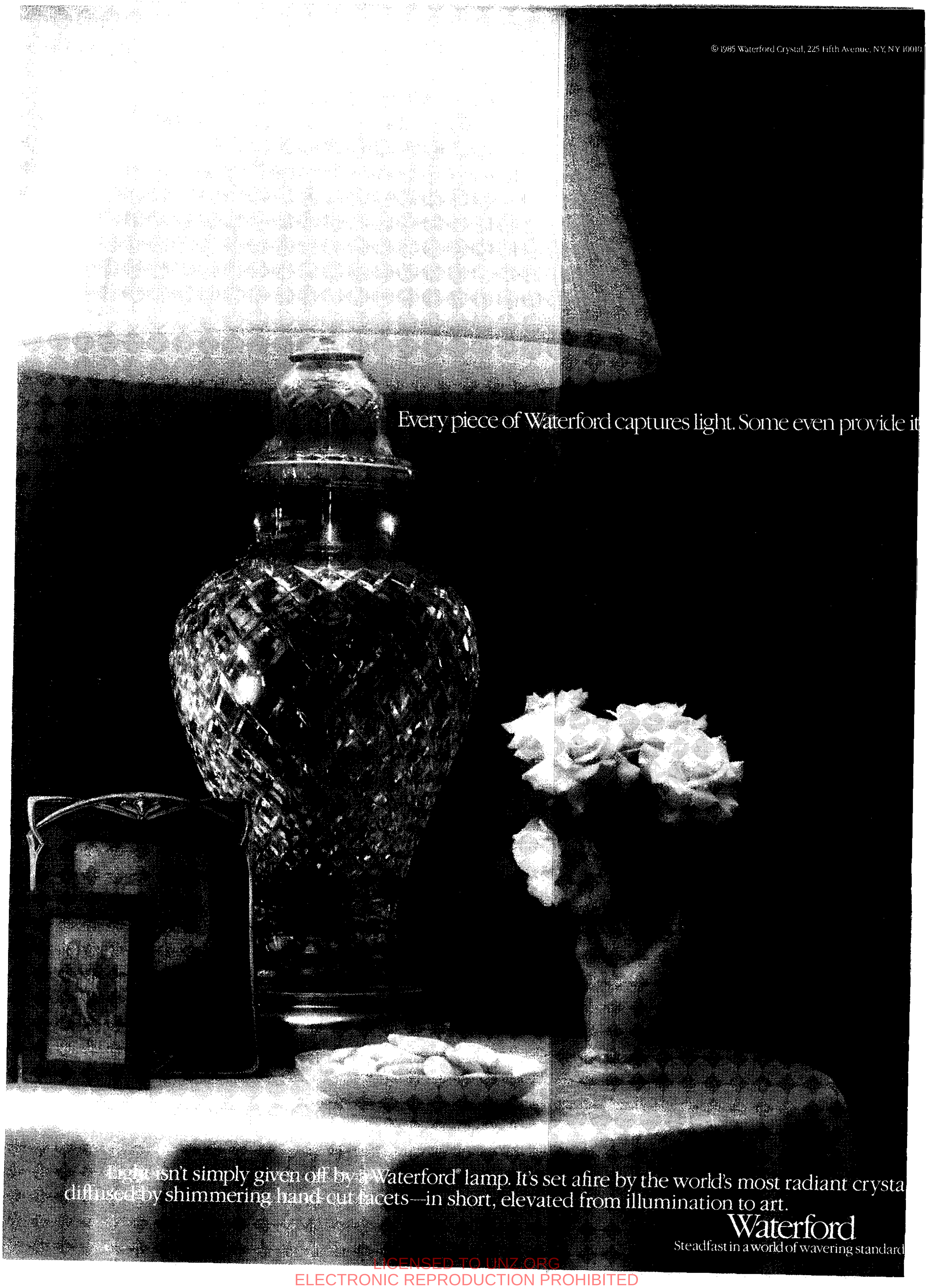

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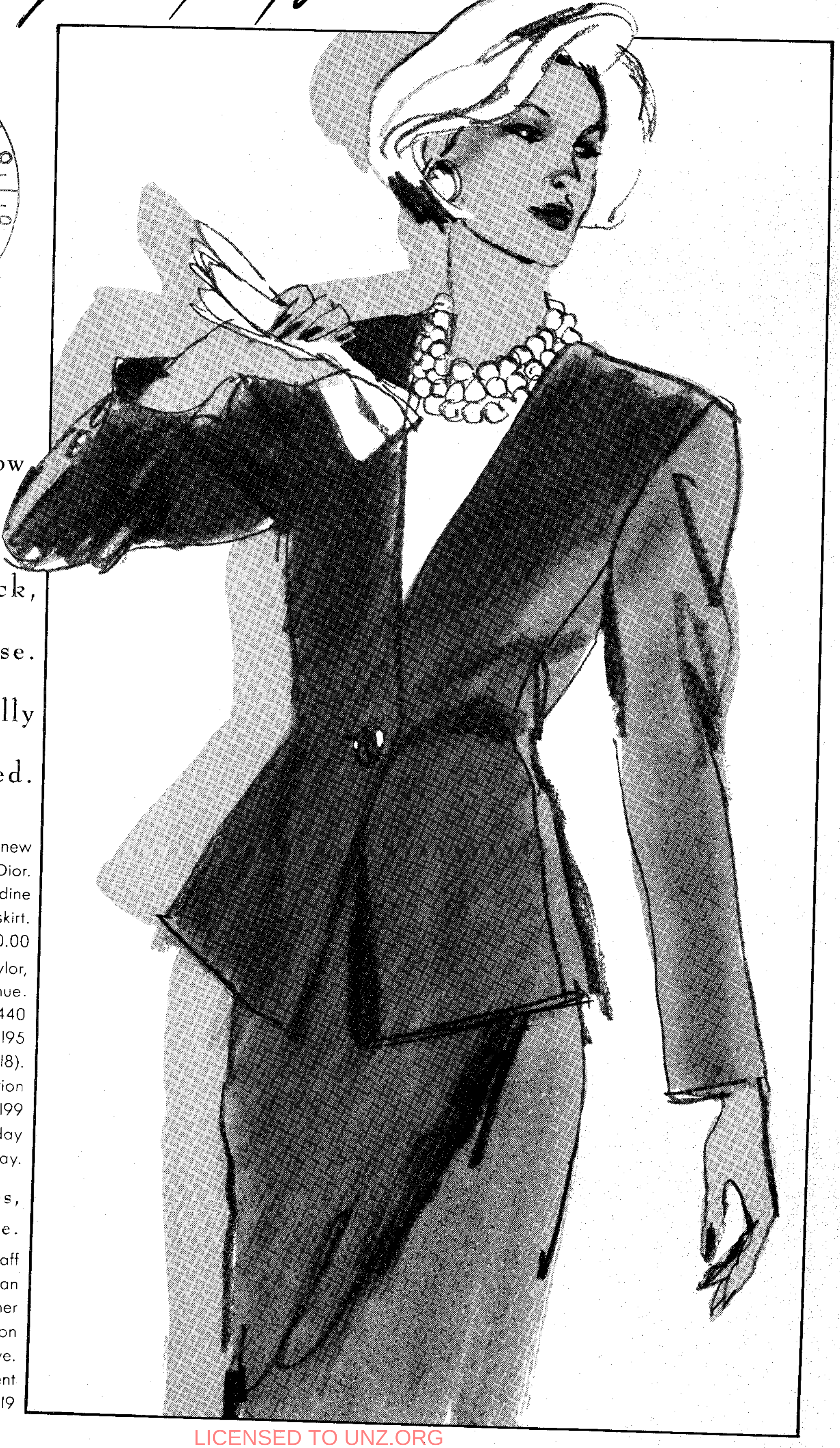

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Arsenic and Old Lace—A slam-bang revival of a hit comedy of the early nineteen-forties. The cast is headed by Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts. (Reviewed in this issue.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Further Adventures of Kathy and Mo—A female comedy team—occasionally funny but more often not—from San Diego, California. Reopens Monday, July 7, for a two-week engagement. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 307-7171. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes an excellent singer named Marc Krause. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/2/85.) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, July 10, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, July 6, at 7:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **the red mill.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinée Friday, July 4, at 2.)

Master Class—There are four excellent performances—by Austin Pendleton, Werner Klemperer, Len Cariou, and Philip Bosco—in David Pownall's so-so play about a confrontation, in 1948, between Prokofiev and Shostakovich and Stalin and Zhdanov. (6/16/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8, and Sunday, July 6, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, July 13.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Loretta Swit, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Sunday, July 6, at 3.)

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National Lampoon's Class of '86—A revue created by Matty Simmons and other members of the magazine's editorial staff. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Gus Edwards' **louie and ophelia,** about the affair of a middle-aged Bronx couple—a mismatch from the start—is as humorous as it is disturbing. Love conquers all. In the leading roles, Elain Graham and Douglas Turner Ward could not be better. Mr. Ward directed. (5/26/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 4, at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 4, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, July 4, at 2.)

Olympus on My Mind—A musical with a score by Grant Sturiale and book, lyrics, and direction by Barry Harman. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 645-0783.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 4, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, July 4. Closes Sunday, July 13.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85)

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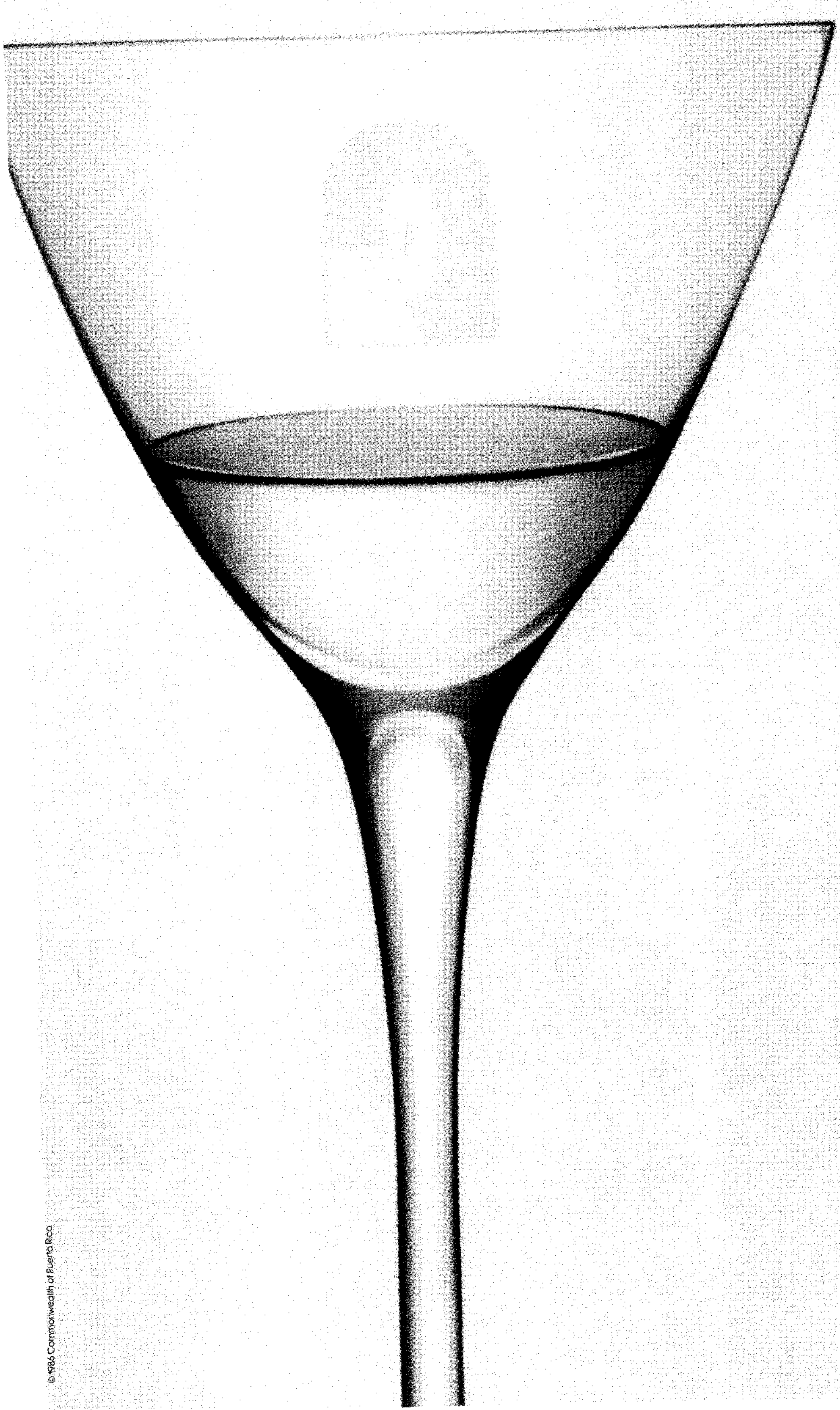

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FIND THE SPIRIT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman, well acted by Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Stefan Schnabel, Olympia Dukakis, and Kenneth Welsh. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

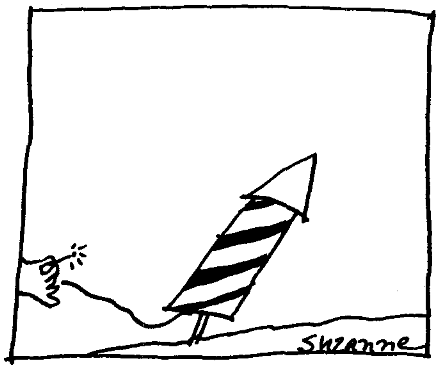
Song & Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweet Charity—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). The star is a stunning little singer-dancer-gamine named Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, July 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today I Am a Fountain Pen—A return engagement of a play by Israel Horovitz, seen last winter at the 92nd Street Y. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, July 4, at 2:30.)

Vienna: Lusthaus—This evocation in dance, mime, acting, and music of turbulent Vienna before the First World War is often beautiful and always entertaining. It was created and directed by the imaginative Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee—the pair responsible for "The Garden of Earthly Delights" a couple of years ago. Witty text by Charles Mee, Jr. (5/5/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, and Wednesday, July 9, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday, July 4, at 3, and Thursday, July 10, at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, July 4, at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,896 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays, except July 4, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Spalding Gray—A monologuist in a four-week return engagement of two programs which opens Tuesday, July 8, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 3. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8: **TERRORS OF PLEASURE.** . . . ¶ Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2; and Sundays at 7:30: **SWIMMING TO CAMBODIA.** (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, July 2: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 3-4, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 5: "Giselle." Natalia Makarova will perform on the evening of July 2, and Rudolf Nureyev will perform on the evening of July 4. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Paris Opera Ballet—Opening performances of an eleven-day engagement that will run through Saturday, July 19—Wednesday, July 9, at 7:30, and Thursday, July 10, at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 8, and Saturday, July 12, at 2 and 8: "Les Mirages," "Lully: Quelques Pas Graves de Baptiste," and "Raymonda." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Clark Center Summer Dance Festival '86—Wednesday through Saturday, July 2-5, at 8, and Sunday, July 6, at 5: A program of contemporary dance. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12, at 8, and Sunday, July 13, at 5: Urban Bush Women. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. Through Sunday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets, call 246-4818.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MICHAEL FEINSTEIN** sings in the Oak Room through Saturday, July 5; on Tuesday, July 8, a vocal group known as Montgomery, Plant & Stritch will come in. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The weekend music honors go to singer Sarah Deal on Friday, July 4; to pianist **MIKE LE DONNE** on Saturday, July 5; and to guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** on Friday and Saturday, July 11-12. Other groups can be heard the rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**PEGGY LEE,** up close and personal, is onstage Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Lilting, funk-inspired pianist **HORACE SILVER** and his quintet play through Sunday, July 6; on Monday, July 7, the **KENNY BARRON ALL-STARS,** with **BUSTER WILLIAMS, BEN RILEY,** and **STEVE NELSON,** will drop by; and starting Tuesday, July 8, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** and organist **JIMMY SMITH** will head up a combo. Music after nine. Tuesdays through Sundays after the last set until four in the morning, Jazz Messenger Jean Toussaint and his band provide the music. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables, chairs, and fries. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, July 2-3, Roy Buchanan and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL;** Friday, July 4, La Bamba's big band, featuring **PHOEBE SNOW;** Saturday, July 5, **TAJ MAHAL;** Tuesday, July 8, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, July 10, the Yellowjackets; and Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, **OREGON.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** are the current musicians (they're on hand through Saturday, July 5); on Sunday, July 6, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** and bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS** will move in. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Gosh. It's so *nice* in here—long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. The **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET—HAMIET BLUIETT, JULIUS HEMPHILL, OLIVER LAKE,** and **DAVID MURRAY**—can be heard through Sunday, July 6; starting Tuesday, July 8, there will be songs by Gloria Lynne. Music nightly, except Mondays, at nine and eleven, with an additional show Fridays and Saturdays at twelve-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-

1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where **BOBBY SHORT** performs his cozy, elegant repertoire through Saturday, July 5. Shows begin at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and soloing after ten through Saturday, July 5. On Monday, July 7, **DICK WELLSTOOD,** the stride-piano specialist, will take over the keyboard. His hours will be Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room. Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5, French pianist **CLAUDE BOLLING** and his quintet will be present; Sunday, July 6, is reserved for guitarist **PAT MARTINO'S** trio; and on Thursday, July 10, singer **MARIA MULDAUR** will begin a four-night stand. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining. Closed Wednesday, July 2, and Tuesday and Wednesday, July 8-9.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with guitarist Mitch Stein and a bassist Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING.** All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the dining-room grand is in the hands of **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride pianist. Sundays belong to Amy Duncan, and Mondays to Jim Badzik. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** work in tandem through Saturday, July 5, and on Tuesday, July 8, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** will take charge. Music at about nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday, July 2, Delbert McClinton and the David Keyes band; Thursday, July 3, **BO DIDDLEY** and the Jim Satten band, featuring Carol MacDonald; Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, **JAMES COTTON;** Tuesday, July 8, the Ganelin trio, from Russia; and Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL.** Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**EDDIE CONDON'S GANG,** featuring **ED POLCER, RED BALABAN, KENNY DAVERN, GEORGE KELLY, JOE MURANYI, TOM ARTIN, DICK WELLSTOOD, MILT HINTON,** and other Condon alumni, will be on the podium through Saturday, July 5. Starting Tuesday, July 8, **ANITA O'DAY** and **CHRIS CONNOR** will be singing together. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The partial schedule: Wednesday, July 2, Bob Sardo; Thursday, July 3, Trust; Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR;** and Monday and Tuesday, July 7-8, Eastern Standard Time. Music from about ten. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Friday, July 4, Honeymoon Suite; Thursday, July 10, **MODERN ENGLISH;** Friday, July 11, the Art of Noise; and Saturday, July 12, M.D.C., Toxic Reasons, and D.R.I. Shows begin after nine Sundays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio, and the music is the kind you won't find on "Solid Gold." Wednesday, July 2, reggae-ist Sugar Minott; Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5, Batucaje; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 8-9, Nigerian songwriter **SONNY OKOSUN;** and Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous music: **CRAIG HARRIS,** a stirring, sometimes outrageous, funny, growling trombonist and didgeridoo soloist, works with the Tailgaters Tales through Sunday, July 6; on Tuesday, July 8, pianist **PHINEAS NEWBORN** will move in. Mondays belong to trumpeter **OLU DARA** & the Okra Orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club. Wednesday and Thursday, July 2-3, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, acrobatic tenor saxophonist **BIG JAY MC NEELY** (Boogie Bill Webb will also be on the bill on Saturday and Sunday); Monday, July 7, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, July 8, Tall Lonesome Pines and Greg Trooper; Wednesday, July 9, Johnny Ace; Thursday, July 10, Firesign, with Mooneye; and Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, the **UPTOWN HORNS.** Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room at nine on Mondays: on July 7, **LOUIE RAMIREZ & RAY DE LA PAZ,** the Tommy Olivencia orchestra, and saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** the guest soloist, will all be on hand. . . . ¶ On the Terrace after nine-thirty, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** engage in lively piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays, too.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** leads a combo through Sunday, July 6, and on Tuesday, July 8, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will bring in his quartet. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. Pianist **LARRY VUCKOVICH** directs a trio through Sunday, July 6, and Wednesday through Sunday, July 9-13, pianist **WARREN CHIASSON'S ENSEMBLE,** with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON,** will be onstage. Mondays and Tuesdays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—Silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** is leading his latest quartet through Sunday, July 6; on Tuesday, July 8, saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS** will start guiding his foursome. Mondays are claimed by trumpeter Tex Allen's band. Music from ten. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), pianist **ELLIS MARSALIS** plays every night but Monday, when pianist **JACK WILSON** and bassist **BOOTS MALESON** fill in. Music from nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** teams up with bassist **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, July 5, and guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** will perform on Sunday, July 6. Music from eight weeknights and from seven on Sunday. The club will be closed for vacation Monday through Sunday, July 7-13.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SHIRLEY BASSEY—With George Kirby. (Marquis Theatre, Broadway at 45th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 8-9, and Friday through Sunday, July 11-13, at 8. For tickets, call 947-0033.)

STARSHIP—With the Outfield. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, July 11, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed on Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

WENDELL CASTLE—Sculptures taking off from the furniture designs for which he is known. Through July 18. (Milliken, 98 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Six large sculptures, plus smaller works. Through Sept. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAROLE EISNER—Recent abstract paintings. Through July 31. (Segal, 568 Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)—Works by the leading spirit of the Ashcan school—portraits of rich kids and ragamuffins, and paintings done in Ireland, Spain, Mexico, the Southwest, and, of course, his New York studio. Through July 18. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ULRICH HORNDASH—A dozen swags of silk hanging on the walls, each a different color and hand-lettered with a word common to several languages—"raison," "farce," "milieu," "bagatelle," and so on. The artist is German. Through July 13. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays; closed Friday through Sunday, July 4-6.)

ROBERT ISRAEL—Original drawings of costume designs for "Vienna: Lusthaus" and for the Seattle Opera's production of the Ring Cycle. Through Aug. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

DAVID KRUEGER—Paintings in which our ecological system is envisioned as a complex machine. Through Saturday, July 5. (Shainman, 500 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

DAVID MONTGOMERY—Cutout wall sculptures of

torsos and figure fragments. The materials are found metal, some of it with the patina that only time can give. Through July 31. (Thorp, 103 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Olympian doodles extracted from forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's day-to-day work. (He kept a hundred and seventy-five sketchbooks during his life.) Through Aug. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Drawings and watercolors by an Austrian Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Fridays at noon.)

Thomas Schindler—Heavily symbolic oil paintings, bringing together bits of armor, a crown of thorns, massive nails, an artist's palette, strands of barbed wire. Through Aug. 2. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.)

Graham Snow—Wall constructions by a British artist who has a penchant for the obelisks and architectural follies of his homeland. Through July 31. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Todt—A collaborative group of two brothers, their sister, and a fourth artist, who specialize in black humor—for instance, a fearsome medical diagnostic device made of found radio parts, plastic tubing, a metal seat, and the like; and a penny savings bank made from a derringer clamped to the back of a bronze head of Lincoln. Through Sunday, July 6. (Casas Toledo Oosterom, a new gallery at 235 E. 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Shelley M. Warren—Large sculptures made of cement or wood or steel, among them a sort of whirligig, twelve feet long, which has a series of six-bladed propellers arrayed on a metal shaft. Through Friday, July 11. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **ala,** 32 W. 20th St.: Eric Bainbridge, Michael Chandler, and Alison Wilding are among the gallery artists represented by paintings and sculptures. Through Friday, July 11. . . . **allen,** 110 Greene St.: Works on paper and sculptures by Siri Berg, Babe Shapiro, Barbara Thomas, and others. Through July 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **area x,** 200 E. 10th St.: Landscape paintings and drawings by nine artists. Through Friday, July 11. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **austrian institute,** 11 E. 52nd St.: Linoleum cuts, woodcuts, and other graphics, dated 1914 and 1915, by fashion and interior designers connected with the Vienna Workshop (Wiener Werkstätte). Through Aug. 29. . . . **avenue b gallery,** 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Four artists, from Germany, Scotland, Austria, and France, are participating in the initial Avenue Biennale. Through July 27. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **baum,** 109 Hudson St.: Painted constructions by Helmut Amann, figurative paintings by Stefan Roloff, and prints by Stephen Sholinsky. Through July 18. . . . **cash-newhouse,** 170 Avenue B, near 11th St.: Works by gallery regulars—Annette Lemieux, Allan McCollum, Vikky Alexander, and James Welling. Through Thursday, July 10. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: Jacobo Borges, Roxi Marsen, and Jim Peters are among fifteen artists represented by paintings and works on paper. Through July 25. . . . **center for african art,** 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Sept. 7. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **cordier & ekstrom,** 417 E. 75th St.: Collages by Jean Arp and Romare Bearden, a relief sculpture by Margaret Israel, and other choice works in the collection. Through Friday, July 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **cowles,** 420 West Broadway: Agnes Martin, Morris Louis, and Barnett Newman are three of the ten artists represented in an exhibit about the stripe motif in contemporary art. Through Friday, July 11. . . . **davis,** 568 Broadway: Works by seven artists, including an abstract diptych by Andrea Belag and a wall sculpture in mixed mediums by Michael Gitlin. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **de nagy,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Goodnough, Stanley Boxer, Ron Gorchov, Tony Robbins, and others. Through July 24. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through July 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **exit art,** 578 Broadway: Bertha Urdang is the curator of a show of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by eight contemporary Israeli artists. Through Saturday, July 12. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 5.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by ten gallery regulars, who were asked to render something that is, for them, experimental, and by ten invited artists, who merely had to deliver large-scale drawings. William Beckman, William T. Wiley, Jo Anne Carson, Jim Gingerich, and others. Through Aug. 15. . . . **galdy,** 19 E. 71st St.: Eighteenth-century Italian drawings, the majority by Giovanni Battista Tempesti, of Pisa. Through July 31. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: A show that complements the Viennese exhibit at the Modern; works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka. Through Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **gladstone,** 99 Greene St.: Paintings by Helmut Federle, Olivier Mosset, John Armleder, and Gerwald Rockenschaub. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **heesy,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Janet Stayton, Petey Brown, Richard Carboni, and Lynda Sandhaus. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **lamagna,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tom Blackwell, Ted Weller, Mattie Berhang, and others, and photographic monoprints by Denny Moers. Through Aug. 1. . . . **luhring augustine & hodes,** 41 E. 57th St.: A dark-green canvas with a ribbon of red, white, and blue painted down one side, by Annette Lemieux, and a stained-glass panel, by Matt Mullican, catch the eye in a four-person show. Christopher Wool and the collaborators Fortuyn/O'Brien are also shown. Through July 25. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by gallery members, including Isabel Bishop and Paul Cadmus. Through Friday, July 11. . . . **plumb,** 81 Greene St.: Sculptures and paintings by seventeen artists, who include Jacques Flèchemuller, Brian Williams, and Hal Saulson. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **postmasters,** 66 Avenue A, near 4th St.: David Diao and Aimee Rankin are among the eight gallery artists showing paintings and wall constructions. Through July 13. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by first-generation American modernists Dove, Nadelman, Maurer, and others. Through July 25. . . . **siegel,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Anthony Terenzio, Rosemarie Koczy, Walter Darby Bannard, and John Register, and sculptures by Willard Boepple. Through Friday, July 11. . . . **society of illustrators,** 128 E. 63rd St.: An exhibition of art work related to Miss Liberty, some in the form of *New Yorker* covers. Through July 25. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten young Italian artists. Through July 25. . . . **tatistcheff,** 50 W. 57th St.: Two painters new to the gallery, Margaret Bowland (portraits) and Harry Orlyk (plein-air landscapes), are represented along with regular members. Through July 31. . . . **viafora,** 568 Broadway: Drawings by Judith Shea, Richard Artschwager, Francesco Clemente, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **weber,** 142 Greene St.: An exhibit of unusual murals which affords a nice confrontation, on facing walls, between Sol LeWitt's cool, logical designs and one of Judy Pfaff's tangled caprices. The other artists are Michael Glier, Dorothea Rockburne, Vernon Fisher, and Krzysztof Wodiczko. Through July 25.

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WIGS
CLOSED 2 WEEKS

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at: **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **cooper,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **cutler,** 164 Mercer St. . . . **davis & langdale,** 231 E. 60th St. . . . **esman,** 70 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **fischbach,** 24 W. 57th St. . . . **germans van eck,** 420 West Broadway. (Opens at noon.) . . . **gruenebaum,** 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **robert miller,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **perlow,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.

Sculpture—At the **gibson,** 568 Broadway: Tony Cragg, Mario Merz, Lawrence Weiner, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **herstand,** 24 W. 57th St.: An all-American all-abstraction selection, with pieces by Bourgeois, Calder, Wilmarth, Joel Fisher, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **pearl,** 38 E. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures by William King, Marisol, Linda Peer, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt (1904-83) / **Picasso** (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist made by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through Aug. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Horst / Marina Schinz—Photographs of flowers by each, in garden settings by Miss Schinz. Through Aug. 1. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

John Kennard—Photographs documenting the game of baseball from the sandlots to the major leagues. Through July 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Sundays and Fridays, noon to 4; closed Saturdays.)

Jay Maisel / Todd Webb—Large-scale photographs of the American landscape over the past thirty years. / Photographs concentrating on New York and Paris and dating from 1945 to 1960. Through Aug. 31. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

John Thomson (1837-1921)—Albumin prints and carbon prints of the Orient by a Scottish photographer. Through Aug. 3. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jane Tuckerman—Photographs of Benares, India, taken in conjunction with the documentary film "Forest of Bliss;" also, paintings and collages. Through Friday, July 11. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **light,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Mostly contemporary photographs centering on sporting activities—rodeos, football, hunting, fishing. Eadweard Muybridge, Garry Winogrand, Nancy Dwyer, Stephen Frailey, and others. Through Aug. 29. . . . **laurence miller,** 138 Spring St.: Photographs and works that incorporate photographs, by Lee Friedlander, Sandra Haber, Gary Brotmeyer, and others. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display of seventy flutes, which date from the Renaissance to the present. Through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ An exhibit of architectural drawings and photographs of late-nineteenth-century buildings designed by Richard Morris Hunt, including the Fifth Avenue entrance of the museum itself. Through Sunday, July 6. . . . ¶ Japanese color woodblocks reflecting the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kirstein gave these prints to the museum. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C.O. Czeschka. Starts Thursday, July 3. . . . ¶ A comprehensive selection of prints by Jasper Johns. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with popular turn-of-the-century Viennese music performed by an ensemble of Juilliard alumni, and—*wunderbar*—an open-air period café.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Recent works by Enzo Cucchi, including eight large paintings, a two-part sculpture, and drawings. . . . ¶ A show of approximately a hundred and twenty drawings and watercolors from the twenties by German realists. Both shows through Sunday, July 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Shaker design, exemplified by furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit entitled "Sacred Images in Secular Art" consists of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by a dozen contemporary artists, Italo Scanga, Audrey Flack, and Joel-Peter Witkin among them. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Third Western States Exhibition: a hundred and twenty-seven works by forty-five artists, most of whom have not shown their art in our region before. Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-four paintings, drawings, and prints by Cézanne on loan from the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through July 14. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the nineteenth-century American artist William Rimmer, including two of his best-known works—the bronze "Falling Gladiator" and the oil "Flight and Pursuit." Through July 28. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, except July 4, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of contemporary North American Indian objects, crafted, of course, according to traditional methods. Textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the career of dancer-choreographer Bronislava Nijinska. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée" in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Through July 13. . . . ¶ The virtuosity of Hungarian metalsmiths is underscored in a display of gold and silver objects dating from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese porcelains, first and foremost (but also Japanese-influenced wares from China and Europe), which were exported to England when a passion for Arita and Kakiemon gripped collectors there. These particular pieces are from Burghley House and most appear on its inventory lists dated 1688 and 1690. Through July 27. (Open daily, except Mondays and Friday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs (some of the latter by Beato, Frith, and Bourne) that document British rule in India. Through July 31. (Open daily except Sundays, Mondays, and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show that reports on just how excited the citizens of New York were when the Statue of Liberty was dedicated, in October, 1886, and on the events that led up to it; photographs, a painting by Edward Moran, models, and memorabilia. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-three paintings of animals and birds commissioned from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian, Flemish, and Dutch artists by various Medicis whose households seem to have been enlivened with pheasants, two-headed lambs, storks, and, of course, lapdogs and hunting dogs. On loan from the Pitti Palace. Starts Thursday, July 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The follies and vices of consumerism are considered through paintings, sculptures, and installations that exaggerate, in scale or number, common products. For example, humanlike figures, by Justen Ladda, which have jello for heads and numerous hands in urgent, buy-me, buy-me gestures. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A twelve-foot painted-plaster diorama of the Statue of Liberty made by its sculptor, Bartholdi, salutes visitors to a scholarly tribute entitled "Liberty: The French-American Statue in Art and History." Taking care of the art part are models, maquettes, photographs, and paintings, showing both the influences on the statue's design and some of the art engendered by it; the history section details funding, construction, shipping, negotiations, and the 1886 dedication by President Cleveland. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—A week-long engagement of Bernstein's "Candide," to be followed by a week-long engagement of Wright and Forrest's "Kismet," after which the company will move into its regular season. **CANDIDE,** conducted by Scott Bergeson—Wednesday, July 2, and Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, July 6, at 7: With Leigh Munro, Maris Clement, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 3, at 8: With Erie Mills, Deborah Darr, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 2, and Sunday, July 6, at 1: With Claudette Peterson, Deborah Darr, Brooks Almy, Robert Tate, and John Lankston. . . . **KISMET,** conducted by Paul Gemignani—Tuesday, July 8, Thursday, July 10, and Saturday, July 12, all at 8: With Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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9, and Friday, July 11, at 8, and Saturday, July 12, at 2: With Jean Glennon, Janis Eckhart, Mark Thomsen, and Theodore Baerg. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs which will run through Saturday, Aug. 23. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7—Monday, July 7, and Wednesday, July 9: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Erie Mills, soprano; Carol Wincenc, flute; and Heidi Lehwalder, harp. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 8: Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10: Claudio Scimone conducting the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program, with Michala Petri, recorder. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with John Browning, piano, and Young-Uck Kim, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Erie Mills, soprano; Martha Caplin, violin; Carol Wincenc, flute; Robert Routch, horn; Heidi Lehwalder, harp; John Browning, piano; and members of the Society, in a program of French music. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, July 10, at 8.)

"Casanova"—A screening of the 1927 film by Alexander Volkoff, accompanied by a symphony orchestra playing a new score composed and conducted by Georges Delerue. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, July 11, at 7:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 3, at 8:30: Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Richard Goode, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 9: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as piano soloist in a varied program, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting and acting as piano soloist in a Bach-Mozart program, with Malcolm Frager and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Mendelssohn-Britten-Strauss program, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30: John Williams conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Tchaikovsky-Prokofiev program, with Andrei Nikolsky, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a second Tchaikovsky-Prokofiev program, with Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Viktoria Mullova, violin; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: Leontyne Price, soprano, and David Garvey, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

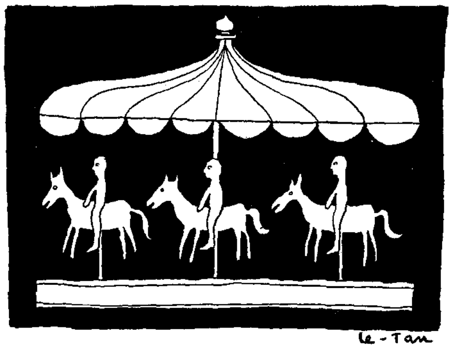
Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 3, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Kathryn Selby, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 4, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's in a program of American music, with Miss Selby and Fred Strickler, tap dancer. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Raymond Leppard conducting the orchestra in a Strauss-Mozart program, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Elizabeth Mann, flute; and Deborah Hoffman, harp. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 6, at 5:30: Eugenia Zukerman, flute, and Anthony Newman, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 4:15: The ensemble, with Jane Bryden, soprano, and Miss Hoffman. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 9: Marilyn Horne, soprano, and Warren Jones, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Tamás Vásáry conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with Stephen Taylor, oboe. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 5:30: Andrea Lucchesini, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. On Saturdays, trains will leave Grand Central Terminal at 12:48, 2:48, and 5:48, and will be met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the **New York City Ballet** of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, July 19—Wednesday evening, July 2: "Serenade," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 3: "Stars and Stripes," "Piccolo Balletto," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 3: "Serenade," "Piccolo Balletto," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 4: "Stars and Stripes," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 5: "Donizetti Variations," "Piccolo Balletto," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 5: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, July 6: "Donizetti Variations," "Prodigal Son," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Eight More," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 9: "Shadows," "Quiet City," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 10: "Donizetti Variations," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 10: "Ballo della Regina," "Eight More," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 11: "Divertimento No. 15," "Circus Polka," "Duo Concertant," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 12: "Shadows," "Eight More," "Piccolo Balletto," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 12: "La Source," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . **Special concert:** Sunday evening, July 13: Bob Dylan and Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. (Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet, modern, and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, July 5: Eleven dancers from the Royal Danish Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12: Pooh Kaye, Kathy Rose, and Victoria Marks presenting programs combining dance and animated film. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—The first two in a series of six weekly concerts. Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Delia Wallace, mezzo-soprano. (A pre-concert performance of Handel's "Royal Fireworks Music" will be given at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Hermann Michael conducting, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Through Saturday, Aug. 9.)

Summerfare '86—Opening performances of a four-week season of music, dance, and theatre which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un soupçon*—**Friday, July 11, at 7:45:** The Guthrie Theatre production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **At 8:** The Boston Ballet and a production of "Crime and Punishment," by the Stary Teatr of Cracow, Poland. . . . **Saturday, July 12, at 5:** An all-Haydn concert. . . . **At 7:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **At 8:** The Boston Ballet; the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra in a program of Haydn symphonies, conducted by Daniel Stepher; and "Crime and Punishment." . . . **Sunday, July 13, at 1:** Kei Takei's Moving Earth. . . . **At 2:** Joan Benson, clavichord and fortepiano; Judith Norrell, harpsichord; and Steven Lubin, fortepiano, in a four-hour program of early Haydn sonatas; and a program of dance solos by Dana Reitz. . . . **At 3:** The Boston Ballet; "Crime and Punishment;" and programs of dance by Susan Rethorst, Channel Z, Elizabeth Streb, and others. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900. For information about round-trip bus transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 963-6585.)



SPORTS

Baseball—**Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday, July 2, at 7:30, and Thursday, July 3, at 6. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Thursday, July 3, at 7:35; Friday, July 4, at 1:35; Saturday, July 5, at 7:05; and Sunday, July 6, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Monday and Tuesday, July 7-8, at 7:35, and Wednesday, July 9, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Thursday and Friday, July 10-11, at 7:35, and Saturday, July 12, at about 1:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities—this year, a twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration—will start at 11:45, and will include a couple of innings involving about fifty former Mets players).

Racing—At **Belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 28. Post time will be 3 on Thursday, July 3, and Friday, July 11. The Suburban Handicap, Friday, July 4; the Dwyer, Saturday, July 5; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Sunday, July 6; and the Lexington, Saturday, July 12. . . . **Monmouth Park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 5. . . . **Atlantic City,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30.

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway:** Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, Aug. 3. . . . **Saratoga Raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8, and Friday, July 4, at 6. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Statue of Liberty Centennial Celebration—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store. **Thursday, July 3:** At 8 A.M., a flotilla of nearly two hundred privately owned sailing ships will travel from the Throgs Neck Bridge down the East River into Gravesend Bay. . . . ¶ At noon, thirty-three warships from fourteen nations will enter New York Harbor, moving from the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge to their respective anchorages in the Upper Bay and the Hudson River. . . . ¶ From 8:30 P.M. to 10:50 P.M., President Reagan will participate in a lighting ceremony on Governors Island, in which the Statue will be gradually illuminated and the torch relighted to the accompaniment of fireworks and music. . . . **Friday, July 4:** At 9 A.M., President Reagan will review the international naval vessels (see above) from the battleship Iowa, which will steam down the Hudson River from the George Washington Bridge to the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, receiving a twenty-one-gun salute from each ship as it passes; a United States Navy precision-flying team, the Blue Angels, will provide an overhead salute. . . . ¶ From 9 A.M. to 11 P.M., a street fair, with food, booths for arts and crafts, and entertainment, will take place between Wall Street and the Battery. . . . ¶ At 10, the flotilla of sailing vessels (see above), joined by twenty-odd larger square-riggers designated Tall Ships, will weigh anchor and, led by the United States Coast Guard bark Eagle, will move from the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, past the Statue, up the Hudson River to the George Washington Bridge, and back to their respective anchorages along the Hudson River and New York Harbor. . . . ¶ At 8, in New Jersey's Liberty State Park, John Williams will conduct the Boston Pops Esplanade Orchestra in a program of American music, with Johnny Cash, John Denver, Melissa Manchester, and others. . . . ¶ At 9:30, fireworks displays will be launched from forty-two barges in the waters surrounding lower Manhattan, from the Brooklyn Bridge to the World Trade Center. . . . SATURDAY, JULY 5: From 9 A.M. to 11 P.M., a street fair from Wall Street to the Battery will again be in progress. . . . ¶ At 10, Mrs. Reagan will preside at a ceremony on Liberty Island officially opening the Statue of Liberty to the public. . . . ¶ At 8, on Central Park's Great Lawn, Zubin Mehta will direct the New York Philharmonic, with Itzhak Perlman, Marilyn Horne, Sherrill Milnes, Placido Domingo, Leona Mitchell, Yo-Yo Ma, the New York Choral Artists, and others. . . . SUNDAY, JULY 6: From 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., a street fair from Wall Street to the Battery will again be in progress. . . . ¶ From 6:30 to 8, in the Byrne Meadowlands Arena, a Sports Salute to the Statue will feature Dorothy Hamill, Peggy Fleming, Mary Lou Retton, Muhammad Ali, Bart Connors, and others. . . . ¶ At 8, in Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, closing ceremonies will be held involving Vice-President Bush, Gene Kelly, Frankie Avalon, Elizabeth Taylor, Shirley MacLaine, tap dancers, fiddlers, guitarists, and a thousand-voice choir. (For Meadowlands tickets, call 972-3434.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of TWELFTH NIGHT, with F. Murray Abraham and Peter MacNicol. The first of three productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays and Saturday, July 5, at 8. Through Sunday, July 20. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. James Conlon will conduct works by French and American composers in the first in a series of three programs. PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Tuesday, July 8, at 8. . . . SNUG HARBOR, Staten Island, Wednesday, July 9, at 8.

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summer series. Wednesday, July 2: Siouxsie & the Banshees. . . . ¶ Monday, July 7: Willie Nelson and Family. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 8: The Cure and 10,000 Maniacs. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 10: Van Morrison and John Hammond. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12: Twisted Sister, with Loudness and Raven. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 8.) . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Bill Douglas, piano and bassoon. (Tuesday, July 8, at 7.)

LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA—La Garde Républicaine, a French Army marching band. (Wednesday, July 9, at 1, 5:45, and 7.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in Jacques Fromental Halévy's "La Juive." The first in a series of four productions. (Thursday, July 10, at 7:30; rain date Aug. 1.) . . . ¶ The Harp Band, in a program of Latin Jazz and new music. (Saturday, July 12, at 3; rain date July 15, at 6.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

RACING—At Saratoga: July 30-Aug. 25.

TENNIS—Volvo Tennis/New Jersey. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. July 20-27.)

DANCE—National Ballet of Canada, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 22-27.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: The New York Shakespeare Festival production of Reinaldo Povod's play "Cuba and His Teddy Bear," which was seen recently at the Public Theatre. With Robert De Niro, Ralph Macchio, and Burt Young. . . . ¶ A musical, "Honky Tonk Nights," with a score by Michael Valenti and a book and lyrics by Ralph Allen and David Campbell. . . . ¶ Teresa Stratas and Larry Kert will star in "Rags," a musical with a score by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, and a book by Joseph Stein. . . . ¶ A 1937 London musical, "Me and My Girl," by Noel Gay (music) and L. Arthur Rose and Douglas Furber (book and lyrics), with a revised book by Stephen Fay. The cast is headed by Robert Lindsay, Maryann Plunkett, and George S. Irving.

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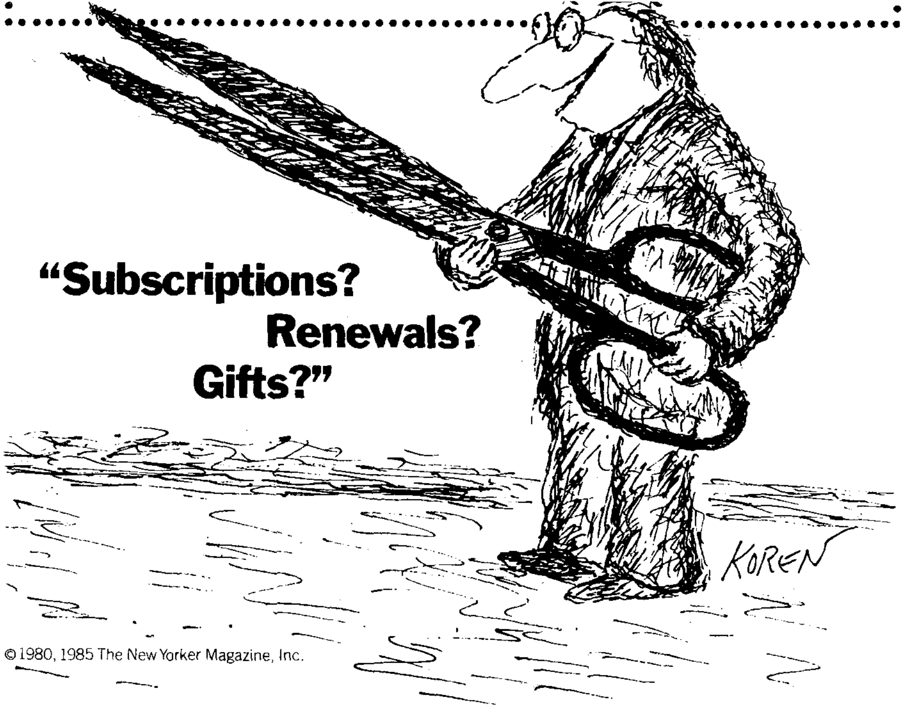
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

bleecker cinema
Brookie

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6	7	8	9	10	11	12

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Carmen Jones" (†) and "Dreamchild" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 3: "Big Trouble in Little China" (directed by John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"About Last Night . . ." (Edward Zwick), with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 3: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"About Last Night . . ." (Edward Zwick), with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "Top Gun" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 2: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 2: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Legal Eagles" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 8: "Karl May" (1974; directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German), with Helmut Kautner. From July 9: "Pigs and Battleships" (1961; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Hiroyuki Nagato.
Theatre 2: July 2: "Kanal" (1956; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski. July 3-5: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian). July 6-7: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès. July 8-9: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†) and "Playtime" (†). July 10-12: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through July 3: "Trouble in Mind" (†). July 4-6: "Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo. From July 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 3: "Floodstage" (David Dawkins). From July 4: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 2: "Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "Top Gun" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).
Theatre 2: "Hard Choices" (Rick King).
Theatre 3: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 3: "Ginger and Fred" (†). From July 4: "F/X" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones.
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Spring Symphony" (Peter Schamoni; in German), with Nastassja Kinski.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Bliss" (Ray Lawrence).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"About Last Night . . ." (Edward Zwick), with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Vagabond" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tea in the Harem" (Mehdi Charef; in French).
Theatre 3: Through July 8: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†). From July 9: "The Girl in the Picture."

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rainy Day Friends" (Gary Kent), with Esai Morales.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 3: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 4: "About Last Night . . ." (Edward Zwick), with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore.
Theatre 5: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.
Theatre 3: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 4: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0990)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (directed by Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "Raw Deal" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 5: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Manhattan Project" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: "Short Circuit" (†).
Theatre 4: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 2: "About Last Night . . ." (Edward Zwick), with Rob Lowe and Demi Moore.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Big Trouble in Little China."

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 3: "All About Eve" (1950; directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.
July 4-5: "Witness" (1985; Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford, Kelly McGillis, and Lukas Haas; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
July 6-8: "The Shooting Party" (†) and "The Return of the Soldier" (†).
July 9-10: "Les Compères" (1984; Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard; and "La Chèvre" (1981; Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.
July 11-12: "Real Life" (1979; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Charles Grodin; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 5: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness; and "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.
July 6-7: "The Navigator" (†) and "Seven Chances" (†).
July 8-9: "Kid Brother" (1927; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (†).
July 10-12: "The General" (1962; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman), with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender; and "Sherlock Jr." (†).

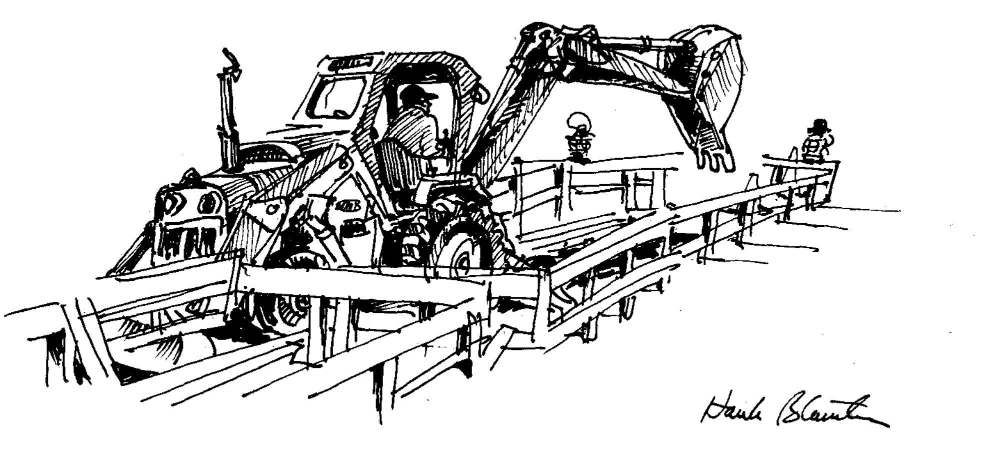
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 2: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Irma la Douce" (1963; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine.
July 3: "The Death of Mario Ricci" (1983; Claude Goretta; in French), with Gian Maria Volonte; and "Illustrious Corpses" (1975; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Lino Ventura, Max von Sydow, Charles Vanel, and Fernando Rey.
July 4: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
July 5: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
July 6: "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini; and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
July 7: A program of cartoons.
July 8: "Lianna" (1983; John Sayles); and "The Killing of Sister George" (†).
July 9: "The Boy Friend" (1971; Ken Russell), with Twiggy and Christopher Gable; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (Mervyn LeRoy), with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, and Dick Powell.
July 10: "The 4th Man" (†); and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
July 11-12: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 2: "The White Rose" (1983; Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler; and "Les Violons du Bal" (1974; Michel Drach; in French), with Marie-José Nat and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
July 3: A program of cartoons.
July 4-5: "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, and Anjelica Huston; and "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
July 6: "Umberto D." (†); and "Peddlin' in Society" (1950; Gennaro Righelli; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and Vittorio De Sica.
July 7: "The Devils" (†); and "Dante's Inferno" (1967; Ken Russell; a BBC television film), with Oliver Reed.
July 8: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Lost One" (1951; Peter Lorre; in German), with Lorre.
July 9: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand.
July 10: A program of cartoons.
July 11-12: "Hail the Conquering Hero" (†) and "The French They Are a Funny Race" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 2: "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945; Raoul Walsh), with Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, and Margaret Dumont; and "George Washington Slept Here" (1942; William Keighley), with Ann Sheridan, Jack Benny, Charles Coburn, and Percy Kilbride.
July 3: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.
July 4-5: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.
July 6: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.
July 7: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.
July 8: "Séance on a Wet Afternoon" (1964; Bryan Forbes), with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough; and "Portrait of Jennie" (†).
July 9: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.
July 10: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (†) and "Androcles and the Lion" (†).
July 11-12: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: July 3 at 2:30: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938; directed by Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, and George Bancroft. . . . ¶ July 3 at 6 and July 4 at 2: "Torrid Zone" (1940; William Keighley), with James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ July 4 at 5: "Angels with Dirty Faces." . . . ¶ July 5 at 2: "Crazy Desire" (1962; Luciano Salce; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi and Catherine Spaak. . . . ¶ July 5 at 5: "The Birds and the Bees" (1966; Pietro Germi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Virna Lisi. . . . ¶ July 6 at 2: "La Ragazza con la Pistola" (1968; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti, Stanley Baker, and Corin Redgrave. . . . ¶ July 6 at 5: "Crazy Desire." . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: "Una Vita Difficile" (1961; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Léa Massari. . . . ¶ July 7 at 6: "Tutti a Casa" (1960; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Serge Reggiani. . . . ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "The Birds and the Bees." . . . ¶ July 8 at 6: "La Ragazza con la Pistola." . . . ¶ July 10 at 2:30: "The Ape Woman" (1964; Marco Ferreri; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi and Annie Girardot. . . . ¶ July 10 at 6: "Riusciranno i Nostri Eroi . . ." (1968; Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi, Bernard Blier, and Nino Manfredi. . . . ¶ July 11 at 2:30: "Risate di Gioia" (1960; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Totò, and



Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ July 11 at 6: "Variety Lights" (1950; Alberto Lattuada and Federico Fellini; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 12 at 2: "In Nome del Popolo Italiano" (1971; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman and Ugo Tognazzi. . . . ¶ July 12 at 5: "L'Udienza" (1972; Marco Ferreri; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Claudia Cardinale, Vittorio Gassman, and Ugo Tognazzi.

THEATRE 2: Theatre closed.

GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 2: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ July 3: "The Public Enemy" (1931; William Wellman), with James Cagney and Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ July 7: "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney, Ingrid Bergman, and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ July 8: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Joe Pesci. . . . ¶ July 9: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ July 10: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, and George Bancroft. . . . ¶ July 11: "Show Boat" (1951; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (All showings at 6:30. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION (1952)—After Shaw's death, Gabriel Pascal, who had produced Shaw adaptations in England with considerable success but had come a cropper with the lavish "Caesar and Cleopatra" (see below), hired Jean Simmons, Robert Newton, Maurice Evans, Elsa Lanchester, Alan Mowbray, Reginald Gardiner, and John Hoyt for his last Shaw work, made in Hollywood. The part of Androcles was assigned to the American comedian Alan Young, but since Victor Mature was put in as a Roman captain, opposite Jean Simmons, and his role beefed up to match his physique, Androcles dwindled in importance. Shaw's comedy of ancient Rome isn't a total travesty—it's rather pleasant. Simmons is lovely to watch and to listen to, and some parts have the Shaw waggishness and charm. Chester Erskine directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 10.)

BRAZIL—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal from Shaw's script. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. It's lucky that Leigh has such an amusing ding-a-ling quality—she lightens portions of this over-staged production. With Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, and Cecil Parker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 10.)

CARMEN JONES (1954)—The setting of Bizet's "Carmen" has been changed from Mérimée's Spain to Jacksonville, Florida, and the libretto has been rewritten by Oscar Hammerstein II, who provides colloquial, rather basic lyrics, but the music retains much of its excitement in this flamboyant version with an all-black cast. Dorothy Dandridge is a marvellous-looking Carmen—fiery and petulant, with whiplash hips in a hot-pink skirt. (Her singing was dubbed by Marilyn Horne.) The man Carmen destroys is played by Harry Belafonte, who seems miscast and miserable (he was also dubbed). It's somewhat frustrating to watch performers who *can* sing but aren't allowed to; of the principals, only Pearl Bailey sings in her own voice. She's pure, comic energy up there in the center of the screen, and the director, Otto Preminger, seems to just stand back, enjoying her, like the rest of us. This movie is terribly uneven—best when it's gaudy and electric, worst in its more realistically staged melodramatic moments, especially toward the end. The cast includes Diahann Carroll, Olga James, Joe Adams, Nick Stewart, and Brock Peters. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

THE DEVILS (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Thalia SoHo; July 7.)

DREAMCHILD—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

THE 4TH MAN (1982)—A Dutch thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow, because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure, is a blank. But the film is amusing, and Krabbé plays worminess exultantly. Directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch. (Thalia; July 10.)

THE FRENCH THEY ARE A FUNNY RACE (1957)—A film based on a collection of minor essays has, at the outset, a certain skittishness; the essays themselves formed "The Notebooks of Major Thompson," and it was a Frenchman's idea of an Englishman's account of French life. The American writer-director Preston Sturges, an expatriate in the late fifties, turned all this into an amusing series of wheezes—a kind of literate vaudeville. Maybe you can no longer laugh at anecdotes like the British mother's wedding-night advice to her daughter ("My dear, it's utterly unbearable, but just close your eyes and think of England"), but acted out this sort of thing acquires a fresh insanity. With Jack Buchanan, Catherine Boyl, Martine Carol, and Noël-Noël. (Thalia SoHo; July 11-12.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema; starting July 4.)

GINGER AND FRED—This Fellini movie is about two mediocre dancers (played by Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni)—small-timers, curiosities—who, in the nineteen-forties, entertained Italian vaudeville audiences by imitating the Astaire-Rogers numbers. Now they are being reunited, in Rome, for an appearance on a Christmas TV Special. This situation serves as a pretext for Fellini to vent his disgust at TV. He appears to be condemning TV for being a green slime that's absorbing everything, and denouncing it, too, for passing him by. With Franco Fabrizi and Frederick Ledebur. The script is by Fellini, Tonino Guerra, and Tullio Pinelli. In Italian. (4/21/86) (Quad Cinema; through July 3.)

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (1944)—Preston Sturges uses verbal slapstick as well as visual slapstick, and his timing is so quirkily effective that the dialogue keeps popping off, like a string of firecrackers. In this satire on hero worship, patriotism, and mother love, Eddie Bracken, son of his town's biggest First World War hero, joins the Marines in the Second World War and is discharged for hay fever. Ashamed, he writes his mother that he's been sent overseas and, thinking he can never return home, tells his girl (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her anymore. But one night he's out drinking with six marines, and one of them tells him he should go home and see his beautiful mother; the sergeant agrees, and the upshot is that they drag him home, claiming that he's a war hero. The town goes mad. With Freddie Steele, William Demarest, and Raymond Walburn. (Thalia SoHo; July 11-12.)

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her un-conscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Film Forum; July 10-12.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—This is a case of the wrong director (Robert Aldrich) for the material (Frank Marcus's play). It's about a butch lesbian actress (played by Beryl Reid) who is going to be killed off in her television soap-opera role and who is also losing her girlfriend (Susannah York) to a chic rival (Coral Browne). Aldrich starts out in that blunt, overwrought style of his and keeps pounding away at us. It's a clumpingly archaic piece of moviemaking. (Thalia; July 8.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford bestirs himself more than he did in "The Natural" and "Out of Africa," and he reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. Except for David Clennon as a bug-eyed assistant D.A. who's a complete stinker, everybody is unformed or only partly formed. The cast includes Terence Stamp, Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, and many other gifted performers who flit onscreen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman, from a script credited to Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr., the movie, which is set in the art world, seems to have taken the scandal of how Mark Rothko's estate was managed and scrambled it up with pieces of romantic comedy-thrillers and courtroom comedies. It's all plot, and the plot is all holes. About all that carries the movie along is the functional—and occasionally smooth, bright—dialogue. (6/30/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

The Manhattan Project—Marshall Brickman and his co-writer, Thomas Baum, have a knack for capturing the way brainy people talk to each other, and how ridiculous and touching they can be. And the actors—John Lithgow, especially—seem overjoyed to be speaking such good satirical dialogue. Lithgow plays a beaming, self-conscious nuclear scientist, the director of a new, secret government research center in Ithaca, New York. He courts a woman (Jill Eikenberry) whose prankish seventeen-year-old son (Christopher Collet), a scientific wizard, is miffed—the boy swipes plutonium from the center and builds a homemade nuclear bomb to enter in the competition of high-school students at the National Science Fair in Manhattan. The title is from the Second World War Manhattan Project, where the first atom bomb was devised, by largely apolitical scientists, such as Oppenheimer, Teller, and Fermi, and the movie is about how the boy's folly forces the man to shed the illusion that he's apolitical and face up to his responsibilities. When this bland moral rectitude takes over, the film's comedy spirit withers. But there are a lot of enjoyable things: Lithgow's warming presence, and the way he has of turning his lines into boomerangs; Cynthia Nixon's cool self-possession—she plays the boy's pretty blond girlfriend who helps him sneak into the center; the break-in itself, which is a series of ingenious, silent slapstick tricks; Warren Manzi as the courtly day attendant at the center; Sully Boyar's puzzled routine as the night guard—it's like a sober variation on a Barry Fitzgerald drunk routine; and the kids at the Science Fair, whose projects take you back to the looniest absorbing interests you ever had. (6/30/86) (Criterion Theatres.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. In French. (Film Forum; July 8-9.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Cinema I.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Buster Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton), who can't even shave himself, and his rich, dizzy girlfriend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton (and Donald Crisp) directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Keaton pulled it through, all right, while playing with the abstract possibilities of the film image the way a violin virtuoso uses his fiddle. Silent. (Regency; July 6-7.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (Film Forum; July 8-9.)

Portrait of Jennie (1949)—At the start, a glorious con of a preface, designed to soften the audience for the fantasy to come, states, "Since the beginning, Man has looked into the awesome reaches of infinity. . . . Out of the shadows of knowledge, and out of a painting that hung on a museum wall comes our story, the truth of which lies not on our screen but in your heart." What follows is a story about a painter (Joseph Cotten) who spends his life in love with the spirit of a dead girl (Jennifer Jones). David O. Selznick's de-luxe exercise in mystical romanticism was taken from a Robert Nathan novel. William Dieterle directed, but Selznick poured on the gloppy grandeur, and, though the story may not make much sense, the pyrotechnics, joined to the dumbfounding silliness, keep one watching. With Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Cecil Kellaway, David Wayne, and Henry Hull. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 8.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

Raw Deal—It's reprehensible and enjoyable, the kind of movie that makes you feel brain dead in two minutes—after which point you're ready to laugh at its mixture of trashiness, violence, and startlingly silly crude humor. As a lawman who infiltrates the biggest mob in Chicago, Arnold Schwarzenegger is a puzzling, cartoon phenomenon, like a walking brick wall, and the director, John Irvin, sets the other characters to bouncing off that wall. The cast includes Kathryn Harrold, who shows the physical abandon of a good slapstick comedienne; Sam Wanamaker, who has some juicy, egocentric moments as the gangland boss; and Paul Shenar, Steven Hill, Darren McGavin, and Ed Lauter. The script, cooked up by a couple of Italians (Luciano Vincenzoni and Sergio Donati), written by the erratic Norman Wexler, and then rewritten by Gary M. DeVore, still retains some of Wexler's rowdy spirit. (6/30/86) (Criterion Theatres.)

The Return of the Soldier (1982)—Adapted by Hugh Whitemore, and directed by Alan Bridges, this film version of Rebecca West's first novel, published in 1918, when she was twenty-five, isn't great or exciting, but it's very enjoyable. Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret play the three women who love the shell-shocked amnesiac Captain Chris Baldry (Alan Bates), who has forgotten the last twenty years of his life, and regressed to the time of his greatest joy. The conflict is: Should he be allowed to remain in his boyish state of happiness, or should he be forced to confront the truth? The cast includes Ian Holm, Frank Finlay, and Jeremy Kemp. (3/11/85) (Cinema Village; July 6-8.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. The movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

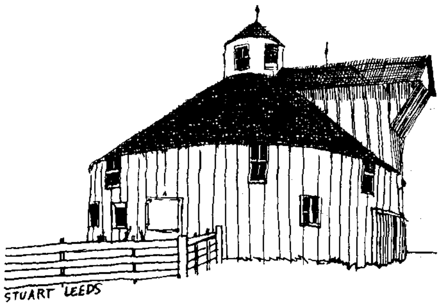
Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed is published in the papers, prospective brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. Silent. (Regency; July 6-7.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's a piece of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. Silent. (Regency; July 10-12.)

The Shooting Party (1984)—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Once again we get a vision of an aristocracy reduced to playing games of death, and once again a shooting party foreshadows the greater violence to come. But Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. (6/17/85) (Cinema Village; July 6-8.)

Short Circuit—Ally Sheedy is painfully adorable here, and so is the whole movie. She's a girl who takes in stray animals, and she plays opposite Steve Guttenberg, perhaps the least likely of all the young actors who have been cast as scientific prodigies. One of the robots that this genius has invented for Army use as "the ultimate soldiers" is hit by lightning and comes alive, and his wide-spaced big round eyes tell you that the moviemakers had him designed to be a lovable robot version of E.T. This robot—Number Five—escapes from the military compound. Sheedy takes him in, Guttenberg comes after him, and they try to save Number Five from being slaughtered by the government meanies. The picture is smoothly directed; it required a lot of craftsmanship to make it, but it has so little individuality that it seems merely an example of a simpering new genre: sci-fi for the teen market. As an Indian scientist who has assisted Guttenberg in the creation of the robots, Fisher Stevens is the film's resident comic; he keeps misusing American expressions. It's such an obvious and repetitive gag that when you laugh you feel contempt for yourself. Also with Austin Pendleton, Brian McNamara, and Tim Blaney's voice (for Number Five). The sucking-up-to-youth script is by S. S. Wilson and Brent Maddock. (Embassy.)

Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Embassy.)



Tramp, Tramp, Tramp (1926)—Harry Langdon's first full-length comedy. Not quite the picture that his second, "The Strong Man," is, but the restrained slapstick is charming. In this one, he enters a footrace across the continent and gets caught in a chain gang and a cyclone before winning. Harry Edwards directed, with Frank Capra on the script. (Regency; July 8-9.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Lincoln Plaza; through July 8.)

Trouble in Mind—The gifted writer-director Alan Rudolph has got the film-noir bug, and the picture is a pile of poetic mush set in some doom-laden, vaguely universal city of the past and/or the future. (It was shot mostly in Seattle.) As Hawk, Kris Kristofferson is supposed to be the gallant Bogart hero living in an evil semi-fascist era. Rudolph probably aimed to create a glamorous, funky trance-world, but his control fails him; the scenes often start with a shimmer that makes you feel hopeful, but they become stagnant, and you have no way of knowing how to interpret the flossy hipster-philosopher babble that the characters speak. With Joe Morton, Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lori Singer. (4/7/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 3.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's Umberto D. is a stubborn old gentleman with bourgeois standards and no means, isolated in an impersonal modern city, unable to communicate with anyone except his dog. Umberto's alienation has pride and spirit in it, even though his skinny frame is stiffening. Someone has said that this picture goes a long way toward making us aware of what it is to be a man—and also, for that matter, of what it is to be a dog. There are graceful, beautiful episodes—such as a sequence of a young servant girl rising—that would be unthinkable in a conventional movie, or even in a documentary of the time, since the sequence doesn't illustrate any social thesis but is there for itself. This work stands apart from De Sica's other films, with the possible exceptions of "The Children Are Watching Us" and "Shoe-Shine"—its moral passion has a special purity. With Carlo Battisti, a retired professor, as Umberto, Maria Pia Casilio, and Lina Gennari. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; July 6.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

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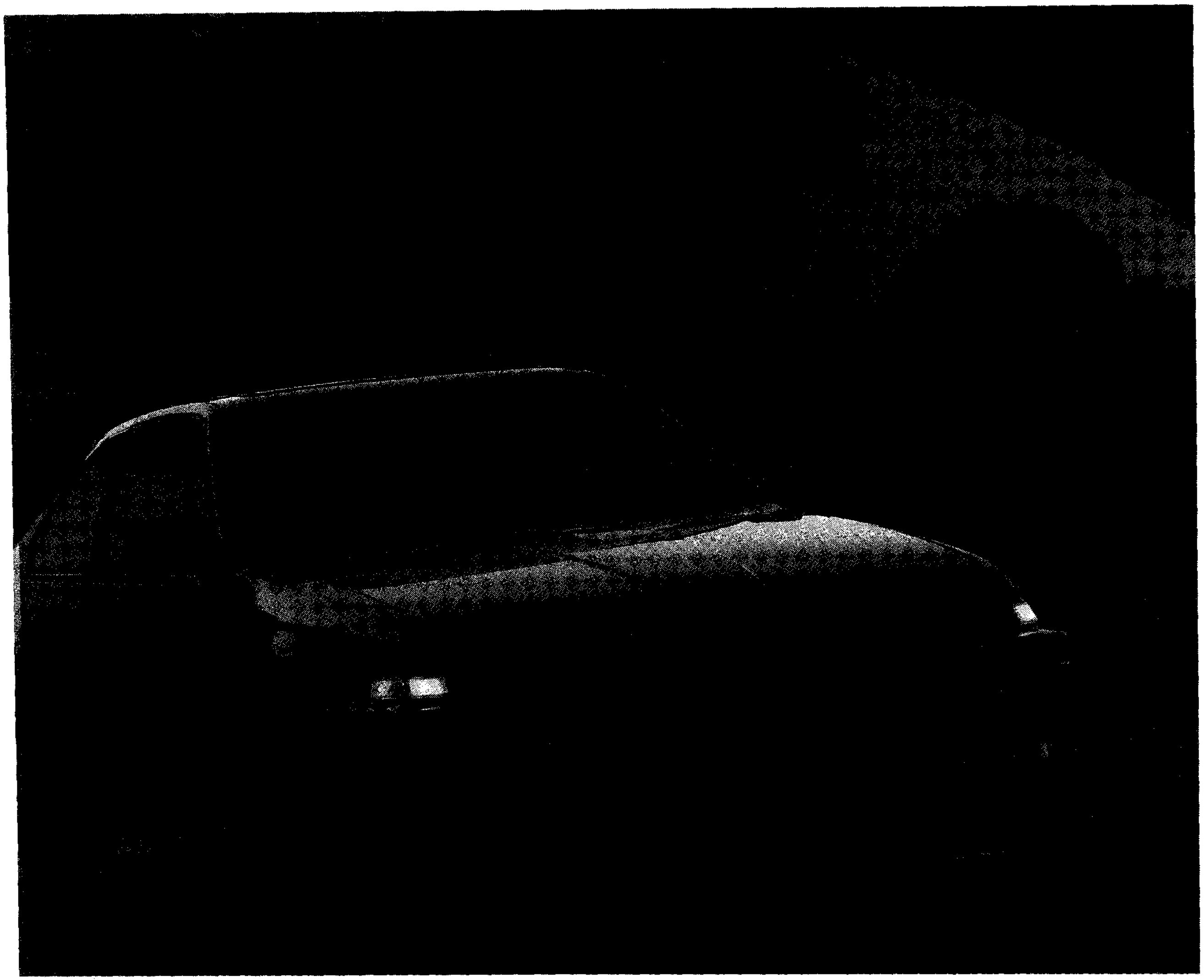

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S hard to get people's attention these days, even for a good cause, without putting on a national or international multimedia extravaganza of some sort, including *at least* a few dozen rock stars singing something in unison, or a few hundred people playing the piano, or a few thousand people running somewhere or doing some sort of calisthenics or dancing, or a few stadiums connected to each other by satellite hookup. Now the Fourth of July, which was once the country's simplest, least commercialized, purest holiday—no presents, no heavy meal, no elaborate decorations, just a picnic somewhere in the summer air, the flag, and maybe a few Roman candles—has been caught up in this rampant gigantism. First, the restoration of the Statue of Liberty got attached to it (it's the first time that a little structural engineering and a paint job have been turned into an occasion for nationwide rejoicing), and then attached to *that* were any number of corporate sponsors, tie-ins, franchises, and so on, not to mention Lee Iacocca, David Wolper, the biggest fireworks display possible this side of nuclear winter, and the two hundred Elvis look-alikes who are going to be on hand. Wolper, it's reported, considered inviting Richard Nixon as a speaker, but that idea was rejected. Did he perhaps consider getting two hundred Nixon look-alikes? It's hard to think why he would, but then it's also hard to think why the two hundred ersatz Elvises were invited. Underneath it all, however, it's still the Fourth, and for that occasion we would like to recall some words that Justice William O. Douglas spoke to Eric Severeid in 1972. Justice Douglas's plain words simplify the idea of the United States as much as the extravaganza this week seeks to complicate it. He said:

> America is greatly admired for many things. We're admired, I don't think so much for our B-52 bombers and for our atomic stockpile, but we're really admired for the First Amendment and the freedom of people to speak and believe and the right to have a fair trial. The great magnet that America is is the independence of thought and the right to dissent and the right to believe as you want.

•

WHEN the news reached us of the death, at eighty-six, of Jorge Luis Borges, in Geneva, on June 14th, it brought not just the pang we felt at the loss of his wise, beguiling presence but also the peculiar shiver of disquiet that his writings often generate. In our issue of June 2nd, we published a poem of his, in which he speculates on his death. It begins:

Which of my cities
am I doomed to die in?
Geneva,
where revelation reached me
from Virgil and Tacitus
(certainly not from Calvin)?

In retrospect, the poem's appearance has about it that very shiver of coincidence which we have come to call Borgesian, after the Master—for we have found that reading certain of his stories and poems has the effect of casting quite ordinary happenings in a strange, vertiginous light. One of Borges' chosen Spanish words was "*asombro*," which means "astonishment," or, better, "awe." Awe was what Borges found at the heart of great literature; awe was what he felt about the myriad chance crossings in human existence—"the webbed scheme," as he called it—and awe was what, through his quirky essays, his disturbing fictions, his fantastic stories, and his meditative poems, he aroused in his readers. In a famous essay of his, "Kafka and His Precursors," he demonstrates how after we have read the world through Kafka's eyes we find his influence even in writers who came before him in time. So it is with Borges: once we have read him, we sense his curious presence everywhere—in the past, in chance happenings, in the context of our own lives.

Judith Shahn

More than any other writer, Borges lived in and through literature. For him, reading was a form of time travel; his favorite writers were his friends; and, before his blindness finally descended, he had learned a whole library by heart. From a very early age, he had understood that it was his destiny to be a writer; and, indeed, no one has done more honor to that solitary office. Yet Borges never failed to point out the ironies implicit in making written sense of the world: a book, once written, mocks the writer by outlasting him, and the eternities created by the imagination are rendered ironic by the inevitability of death. Even so, for Borges it was only in writing that the living moment could be held, saved from oblivion; and literature, the sum of those written moments, was, for him, consolation enough. Just as literature had given him life, he turned his life into literature—literature of a spare and wondrous variety—and the facts of his life, such as his blindness, became metaphors in his writing. "When writers die," he once said, "they become books, which is, after all, not too bad an incarnation."

It is not every writer who adds to his work by his presence; but as Borges' writings infiltrated other languages he was much sought after, and late in his life he grew prodigal with his time, travelling to different countries, giving many lectures and interviews, appearing on international television, and answering endless questions with unfailing courtesy. At one time, his readers felt themselves to be members of a secret society; now they are legion. Many who had read him came to hear him, and carried away, as a talisman, an image of him that added affection to awe: frail, soft-spoken in both English and Spanish, his hands clasping a walking stick in front of him, he mesmerized his listeners with his careful phrasing, his modesty, his wit, the warm and often mischievous humor of his spoken asides. We recall a conversation we had with him just over a year ago, in which he talked about his travelling; he referred to it, characteristically, as "seeing the world." "When I am at home in Buenos Aires," he told us, "one day is much like another. But when I travel—and you must realize that for me, since I am blind, travelling means merely changing armchairs—friendly ghosts materialize one by one and talk to me about literature, and about my own works, most generously. For a writer, that is great luxury. I feel blessed by it, I feel lucky." Besides his books, his gentle ghost is very much with us.

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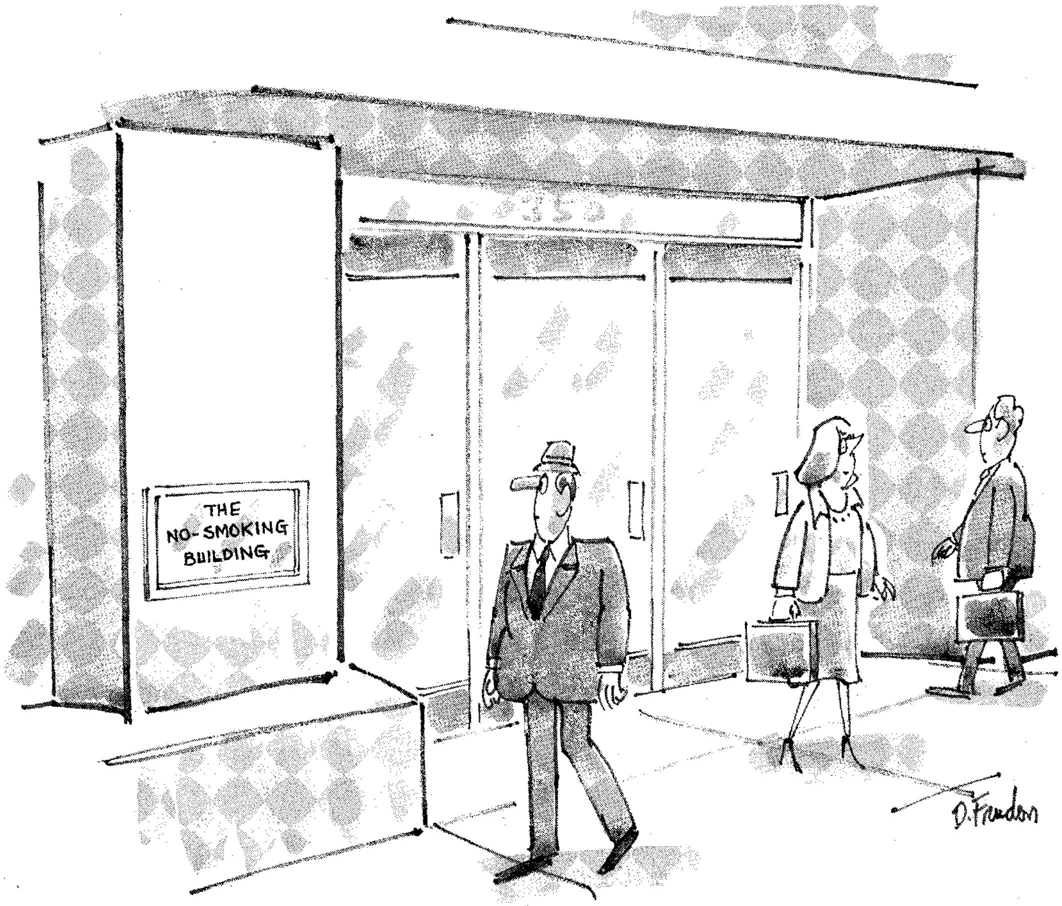
Restoration

"THE idea," said Lawrence Goldman, pointing through a haze of plaster dust over the Carnegie Hall stage, "is to bring the lobbies and the backstage areas of the hall *forward* into the twenty-first century and to bring the main auditorium *back* to the way it looked and sounded in 1891. Now that the canvas clouds and the teaser curtain are gone from the stage, you can see what is left of the original curved ceiling after somebody chopped a hole in it to light a film that was made here in 1946. We're going to restore that plaster shell over the stage, and we're going to repaint and do spot repairs on the ceiling over the rest of the hall. Then you will see the proper scale of human beings on the stage, as the original architects intended it to be seen."

We were balanced somewhat precariously on a plank at the left side of the dress circle, peering down at a chairless, floorless auditorium—it looked as if it had been hit by a bomb. On the stage, five workmen were lowering pieces of a metal ventilation duct from a large hole in the ceiling. At the back of the house, more workmen were chopping away at the wall that separated the parquet from the main lobby. Carnegie Hall had closed for a seven-month renovation, and demolition was proceeding on a very tight schedule. Standing with us and Mr. Goldman, who is the Carnegie Hall vice-president supervising the work, was James Stewart Polshek, the architect who had provided a master plan for the project. Mr. Polshek, a slight, scholarly, gray-haired man wearing glasses, told us that intervening in an old building to find space for new systems was a complex and tricky affair. "You have a single volume," he said, "and creativity is needed to work within that volume in ways for which it was not originally intended, to find space for things like air-conditioning, additional elevators, and, in this case, backstage storage, a large box office, and more efficient lobbies. Carnegie Hall is actually three separate structures, built between 1891 and 1896, but they're integrally connected. Architecturally, the exterior of the main building is an eclectic Italian palazzo, with Romanesque arches over the doors and windows, Palladian double pilasters decorating the façade, and, originally, a mansard roof. Structurally, it's extremely solid; the outer brick walls of the main building are four feet thick. The two towers—one east of the hall, on Fifty-seventh Street, and the other at the back, on Fifty-sixth at Seventh Avenue—were built later, with structural steel, and have thinner walls. In 1894, the original mansard roof was replaced by skylights, which provided light and air for the eighth-floor studios above the auditorium. In 1910, a marquee was added over the main entrance. Some very *unthoughtful* changes were made in the main hall as



the years went on. There was that awful hole over the stage, which had to be concealed by a curtain, and there was a substitution of vinyl for the original wooden floor of the main hall. We're going to replace it with mahogany."

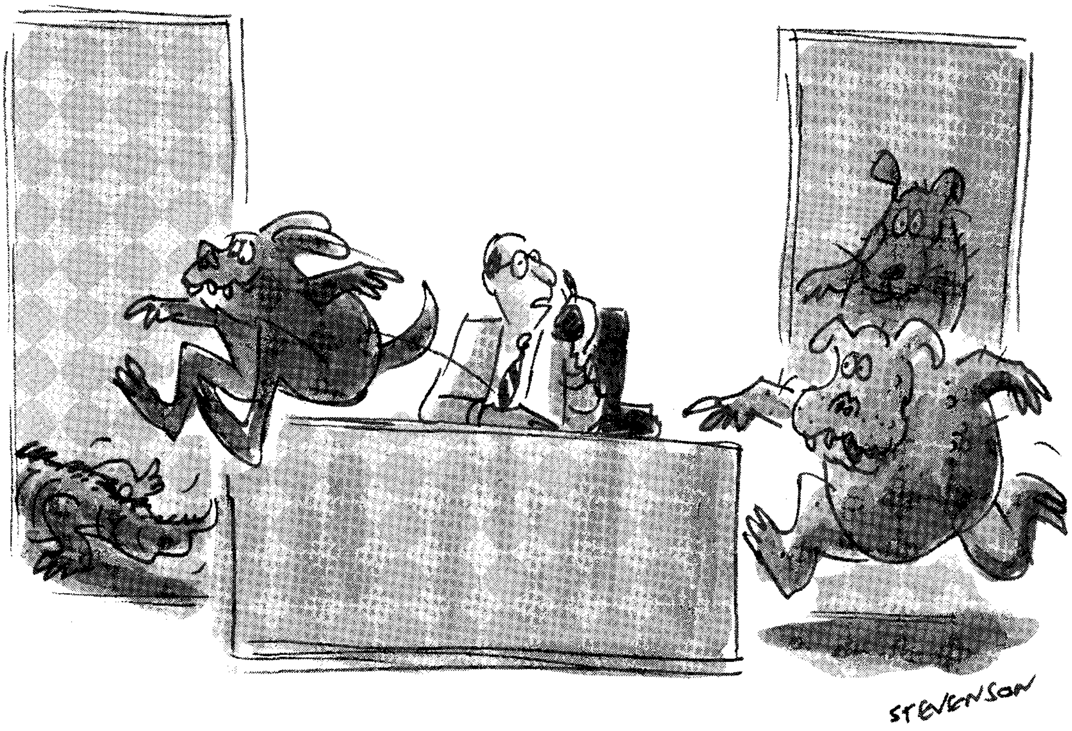
Mr. Goldman, an ebullient man, told us that the acoustical renovation was being supervised by an acoustician named Abe Melzer, whose job it was to make sure that the rich, full sound remained untouched. "We will change the ambience very little except to make people more comfortable," he said. "We had an old seat measured for sound absorption by an acoustical lab in New Jersey and have specified that the new seats—which have the same red velvety-looking mohair and the same wooden backs—be identical to the old ones. The walls and ceiling will continue to be off-white, and some of the plaster decoration will be picked out with a gold-colored leaf called Dutch metal. Would you believe that the gold up there now is ordinary radiator paint?" Mr. Goldman added that the auditorium would have two new elements—one a complete set of acoustical doors, which would block out all but the most piercing external sounds, and the other a large oval lighting fixture suspended over the stage. "We call it a tiara," he said, "and it will provide the strong light that a modern orchestra requires."

We walked down a flight of metal stairs and out into the Fifty-seventh Street lobby, which had lost its floor but retained its elegant vaulted ceiling. Mr. Polshek told us that the most dramatic reuse of existing space would be found here and in the backstage areas. "This lobby will be lowered to street level by utilizing a part of the high-ceilinged basement," he said. "A staircase and an elevator at each end of the lobby will bring the public up to the back of the parquet, and there, if the concert isn't about to start, people can pause and look back from a balustraded balcony at the lobby below. Six brass ticket windows will be placed under this balcony, and the whole area will be framed by beige limestone walls with plaster pilasters. The floor will be paved in a geometric pattern of Canadian black and Capoa Bonito rose granite."

Mr. Polshek added that the Fifty-sixth Street stage entrance is being lowered to street level and will be supplied with a large elevator that can lift a grand piano. "A Carnegie first!" Mr. Goldman said. "We always had to drag the pianos up the back stairs by hand." Lowering the stage entrance, Mr. Polshek went on to say, gave him enough space to install a new wing above it, at stage level, which would provide a badly needed storage area for chairs, music stands, and the house piano.

We scrambled down a ramp, dodged around a dump bin, and emerged on Fifty-seventh Street to look back at the familiar brick-and-terra-cotta façade, glowing in morning sunlight. "When we took down the marquee, the building was so beautiful that we flirted with the idea of keeping it off," Mr. Polshek said wistfully. "But in the twentieth century you can't get away with that. So I've designed a marquee with clear-glass panels that permit you to stand underneath and look up at the architecture."

Mr. Goldman told us that the façade consisted of salmon-colored Roman-cut brick (longer and narrower than regular brick), broken up by pilasters, plaques, and decorative bands. "The coffee shop at the corner will be replaced by two Romanesque arched doorways, giving on one of the lobby staircases, that are copied from the original plans, and the restaurant on Fifty-sixth Street will become a large ground-floor orchestra room," he said. "One problem was finding a modern source for our unusual Roman-cut bricks, which are made of iron-spotted clay. We finally discovered a firm in Ohio that can produce them, but they're not a perfect match, so we take bricks from some unimportant areas and mix old and new in a ratio of three to one for a highly visible spot like the coffee-shop corner. All loose bricks are being replaced, and the joints between the bricks are being repointed. Since they're very thin, 'buttered' joints, applying the mortar is closer to dentistry than it is to an ordinary mason's job." He added that one of the hall's problems had always been water—trickling down from ancient pipes in the studios over the main hall, or seeping through roofs and walls to corrode metal beams and fastenings in the two towers. "Several years ago, we were working out a plan to replace the pipes in the studios over the hall," he said, "but one afternoon in 1983 an overflowing sink in one of the eighth-floor studios caused a piece of plaster to fall from the ceiling of the auditorium. I woke up at 3 A.M. and suddenly realized that



"I'm afraid that hasn't come across my desk yet."

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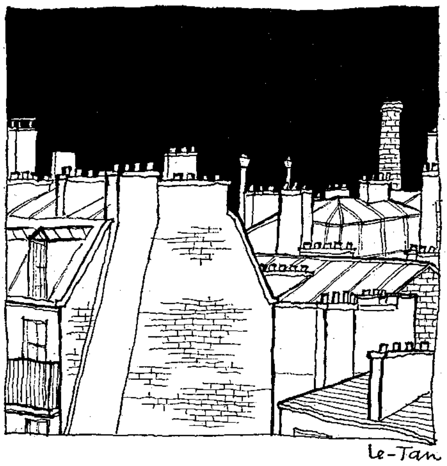
no matter how well the pipes were repaired this sort of human error could occur again. So we reversed our strategy—we eliminated the pipes that had caused the trouble, and turned the studios into office space. More recently, when we were drilling piston holes in the basement for new hydraulic elevators we found a natural stream running under the hall. It had created a pool, which had to be pumped out. That was one of our unpleasant surprises—it hadn't shown up on any of the plans."

Eager

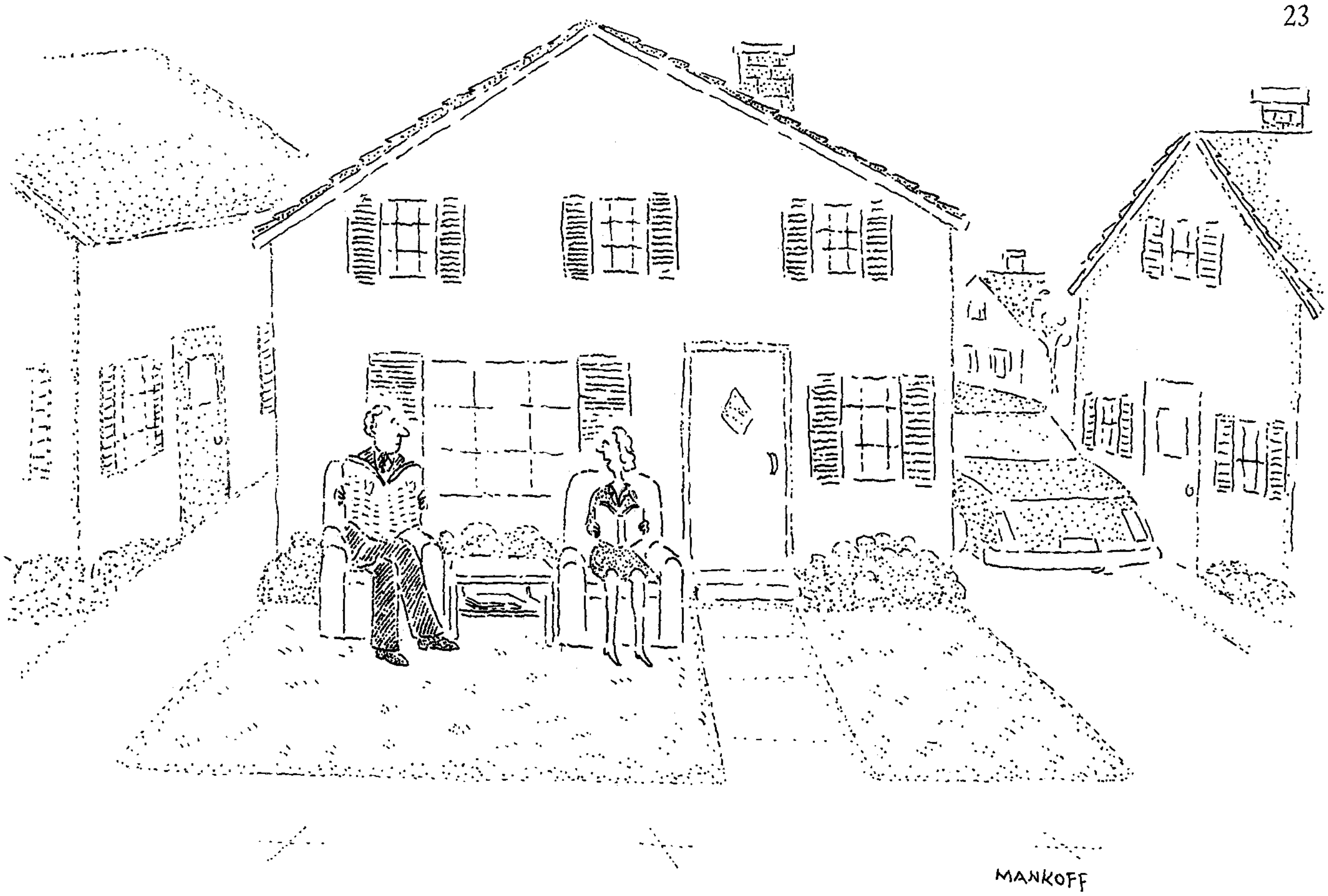
FAITH POPCORN, the woman who has called for a Frank Perdue of fish, runs a trend-analysis firm, BrainReserve, from an uncluttered, airy office eleven stories above Fifty-seventh Street—*East* Fifty-seventh. We visited Miss Popcorn, the woman who has predicted that by the year 2001 the bathroom will be "an anti-stress center or leisure area," one day last week, because we felt we had no choice. Everywhere we had turned in recent months, and especially when we had turned to *Newsweek*, there was Faith Popcorn, the woman who recognized very early—when most people saw blue sky, and blue sky only—that Tofutti was not a sure thing. As early as the end of 1984, when *Newsweek* proclaimed that year the Year of the Yuppie, she told a reporter she was having trouble persuading her clients in the processed-food industry to develop new products such as a line of fresh baby food for the boomer market. On May 6th of last year, she told *Newsweek* that New Coke was a mistake. "The giant kneels," she said. Seven weeks later, on June 24th, she told *Newsweek* that New Coke was "the marketing fiasco of the decade." On July 22nd, *Newsweek* readers learned that she thought Coke's problem lay in America's mouth. "The American palate is dead," she said. "You know that Thomas Dolby song 'She Blinded Me with Science'? Well, you could say the same thing about Coke." This spring, she returned to *Newsweek* to discuss the Fortune 500 and similar lists of the biggest businesses—lists she said had become the *Social Registers* of the nineteen-eighties. "It's like the best-dressed list for money," she said. Unaccountably, she failed to appear in the magazine's June 2nd issue on the subject of the Marriage Crunch, but she has recently moved on the Associated Press wire (praising General Mills for the big Betty Crocker makeover), and appeared in *U. S. News & World Report*, the *Wall Street Journal* (at least four times by our count), *USA Today* (twice, but once was for making the *Savvy* register of the top sixty businesses run by women), *Adweek*, *American Banker* (taking strong exception to the Metropolitan Life ads featuring Snoopy et al., on the ground that they weren't serious enough), the *Times*, and *Boardroom Reports*, a newsletter for executives (voicing her feeling that franchise restaurants would soon be offering "fast lobster").

In short, along with the wind, time and tide, the tectonic plates, the Judeo-Christian tradition, and the Byzantine tax code, Faith Popcorn had been irresistibly shaping our life. So many of the things we thought to be true she had said. Did we independently think them to be true? Or is Faith Popcorn the ur of our era? Is she the oversoul incarnate? And, if so, is she nice? We can report she is as nice as she is omniscient, and that is almost totally. "I'm trying to think of a trend I've missed—it would be more credible if I could think of one," she said. "Well, for the past couple of years I've been predicting a car specially positioned for a woman—the safest car in the world, with airbags, an SOS device, built-in baby seats. I thought that people would be willing to pay between thirty thousand and fifty thousand dollars for it—that they'd take out a mortgage, just as they would on a house. So far, it hasn't happened." But so many other things have—things that BrainReserve, which conducts two thousand in-depth interviews with consumers each year, has known about way in advance. In 1980, she said that this decade would see a big market for salt-free products, the return of flashy cars, a rise in the popularity of older TV stars, a declining divorce rate, and media rooms in homes. Success has sucked clients in the door: the roster over the last few years includes Timex watches, Vlasic pickles, Quaker Oats, Paper Mate, Anheuser-Busch, and American Cyanamid. In some cases, she helps launch new products; in others, she generates names; and, most often, she repositions old products. In every case, she relies on BrainReserve's bank of fifteen active trends.



"At the moment, there's a trend toward trends themselves," she said. "It's part of the trend toward control. A part of that trend has a name: 'cocooning.' It's very complex, but basically it involves building a shell of safety around yourself, so you're not at the mercy of the unpredictable world. That's why people like to have their VCRs, and their Barcaloungers. Barcaloungers, some of them equipped with stereo headphones, are making a comeback. And part of the idea is that companies are hiring experts like me so the companies can be in control. Control, control, control." In fact, people are so much in control that they will start drinking again soon, overwhelming the short-lived New Sobriety trend. "If you're working hard and working out hard, how do you relieve stress?" Miss Popcorn asked us. "Not in meditation. People aren't into meditation anymore. Alcohol is coming back. Not bourbon. It's hard to work out with a hangover. And we want high style. Bourbon-on-the-rocks is not style. A wine cooler is higher style. We're seeing the drinks of the thirties coming back—the Sidecar. You may even see the Martini coming back." Also, Nouveau Italian will be the next big restaurant thing. "We're blanded out," she explained. "We're not interested in the whites anymore—white wine, veal, it's over."

Miss Popcorn said that trends are so powerful she sometimes succumbs herself. "The control thing—mean. I hired a trainer for my morning workouts. And I'm so embarrassed. You realize it's horrifying and then you realize you're doing it. You can get your exercise if you go out and cut down a tree, so why don't we? Why do we need someone telling us how? I really admire people who don't care what's going on. I really admire people who still smoke." Some things, though, are too powerful to resist. "I have such a hard time convincing manufacturers that Health and Fitness is not just a trend, it's an intrinsic change in life style," she said. "It's how people will be from now on. Be-



"By the way, this isn't my idea of a vacation."

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cause as you get closer to death life gets sweeter."

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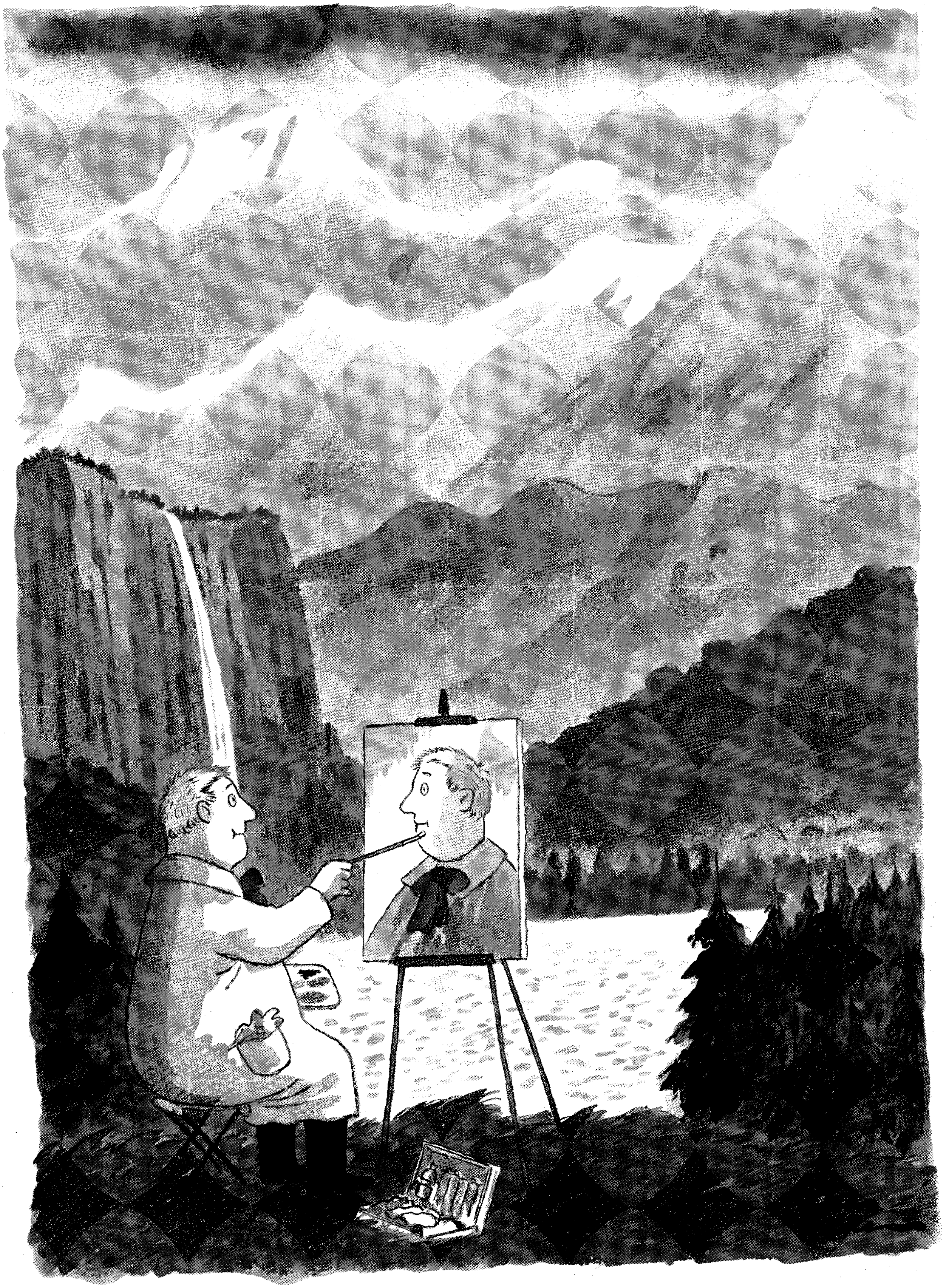
"ONE time, the Atomic Industrial Forum arrived for a radio talk show in Tucson and the opposing guest was *not there*," Mitchell P. Davis, the editor of the *Talk Show Guest Directory of Experts, Authorities, and Spokespersons*, told us. "The producer picked up our book, and he had an opposing guest in two minutes—by the time the show was on the air." Stories such as this one—true stories—have convinced eighty-four per cent of the news/talk radio stations with Arbitron shares greater than six among the twelve-year-old-plus listening audience that they need to shell out a hundred and sixty-five dollars for Davis's directory. "We cross-index thirty-three hundred and fifty-five topics to twenty-one hundred and ninety-two groups, all of them willing to talk," said Mr. Davis, who is himself an accessible sort of guy. "We don't have the people who need to get back to you, or call headquarters. We have the people who are ready to go."

Some of the individuals and organizations are merely willing to appear on chat programs, and content themselves with a simple listing: the Illinois Hooved Animal Humane Society, the Chicago Area Friends of Albania, the Citizens Against UFO Secrecy, the Major Appliance Consumer Action Panel, the Major Taylor Velodrome, the National Association of Mirror Manufacturers, the Repeal the Federal Reserve Act Association, the Salt Institute, the Unity and Diversity Council, the Bald-Headed Men of America, the Bankcard Holders of America, and the Colorado School of Mines, for instance. Others take out ads touting their services. "Call us for a Communist talk show guest either from our national office or from your area that will light up your telephone switchboards," urges the Communist Party U.S.A. Philip Fomotor "researches, grows and distributes super-nutritious spirulina and other health-related algaes." The Citizens Coalition for Rational Traffic Laws, an organization devoted to the repeal of the national maximum speed limit of 55 m.p.h., has sent representatives to a "diverse variety of programs," including the Praise the Lord Club program "Hello America." Eso Benjamins will discuss "the need for the feminine equivalent of God." Mr. Benjamins is the translator of "Dearest Goddess," a source book on the topic from Latvian women's folk poetry. His wife, Cynthia, is also available to participate in the discussions. When talk turns to terrorism, producers turn to the Special Elite Forces Society of Kansas City. "Across America, pseudo-terrorism instructors lecture about fighting terrorism, many never have faced terrorism, some have never shipped out for an overseas tour of duty," the society warns. "SEFS is a unique organization of former combat and covert field operations veterans (the nameless, faceless, and placeless) that have 'fought' in 25 separate declared and undeclared wars since World War II, both 'Hot & Cold Wars.' " And then there is Alan Caruba. He appears first as the founder and head of the Boring Institute of New Jersey, which each year lists the most boring celebrities. "For pure, tongue-in-cheek, off-the-wall humor, call Caruba!" And then, some pages later, he has transformed himself into one of the nation's foremost pest-control authorities. "Topics ranging from pesticides to every kind of insect, rodent, and other pest you can name, make for a lively discussion," he pledges.



MORE ZERO

A Novel of Los Anomies

ASHLEY picks me up in one of the two red BMWs her mother gave her for her birthday. She's wearing sunglasses and a Wheat Chex T-shirt and tight jeans and says that DataLife will be at Pablo's tonight and do I want to go. I'm doing a line of coke off the rearview mirror as she drives and it's sort of tricky and I don't answer her.

"Or we could go to Brick's party," she says. "Centipede is supposed to be there. The 'rents are in Gstaad or somewhere."

I'm feeling just sort of totally ill because I'm only eighteen and I spent the night before playing Old Maid with Kimberly and Griff and it was totally exhausting. We stop at Fanfare and the valet guy takes the car and nods at Ashley and he looks like some guy I'd seen at Oliver's house in Bel Air the night Oliver O.D.'d, tan with short blond hair, but Ashley apparently doesn't know him and we go in and sit down and they give us these big leather menus. The menu is too heavy to lift and I decide that I'm not all that hungry and Ashley sticks her thumb in her mouth and orders the crab salad.

"Tiffany's back in Cedars-Sinai," Ashley says, "and so are Wingate and Pembroke and Pierce. I'll probably go see them, maybe next week or something. Want to come?"

I'm thinking about doing my laps which I haven't done for two days and also about my dealer, Ti-Ti, who was supposed to meet me at Sunflower for breakfast but didn't show, and also how I have to get some tanning oil, and this line from Stax, "Can't we have more debris?," is going through my head and I'm very tense because I have to have dinner with my father tonight and I'm afraid he'll bring this really large amount of money and give it to me in one of those pretty expensive kangaroo-hide Dopp kits that he uses to carry money in, right in front of everybody at Chasen's where there'll probably be all these old guys talking about deals and coming to our table to say hello to my father.

I get really tense and go into the men's room and there's this guy there, too tan with short blond hair, who looks like a guy who was at Spago with Kimberly the night Kimberly totalled her new black Porsche with all the new shirts from Fred Segal that she'd bought for Brent to celebrate his getting out of Cedars-Sinai. I nod to him and say "Hey dude," he doesn't respond, just looks at me. He's holding a big can of Ajax and rubbing Ajax into his gums but I know it isn't Ajax, it's probably Comet or Ajax cut with Comet; the guy slides to the floor and I step over him and wash my hands and put some water on my face and go back to Ashley.

"Are we together, or what?" she asks. "What's going on?" I suddenly remember sleeping with her when we were nine at her mother's house in Palm Springs and how tan she was and how tan I was and how we killed six bottles of her mother's Dom Perignon and watched "Alfred Hitchcock Presents" and sent the poolman out for burritos and tortured the maid by threatening to eat her green card, Ashley upright and bouncing naked on the bed with the green card held just above her perfect white teeth, me wrapped in a towel and reading *Architectural Digest*. "I don't know," I say. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter, can we kind of pay these guys and kind of get out of here?" She pops a lude into my mouth and leaves twenty more on top of the check and we split.

We go to Alafair's house in Malibu where there are all these people we know, Paine and Malcolm and Andrea, mixing blow with mango ice cream in the Jacuzzi. Andrea's bitching about the gay porno star who wants a part in her father's new picture and keeps hanging around offering to get her into Fletch, the new club that doesn't let anybody in. I wander into the game room where there are a lot of people playing Ms. Pac-Man and watching MTV, and this tall thin black dude in a Duran Duran T-shirt is sitting there by himself writing a letter, it looks like. I can't understand why he's writing a letter, why he doesn't just call or something, and I stand there watching him for maybe ten minutes trying to figure out why anyone would write a letter to anyone and then I just get extremely nervous and go into the gun room and do three lines off one of Alafair's father's framed B-17 aircrew photographs from the Second World War.

DUBLIN
PIPES
&
TOBACCO
LONDON
OPEN
Stuart Leeds

The next morning I'm leaning against the 450 at our house on Mulholland and retching and my sisters walk by in their tangas on the way to the pool and ask me what I'm doing. "Retching," I say, and they say, "Oh," and then, "Have a nice day." I'm supposed to meet Ti-Ti for cheese and crackers at Filberts in Westwood where they're notorious for carding people really seriously and because Ti-Ti is only sixteen that means he probably won't be able to score a Mary despite his tons of phony I.D., which will put him in a rage and he'll jack up the price of the gram I need. There are not so many places Ti-Ti can show up these days because of what happened at Melody's brother's wedding reception at Ma Maison. I sit in the 450 outside Filberts and wait, feeling the hundred-dollar bills in my jeans pocket and wondering if I should call Meredith, who should be out of Cedars-Sinai by now. There's a Kitchen tape playing on the radio and the phrase "Worse than a dream" is repeating itself in my ears. A bunch of guys who look like they go to U.S.C., blond and tan and thin, are hanging around the entrance to the restaurant ready to park your car. I don't see Ti-Ti and my mother is marrying yet another bastard and I feel very tense and there's an 8.5 earthquake but I don't notice it because I'm listening to Kitchen and I'm very tense.

—William White

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SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From Adweek*]

Despite the current crisis in television, there is still some hope for the beleaguered commercial and its creators. A study from Needham Harper Worldwide points out, for example, that the number of viewers who believe that advertising insults the intelligence has remained steady at about 60 percent since 1975.

BLACKBIRD PIE

I WAS in my room one night when I heard something in the corridor. I looked up from my work and saw an envelope slide under the door. It was a thick envelope, but not so thick it couldn't be pushed under the door. My name was written on the envelope, and what was inside purported to be a letter from my wife. I say "purported" because even though the grievances could only have come from someone who'd spent twenty-three *years observing me on an inti*mate, day-to-day basis, the charges were outrageous and completely out of keeping with my wife's character. Most important, however, the handwriting was not my wife's handwriting. But if it wasn't her handwriting, then whose was it?

I wish now I'd kept the letter, so I could reproduce it down to the last comma, the last uncharitable exclamation point. The tone is what I'm talking about now, not just the content. But I didn't keep it, I'm sorry to say. I lost it, or else misplaced it. Later, after the sorry business I'm about to relate, I was cleaning out my desk and may have accidentally thrown it away —which is uncharacteristic of *me*, since I usually don't throw anything away.

In any case, I have a good memory. I can recall every word of what I read. My memory is such that I used to win prizes in school because of my ability to remember names and dates, inventions, battles, treaties, alliances, and the like. I always scored highest on factual tests, and in later years, in the "real world," as it's called, my memory stood me in good stead. For instance, if I were asked right now to give the details of the Council of Trent or the Treaty of Utrecht, or to talk about Carthage, *that city razed by* the Romans after Hannibal's defeat (the Roman soldiers plowed salt into the ground so that Carthage could never be called Carthage again), I could do so. If called upon to talk about the Seven Years' War, the Thirty Years', or the Hundred Years' War, or simply the First Silesian War, I could hold forth with the greatest enthusiasm and confidence. Ask me anything about the Tartars, the Renaissance popes, or the rise and fall of the Ottoman Empire. Thermopylae, Shiloh, or the Maxim gun. Easy. Tannenberg? Simple as blackbird pie. The famous four and twenty that were set before the king. At Agincourt, English longbows carried the day. And here's something else. Everyone has heard of the Battle of Lepanto, the last great sea battle fought in ships powered by galley slaves. This fracas took place in 1571 in the eastern Mediterranean, when the combined naval forces of the Christian nations of Europe turned back the Arab hordes under the infamous Ali Muezzin Zade, a man who was fond of personally cutting off the noses of his prisoners before calling in the executioners. But does anyone remember that Cervantes was involved in this affair and had his left hand lopped off in the battle? Something else. The combined French and Russian losses in one day at Borodino were seventy-five thousand men—the equivalent in fatalities of a fully loaded jumbo jet crashing every three minutes from breakfast to sundown. Kutuzov pulled his forces back toward Moscow. Napoleon drew breath, marshalled his troops, and continued his advance. He entered the downtown area of Moscow, where he stayed for a month waiting for Kutuzov, who never showed his face again. The Russian generalissimo was waiting for snow and ice, for Napoleon to begin his retreat to France.

Things stick in my head. I remember. So when I say I can re-create the letter—the portion that I read, which catalogues the charges against me—I mean what I say.

In part, the letter went as follows:

Dear,

Things are not good. Things, in fact, are bad. Things have gone from bad to worse. And you know what I'm talking about. We've come to the end of the line. It's over with us. Still, I find myself wishing we could have talked about it.

It's been such a long time now since we've talked. I mean really *talked.* Even after we were married we used to talk and talk, exchanging news and ideas. When the children were little, or even after they were more grown-up, we still found time to talk. It was more difficult then, naturally, but we managed, we found time. We *made* time. We'd have to wait until after they were asleep, or else when they were playing outside, or with a sitter. But we managed. Sometimes we'd engage a sitter just so we *could* talk. On occasion we talked the night away, talked until the sun came up. Well. Things happen, I know. Things change. Jack had that trouble with the police, and Linda found herself pregnant, etc. Our quiet time together flew out the window. And gradually your responsibilities backed up on you. Your work became more important, and our time together was squeezed out. Then, once the children left home, our time for talking was back. We had each other again, only we had less and less to talk about. "It happens," I can hear some wise man saying. And he's right. *It happens.* But it happened to us. In any case, no blame. *No blame.* That's not what this letter is about. *I want to talk about us.* I want to talk about *now.* The time has come, you see, to

Old Clown

“*I object, Your Honor! This line of questioning is really weird.*”

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admit that *the impossible* has happened. To cry *Uncle.* To beg off. To—

I read this far and stopped. Something was wrong. Something was fishy in Denmark. The sentiments expressed in the letter may have belonged to my wife. (Maybe they did. Say they did, grant that the sentiments expressed *were* hers.) But the handwriting *was not her handwriting.* And I ought to know. I consider myself an expert in this matter of her handwriting. And yet if it wasn’t her handwriting, who on earth *had* written these lines?

I should say a little something about ourselves and our life here. During the time I’m writing about we were living in a house we’d taken for the summer. I’d just recovered from an illness that had set me back in most things I’d hoped to accomplish that spring. We were surrounded on three sides by meadows, birch woods, and some low, rolling hills—a “territorial view,” as the realtor had called it when he described it to us over the phone. In front of the house was a lawn that had grown shaggy, owing to lack of interest on my part, and a long gravelled drive that led to the road. Behind the road we could see the distant peaks of mountains. Thus the phrase “territorial view”—having to do with a vista appreciated only at a distance.

My wife had no friends here in the country, and no one came to visit. Frankly, I was glad for the solitude. But she was a woman who was used to having friends, used to dealing with shopkeepers and tradesmen. Out here, it was just the two of us, thrown back on our resources. Once upon a time a house in the country would have been our ideal—we would have *coveted* such an arrangement. Now I can see it wasn’t such a good idea. No, it wasn’t.

Both our children had left home long ago. Now and then a letter came from one of them. And once in a blue moon, on a holiday, say, one of them might telephone—a collect call, naturally, my wife being only too happy to accept the charges. This seeming indifference on their part was, I believe, a major cause of my wife’s sadness and general discontent—a discontent, I have to admit, I’d been vaguely aware of before our move to the country. In any case, to find herself in the country after so many years of living close to a shopping mall and bus service, with a taxi no farther away than the telephone in the hall—it must have been hard on her, very hard. I think her *decline*, as a historian might put it, was accelerated by our move to the country. I think she slipped a cog after that. I’m speaking from hindsight, of course, which always tends to confirm the obvious.

I don’t know what else to say in regard to this matter of the handwriting. How much more can I say and still retain credibility? We were alone in the house. No one else—to my knowledge, anyway—was in the house and could have penned the letter. Yet I remain convinced to this day that it was not her handwriting that covered the pages of the letter. After all, I’d been reading my wife’s handwriting since before she was my wife. As far back as what might be called our prehistory days—the time she went away to school as a girl, wearing a gray-and-white school uniform. She wrote letters to me every day that she was away, and she was away for two years, not counting holidays and summer vacations. Altogether, in the course of our relationship, I would estimate (a conservative estimate, too), counting our separations and the short periods of time I was away on business or in the hospital, etc.—I would estimate, as I say, that I received seventeen hundred or possibly eighteen hundred and fifty handwritten letters from her, not to mention hundreds, maybe thousands, more informal notes (“On your way home, please pick up dry cleaning, and some spinach pasta from Corti Bros”). I could recognize her handwriting anywhere in the world. Give me a few words. I’m confident that if I were in Jaffa, or Marrakech, and picked up a note in the marketplace, I would recognize it if it was my wife's handwriting. A word, even. Take this word "*talked*," for instance. That simply isn't the way she'd write "talked"! Yet I'm the first to admit I don't know *whose* handwriting it is if it isn't hers.

Secondly, my wife *never* underlined her words for emphasis. Never. I don't recall a single instance of her doing this—not once in our entire married life, not to mention the letters I received from her before we were married. It would be reasonable enough, I suppose, to point out that it could happen to anyone. That is, anyone could find himself in a situation that is completely atypical and, *given the pressure of the moment*, do something totally out of character and draw a line, the merest *line*, under a word, or maybe under an entire sentence.

I would go so far as to say that every word of this entire letter, so-called (though I haven't read it through in its entirety, and won't, since I can't find it now), is utterly false. I don't mean false in the sense of "untrue," necessarily. There is some truth, perhaps, to the charges. I don't want to quibble. I don't want to appear small in this matter; things are bad enough already in this department. No. What I want to say, all I want to say, is that while the sentiments expressed in the letter may be my wife's, may even hold *some* truth—be legitimate, so to speak—the force of the accusations levelled against me is diminished, if not entirely undermined, even discredited, because she *did not* in fact write the letter. Or, if she *did* write it, then discredited by the fact that she didn't write it in her own handwriting! Such evasion is what makes men hunger for facts. As always, there are some.

ON the evening in question, we ate dinner rather silently but not unpleasantly, as was our custom. From time to time I looked up and smiled across the table as a way of showing my gratitude for the delicious meal—poached salmon, fresh asparagus, rice pilaf with almonds. The radio played softly in the other room; it was a little suite by Poulenc that I'd first heard on a digital recording five years before in an apartment on Van Ness, in San Francisco, during a thunderstorm.

When we'd finished eating, and after we'd had our coffee and dessert, my wife said something that startled me. "Are you planning to be in your room this evening?" she said.

TO THE ANGELS

We sit like the sparrows along the orchard's wall, the best
of summer's stubble and stick-tights tangled
in our hair. Due west the sun goes down,
blinds us enough that the workers, emptying their sacks
full of apples toward the harvest, are lifted
homeward across the dusty August heat-haze, like figures walking
the shallow waters out to sea.
It's a scene worth remembering,

now there are no longer angels, only the chaff
from the milkweed that bears through the air the seeds,
that lines the nests of warblers, and then is
taken back, like down, losing, least of all, its name
each autumn. But goodbye to the angels.
It was like us to create a thing more lonely than ourselves,
as instinct-poor, with wings.
We used you up before we knew to give you

the retinal red-and-yellow fields belonging to the eyes
of songbirds that can navigate the world,
those relentless, blackberry centers
that pull the flocks, mindless of us, over the evening,
like the negatives of stars.
But when you flew on your first day, maybe out of a cave
painting, or out of a man turning flint to fire
as a legion of gulls ascended,

you had no vector but the dust swept up in the thermals, rising,
or the ragged clouds of monarchs
rifling the sun, drifting, suicidal, over the ocean.
Now in the airports and the shopping malls emptied of any
grace, their ceilings high as cathedrals,
their weather the dead buzzing of fluorescent nights and days,
I think of you, think of your broken Botticellian hearts,
like the fake roses

my mother used to plant across the snow-crusted lawn
those years when spring was late, the trees slow
to blossom. Was it good that we could not make you
whole or real enough, who have survived in the shadows
the light makes coming through the leaves—
even as finally lost one day, or exiled, you
climbed the air, flying on faith, sun-blind
against the future,

but never so far from your beginnings that it was in your nature
to abandon us, or break, without home-
sickness above the clouds?

—Deborah Digges

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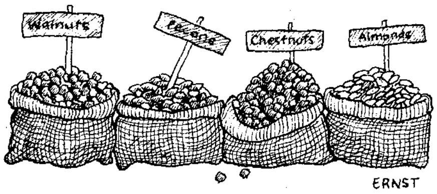
"I am," I said. "What did you have in mind?"

"I simply wanted to know." She picked up her cup and drank some coffee. But she avoided looking at me, even though I tried to catch her eye.



Are you planning to be in your room this evening? Such a question was altogether out of character for her. I wonder now why on earth I didn't pursue this at the time. She knows my habits, if anyone does. But I think her mind was made up even then. I think she was concealing something even as she spoke.

"Of course I'll be in my room this evening," I repeated, perhaps a trifle impatiently. She didn't say anything else, and neither did I. I drank the last of my coffee and cleared my throat.

She glanced up and held my eyes a moment. Then she nodded, as if we had agreed on something. (But we hadn't, of course.) She got up and began to clear the table.

I felt as if dinner had somehow ended on an unsatisfactory note. Something else—a few words maybe—was needed to round things off and put the situation right again.

"There's a fog coming in," I said.

"Is there? I hadn't noticed," she said.

She wiped away a place on the window over the sink with a dish towel and looked out. For a minute she didn't say anything. Then she said—again mysteriously, or so it seems to me now—"There is. Yes, it's very foggy. It's a heavy fog, isn't it?" That's all she said. Then she lowered her eyes and began to wash the dishes.

I sat at the table a while longer before I said, "I think I'll go to my room now."

She took her hands out of the water and rested them against the counter. I thought she might proffer a word or two of encouragement for the work I was engaged in, but she didn't. Not a peep. It was as if she were waiting for me to leave the kitchen so she could enjoy her privacy.

Remember, I was at work in my room at the time the letter was slipped under the door. I read enough to question the handwriting and to wonder how it was that my wife had presumably been busy somewhere in the house and writing me a letter at the same time. Before reading further in the letter, I got up and went over to the door, unlocked it, and checked the corridor.

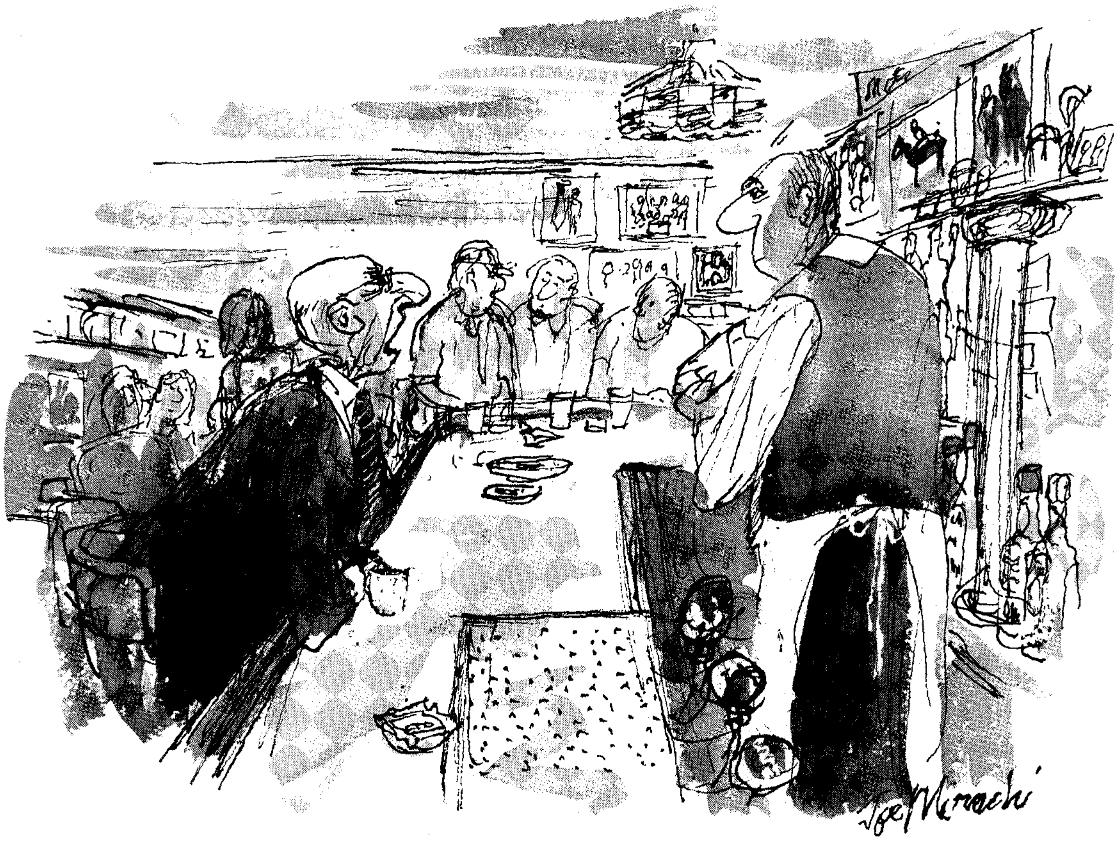
It was dark at this end of the house. But when I cautiously put my head out I could see light from the living room at the end of the hallway. The radio was playing quietly, as usual. Why did I hesitate? Except for the fog, it was a night very much like any other we had spent together in the house. But there was *something else afoot* tonight. At that moment I found myself afraid—afraid, if you can believe it, in my own house!—to walk down the hall and satisfy myself that all was well. Or if something was wrong, if my wife was experiencing—how should I put it?—difficulties of any sort, hadn't I best confront the situation before letting it go any further, before losing any more time on this stupid business of reading her words in somebody else's handwriting!

But I didn't investigate. Perhaps I wanted to avoid a frontal attack. In any case, I drew back and shut and locked the door before returning to the letter. But I was angry now as I saw the evening sliding away in this foolish and incomprehensible business. I was beginning to feel *uneasy*. (No other word will do.) I could feel my gorge rising as I picked up the letter purporting to be from my wife and once more began to read.

The time has come and gone for us—us, you and me—to put all our cards on the table. Thee and me. Lancelot and Guinevere. Abélard and Héloïse. Troilus and Cressida. Pyramus and Thisbe. JAJ and Nora Barnacle, etc. You know what I'm saying, honey. We've been together a long time—thick and thin, illness and health, stomach distress, eye-ear-nose-and-throat trouble, high times and low. Now? Well, I don't know what I can say now except the truth: I can't go it another step.

At this point, I threw down the letter and went to the door again, deciding to settle this once and for all. I wanted an accounting, and I wanted it now. I was, I think, *in a rage*. But at this point, just as I opened the door, I heard a low murmuring from the living room. It was as if somebody were trying to say something over the phone and this somebody were taking pains not to be overheard. Then I heard the receiver being replaced. Just this. Then everything was *as before*—the radio playing softly, the house otherwise quiet. But I had heard a voice.

In place of anger, I began to feel panic. I grew afraid as I looked down the corridor. Things were the same as before—the light was on in the living room, the radio played softly. I took a few steps and listened. I hoped I might hear the comforting, rhythmic clicking of her knitting needles, or the sound of a page being turned, but there was nothing of the sort. I took a few steps toward the living room and then—what should I say?—I lost my nerve, or maybe my curiosity. It was at that moment I heard *the muted sound*



"As far as I'm concerned, Halley's comet laid an egg the first time around and it laid an egg the second time around, too."

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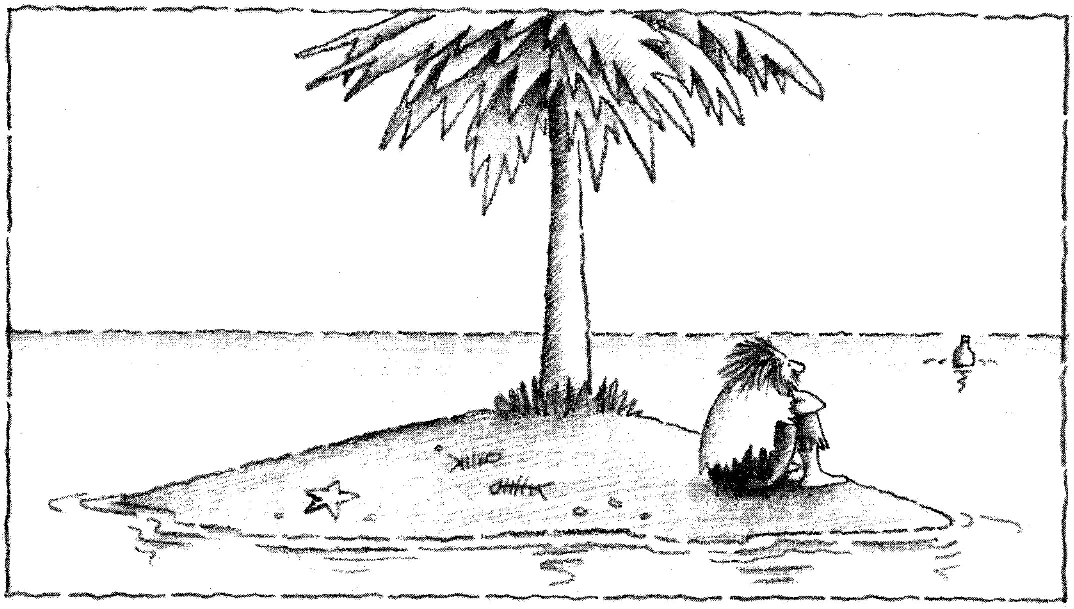


of a doorknob being turned, and afterward the unmistakable sound of a door opening and closing quietly.

My impulse was to walk rapidly down the corridor and into the living room and get to the bottom of this thing once and for all. But I didn't want to act *impulsively and possibly* discredit myself. I'm not impulsive, so I waited. But there *was* activity of some sort in the house—something was afoot, I was sure of it—and of course it was my duty, for my own peace of mind, not to mention the possible safety and well-being of my wife, to act. But I didn't. I couldn't. The moment was there, but I hesitated. Suddenly it was too late for any decisive action. The moment had come and gone, and could not be called back. Just so did Darius hesitate and then fail to act at the Battle of Granicus, *and the day was lost*, Alexander the Great rolling him up on every side and giving him a real walloping.

I went back to my room and closed the door. But *my heart was racing*. I sat in my chair and, trembling, picked up the pages of the letter once more.

But now here's the curious thing. Instead of beginning to read the letter through, from start to finish, or even starting at the point where I'd stopped earlier, I took pages at random and held them under the table lamp, picking out a line here and a line there. This allowed me to juxtapose the charges made against me until the entire indictment (for that's what it was) took on quite another character—one more acceptable, since it had lost its chronology and, with it, a little of its punch.

So. Well. In this manner, going from page to page, here a line, there a line, I read in snatches the following—which might under different circumstances serve as a kind of abstract:

...withdrawing farther into...a small enough thing, but...talcum powder sprayed over the bathroom, including walls and baseboards...a shell...not to mention the insane asylum...until finally ...a balanced view...the grave. Your "work"...Please! Give me a break... No one, not even...Not another word on the subject!...The children...but the real issue...not to mention the loneliness ...Jesus H. Christ! Really! I mean...

At this point I distinctly heard the front door close. I dropped the pages of the letter onto the desk and hurried to the living room. It didn't take long to see that my wife wasn't in the house. (The house is small—two bedrooms, one of which we refer to as my room or, on occasion, as my study.) But let the record show: *every light in the house was burning.*

A HEAVY fog lay outside the windows, a fog so dense I could scarcely see the driveway. The porch light was on and a suitcase stood outside on the porch. It was my wife's suitcase, the one she'd brought packed full of her things when we moved here. What on earth was going on? I opened the door. Suddenly—I don't know how to say this other than how it was—a horse stepped out of the fog, and then, an instant later, as I watched, dumbfounded, another horse. These horses were grazing in our front yard. I saw my wife alongside one of the horses, and I called her name.

"Come on out here," she said. "Look at this. Doesn't this beat anything?"

She was standing beside this big horse, patting its flank. She was dressed in her best clothes and had on heels and was wearing a hat. (I hadn't seen her in a hat since her mother's funeral, three years before.) Then she moved forward and put her face against the horse's mane.

"Where did you come from, you big baby?" she said. "Where did you come from, sweetheart?" Then, as I watched, she began to cry into the horse's mane.

"There, there," I said and started down the steps. I went over and patted the horse, and then I touched my wife's shoulder. She drew back. The horse snorted, raised its head a moment, and then went to cropping the grass once more. "What is it?" I said to my wife. "For God's sake, what's happening here, anyway?"

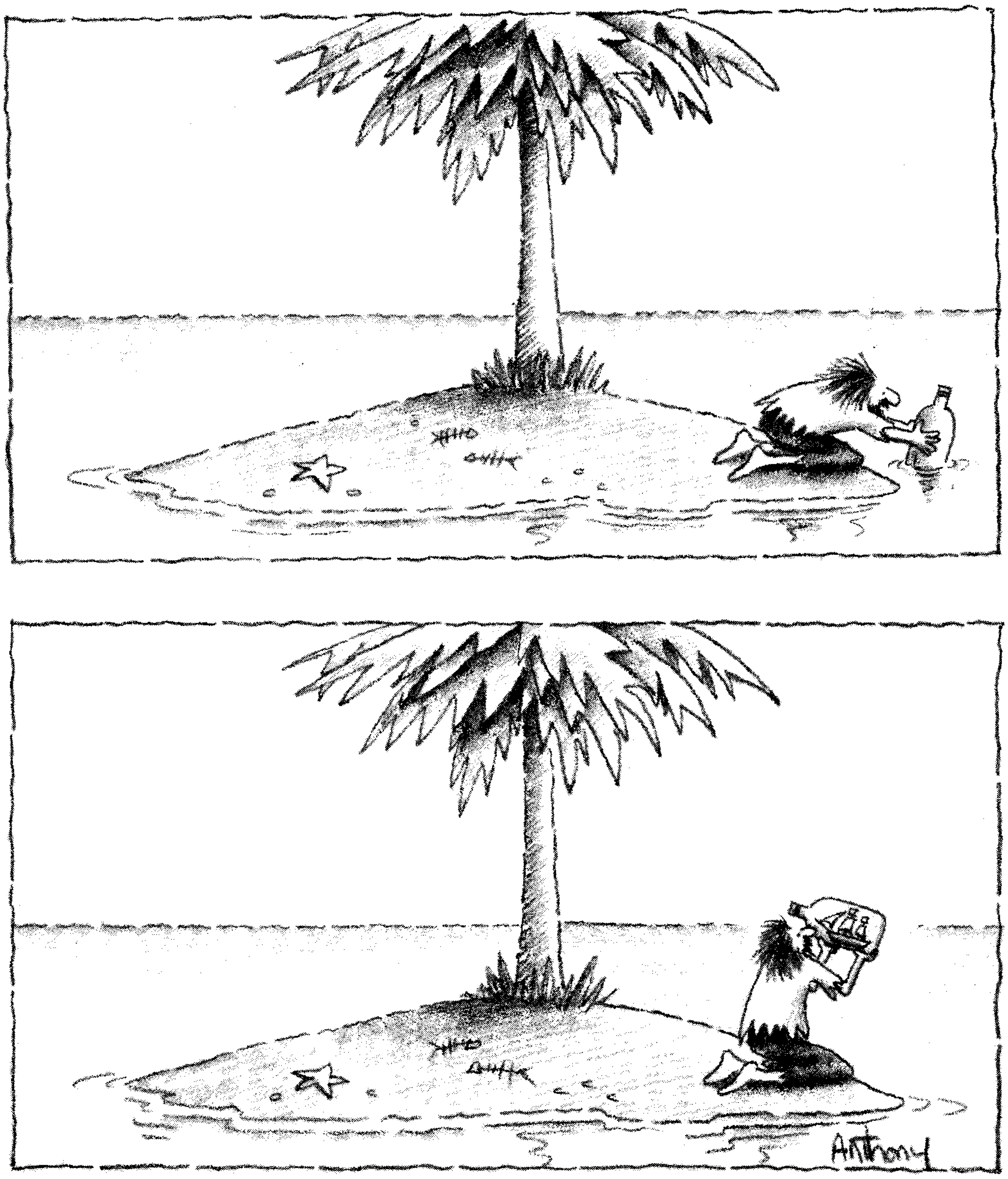
She didn't answer. The horse moved a few steps but continued pulling and eating the grass. The other horse was munching grass as well. My wife moved with the horse, hanging on to its mane. I put my hand against the horse's neck and felt a surge of power run up my arm to the shoulder. I shivered. My wife was still crying. I felt helpless, but I was scared, too.

"Can you tell me what's going on?" I said. "Why are you dressed like this? What's that suitcase doing on the front porch? Where did these horses come from? For God's sake, can you tell me what's happening?"

My wife began to croon to the horse. Croon! Then she stopped and said, "You didn't read my letter, did you? You might have skimmed it, but you didn't read it. Admit it!"

"I did read it," I said. I was lying, yes, but it was a white lie. A partial untruth. But he who is blameless, let him throw out the first stone. "But tell me what is going on anyway," I said.

My wife turned her head from side to side. She pushed her face into the horse's dark wet mane. I could hear



the horse *chomp*, *chomp*, *chomp*. Then it snorted as it took in air through its nostrils.

She said, "There was this girl, you see. Are you listening? And this girl loved this boy so much. She loved him even more than herself. But the boy—well, he grew up. I don't know what happened to him. Something, anyway. He got cruel without meaning to be cruel and he—"

I didn't catch the rest, because just then a car appeared out of the fog, in the drive, with its headlights on and a flashing blue light on its roof. It was followed, a minute later, by a pickup truck pulling what looked like a horse trailer, though with the fog it was hard to tell. It could have been anything—a big portable oven, say. The car pulled right up onto the lawn and stopped. Then the pickup drove alongside the car and stopped, too. Both vehicles kept their headlights on and their engines running, which contributed to the eerie, bizarre aspect of things. A man wearing a cowboy hat—a rancher, I supposed—stepped down from the pickup. He raised the collar of his sheepskin coat and whistled to the horses. Then a big man in a raincoat got out of the car. He was a much bigger man than the rancher, and he, too, was wearing a cowboy hat. But his raincoat was open, and I could see a pistol strapped to his waist. He had to be a deputy sheriff. Despite everything that was going on, and the anxiety I felt, I found it *worth noting* that both men were wearing hats. I ran my hand through my hair, and was sorry I wasn't wearing a hat of my own.

"I called the sheriff's department a while ago," my wife said. "When I first saw the horses." She waited a minute and then she said something else. "Now you won't need to give me a ride into town after all. I mentioned that in my letter, the letter you read. I said I'd need a ride into town. I can get a ride—at least, I think I can—with one of these gentlemen. And I'm not changing my mind about anything, either. I'm saying this decision is irrevocable. Look at me!" she said.

I'd been watching them round up the horses. The deputy was holding his flashlight while the rancher walked a horse up a little ramp into the trailer. I turned to look at this woman I didn't know any longer.

"I'm leaving you," she said. "That's what's happening. I'm heading for town tonight. I'm striking out on my own. It's all in the letter you read." Whereas, as I said earlier, my wife never underlined words in her letters for emphasis, she was now speaking (having dried her tears) as if virtually every other word out of her mouth ought to be underlined.

"What's gotten *into* you?" I heard myself say. It was almost as if I couldn't help adding pressure to some of my own words. "Why are you *doing* this?"

She shook her head. The rancher was loading the second horse into the trailer now, whistling sharply, clapping his hands and shouting an occasional "Whoa! Whoa, damn you! Back up now. Back up!"

The deputy came over to us with a clipboard under his arm. He was holding a big flashlight. "Who called?" he said.

"I did," my wife said.

The deputy looked her over for a minute. He flashed the light onto her high heels and then up to her hat. "You're all dressed up," he said.

"I'm leaving my husband," she said.

The deputy nodded, as if he understood. (But he didn't, he couldn't!) "He's not going to give you any trouble, is he?" the deputy said, shining his light into my face and moving the light up and down rapidly. "You're not, are you?"

"No," I said. "No trouble. But I resent—"

"Good," the deputy said. "Enough said, then."

The rancher closed and latched the door to his trailer. Then he walked toward us through the wet grass, which, I noticed, reached to the tops of his boots.

"I want to thank you folks for calling," he said. "Much obliged. That's one heavy fog. If they'd wandered onto the main road, they could have raised hob out there."

"The lady placed the call," the deputy said. "Frank, she needs a ride into town. She's leaving home. I don't know who the injured party is here, but she's the one leaving." He turned then to my wife. "You sure about this, are you?" he said to her.

She nodded. "I'm sure."

"O.K.," the deputy said. "That's settled, anyway. Frank, you listening? I can't drive her to town. I've got another stop to make. So can you help her out and take her into town? She probably wants to go to the bus station or else to the hotel. That's where they usually go. Is that where you want to go to?" the deputy said to my wife. "Frank needs to know."

"He can drop me off at the bus station," my wife said. "That's my suitcase on the porch."

"What about it, Frank?" the deputy said.

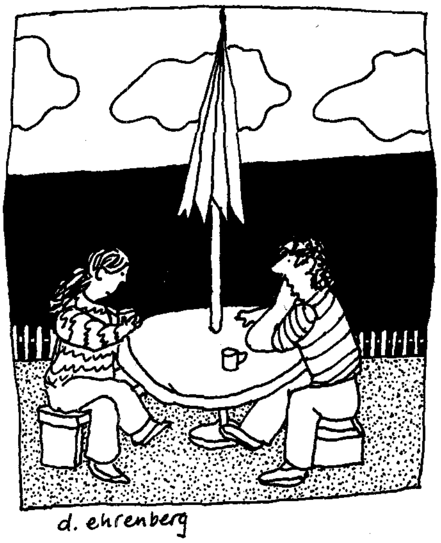
"I guess I can, sure," Frank said, taking off his hat and putting it back on again. "I'd be glad to, I guess. But I don't want to interfere in anything."

"Not in the least," my wife said. "I don't want to be any trouble, but I'm —well, I'm distressed just now. Yes, I'm distressed. But it'll be all right once I'm away from here. Away from this awful place. I'll just check and make doubly sure I haven't left anything behind. Anything *important*," she added. She hesitated and then she said, "This isn't as sudden as it looks. It's been coming for a long, long time. We've been married for a good many years. Good times and bad, up times and down. We've had them all. But it's time I was on my own. Yes, it's time. Do you know what I'm saying, gentlemen?"

Frank took off his hat again and turned it around in his hands as if examining the brim. Then he put it back on his head.

The deputy said, "These things happen. Lord knows none of us is perfect. We weren't made perfect. The only angels is to be found in Heaven."

My wife moved toward the house, picking her way through the wet, shaggy grass in her high heels. She opened the front door and went inside. I could see her moving behind the lighted windows, and something came to me then. *I might never see her again.* That's what crossed my mind, and it staggered me.



The rancher, the deputy, and I stood around waiting, not saying anything. The damp fog drifted between us and the lights from their vehicles. I could hear the horses shifting in the trailer. We were all uncomfortable, I think. But I'm speaking only for myself, of course. I don't know what they felt. Maybe they saw things like this happen every night—saw people's lives flying apart. The deputy did, maybe. But Frank, the rancher, he kept his eyes lowered. He put his hands in his front pockets and then took them out again. He kicked at something in the grass. I folded my arms and went on standing there, not knowing what was going to happen next. The deputy kept turning off his flashlight and then turning it on again. Every so often he'd reach out and swat the fog with it. One of the horses whinnied from the trailer, and then the other horse whinnied, too.

"A fellow can't see anything in this fog," Frank said.

I knew he was saying it to make conversation.

"It's as bad as I've ever seen it," the deputy said. Then he looked over at me. He didn't shine the light in my eyes this time, but he said something. He said, "Why's she leaving you? You hit her or something? Give her a smack, did you?"

"I've never hit her," I said. "Not in all the time we've been married. There

AERE PERENNIUS

The mugger leaping out with his quick knife,
the waitress who does porno on the side,
even the stray dog, methodically marking

the acidulated saplings one by one—
what are they but life insisting on its life,
its own small heat: "Don't let me pass away

with nothing to show for it, as the wind passes
over the grass as though it had never been"?
Clouds give birth to themselves in the windy sky

over and over, last year's leaves lie
quiet under last year's snow. That we're not these
nor would be if we could is our whole meaning:

marble, murder, saxophones, lipstick, Nero
wasting the empire for the Golden House
in which he could live, at last, "like a human being."

—Katha Pollitt

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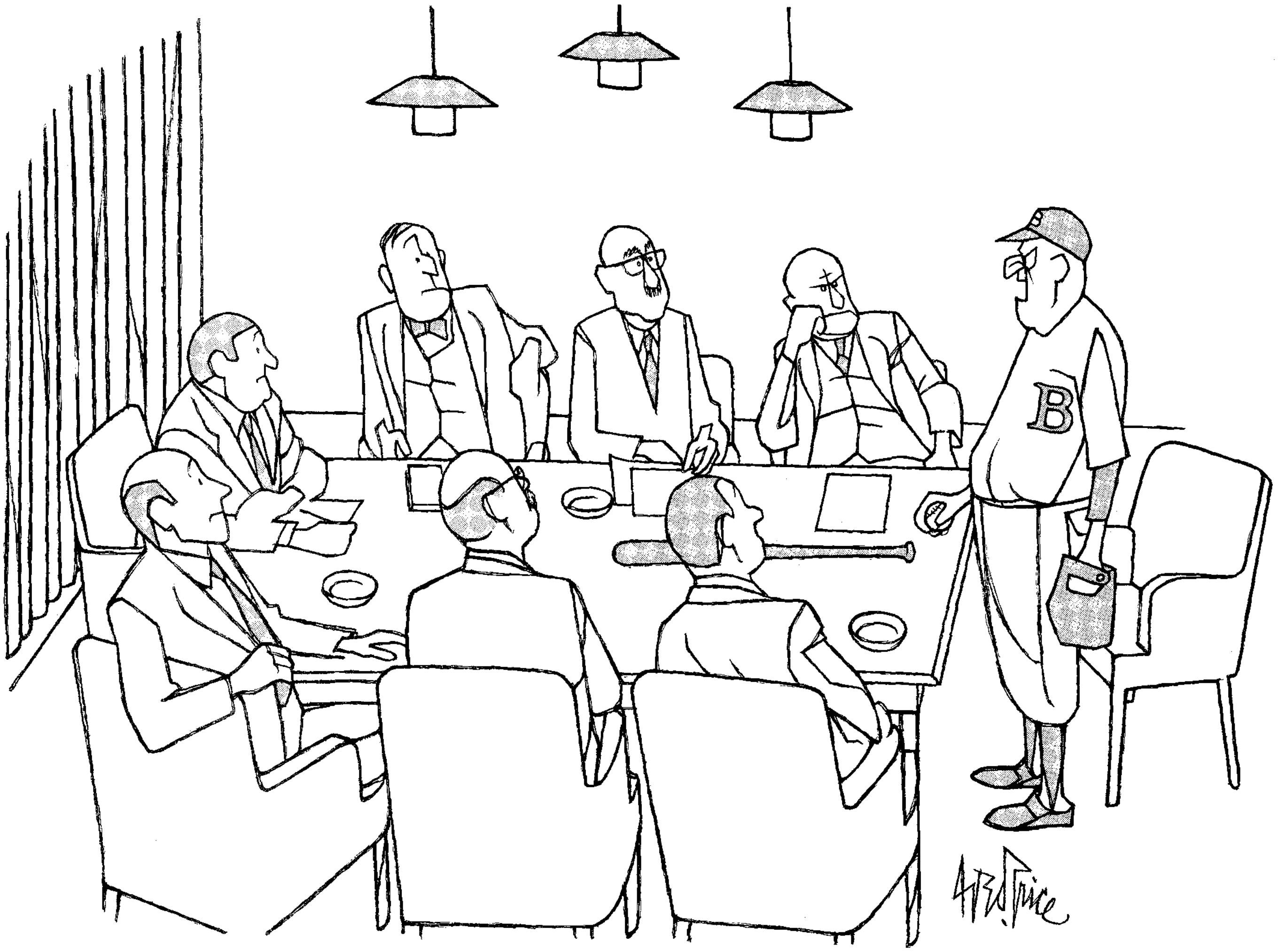


"Gentlemen, we are now playing hardball."

• •

was reason enough a few times, but I didn't. She hit me once," I said.

"Now, don't get started," the deputy said. "I don't want to hear any crap tonight. Don't say anything, and there won't be anything. No rough stuff. Don't even think it. There isn't going to be any trouble here tonight, is there?"

The deputy and Frank were watching me. I could tell Frank was embarrassed. He took out his makings and began to roll a cigarette.

"No," I said. "No trouble."

My wife came onto the porch and picked up her suitcase. I had the feeling that not only had she taken a last look around but she'd used the opportunity to freshen herself up, put on new lipstick, etc. The deputy held his flashlight for her as she came down the steps. "Right this way, Ma'am," he said. "Watch your step, now—it's slippery."

"I'm ready to go," she said.

"Right," Frank said. "Well, just to make sure we got this all straight now." He took off his hat once more and held it. "I'll carry you into town and I'll drop you off at the bus station. But, you understand, I don't want to be in the middle of something. You know what I mean." He looked at my wife, and then he looked at me.

"That's right," the deputy said. "You said a mouthful. Statistics show that your domestic dispute is, time and again, potentially the most dangerous situation a person, especially a law-enforcement officer, can get himself involved in. But I think this situation is going to be the shining exception. Right, folks?"

My wife looked at me and said, "I don't think I'll kiss you. No, I won't kiss you goodbye. I'll just say so long. Take care of yourself."

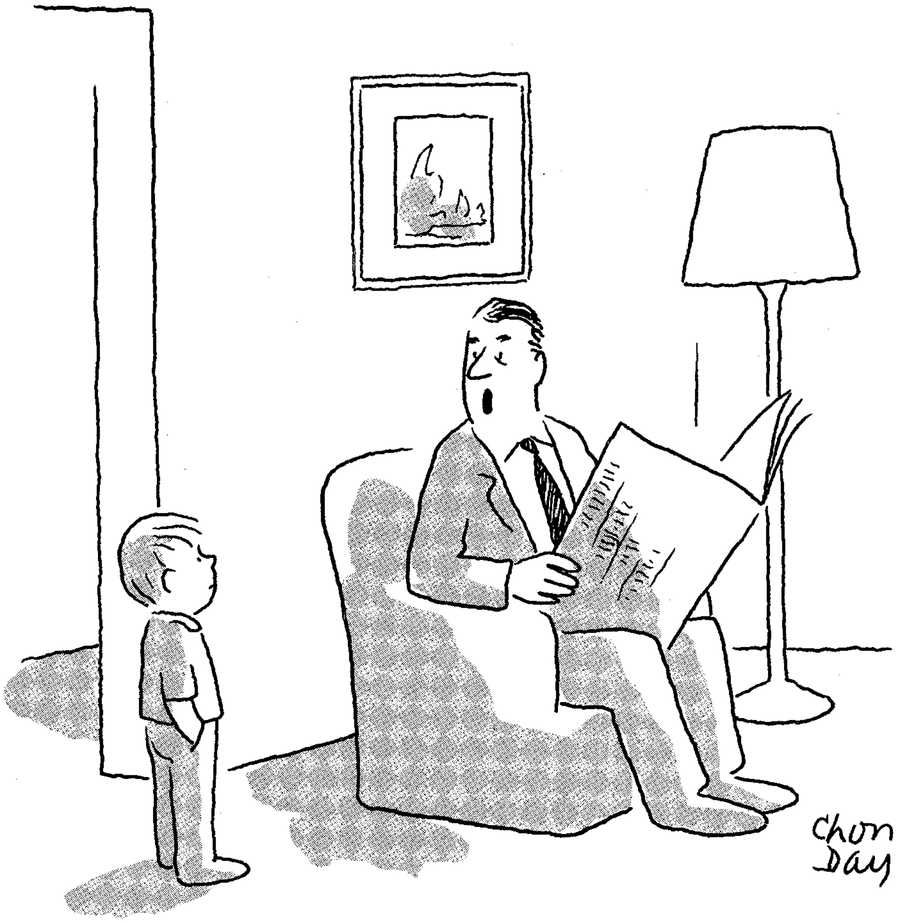
"That's right," the deputy said. "Kissing—who knows what that'll lead to, right?" He laughed.

I had the feeling they were all waiting for me to say something. But for the first time in my life I felt at a loss for words. Then *I took heart* and said to my wife, "The last time you wore that hat, you wore a veil with it and I held your arm. You were in mourning for your mother. And you wore a dark dress, not the dress you're wearing tonight. But those are the same high heels, I remember. Don't leave me like this," I said. "I don't know what I'll do."

"I have to," she said. "It's all in the letter—everything's spelled out in the letter. The rest is in the area of—I don't know. Mystery or speculation, I guess. In any case, there's nothing in the letter you don't already know." Then she turned to Frank and said, "Let's go, Frank. I can call you Frank, can't I?"

"Call him anything you want," the deputy said, "long as you call him in time for supper." He laughed again—a big, hearty laugh.

"Right," Frank said. "Sure you can. Well, O.K. Let's go, then." He took the suitcase from my wife and went over to his pickup and put the suitcase into the cab. Then he stood by



"No, you may not have one hundred dollars for a night on the town."

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the door on the passenger's side, holding it open.

"I'll write after I'm settled," my wife said. "I think I will, anyway. But first things first. We'll have to see."

"Now you're talking," the deputy said. "Keep all lines of communication open. Good luck, pardee," the deputy said to me. Then he went over to his car and got in.

The pickup made a wide, slow turn with the trailer across the lawn. One of the horses whinnied. The last image I have of my wife was when a match flared in the cab of the pickup, and I saw her lean over with a cigarette to accept the light the rancher was offering. Her hands were cupped around the hand that held the match. The deputy waited until the pickup and trailer had gone past him and then he swung his car around, slipping in the wet grass until he found purchase on the driveway, throwing gravel from under his tires. As he headed for the road, he tooted his horn. *Tooted.* Historians should use more words like "tooted" or "beeped" or "blasted"—especially at serious moments such as after a massacre or when an awful occurrence has cast a pall on the future of an entire nation. That's when a word like "tooted" is necessary, is gold in a brass age.

I'D like to say it was at this moment, as I stood in the fog watching her drive off, that I remembered a black-and-white photograph of my wife holding her wedding bouquet. She was eighteen years old—*a mere girl*, her mother had shouted at me only a month before the wedding. A few minutes before the photo, she'd got married. She's smiling. She's just finished, or is just about to begin, laughing. In either case, her mouth is open in amazed happiness as she looks into the camera. She is three months pregnant, though the camera doesn't show that, of course. But what if she *is* pregnant? So what? Wasn't everybody pregnant in those days? She's happy, in any case. I was happy, too—I know I was. We were both happy. I'm not in that particular picture, but I was close—only a few steps away, as I remember, shaking hands with someone offering me good wishes. My wife knew Latin and German and chemistry and physics and history and Shakespeare and all those other things they teach you in private school. She knew how to properly hold a teacup. She also knew how to cook and to make love. She was a prize.

But I found this photograph, along with several others, a few days after the horse business, when I was going through my wife's belongings, trying to see what I could throw out and what I should keep. I was packing to move, and I looked at the photograph for a minute and then I threw it away. I was ruthless. I told myself I didn't care. Why should I care?

If I know anything—and I do—if I know the slightest thing about human nature, I know she won't be able to live without me. She'll come back to me. And soon. Let it be soon.

No, I don't know anything about anything, and I never did. She's gone for good. She is. I can feel it. Gone and never coming back. Period. Not ever. I won't see her again, unless we run into each other on the street somewhere.

There's still the question of the handwriting. That's a bewilderment. But the handwriting business isn't the important thing, of course. How could it be after the consequences of the letter? Not the letter itself but the things I can't forget that were *in* the letter. No, the letter is not paramount at all—there's far more to this than somebody's handwriting. The "far more" has to do with subtle things. It could be said, for instance, that to take a wife is to take a history. And if that's so, then I understand that I'm outside history now—like horses and fog. Or you could say that my history has left me. Or that I'm having to go on *without history*. Or that history will now have to do without me—unless my wife writes more letters, or tells a friend who keeps a diary, say. Then, years later, someone can look back on this time, interpret it according to the record, its scraps and tirades, its silences and innuendos. That's when it dawns on me that autobiography is the poor man's history. And that I am saying goodbye to history. Goodbye, my darling. —RAYMOND CARVER

•

Had you thought of a spoonful of Dijon mustard mixed with some apricot preserves and served with a lamb chop hot off the girls?—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

No, we hadn't.

PERSONAL HISTORY

GETTING AN EDUCATION—I

IT was in public high school that I became conscious for the first time of a type of person that we would now call an intellectual. In those days, the word for such people collectively was "intelligentsia," borrowed from the Russian and scarcely used anymore, as though the Bolshevik Revolution, in eliminating the social grouping, had consigned the term to "the ashcan of history"—a favorite receptacle. "Intelligentsia" had included bohemians—artists and musicians, people like Pasternak's parents—as well as teachers, nihilists, *narodniki* (those inspired by a mission to "go to the people"), doctors, sometimes combining several of these vocations in one person, as in Turgenev's Bazarov. It was the enlightened class in society. The characters typically found in Chekhov—army officers, country doctors, small landowners fond of musing on large ideas, students—all belong to the intelligentsia, whatever their occupation or lack of it. They are an epiphenomenon of increased education, hence choiceless in a sense and rather sad; the intellectual, on the other hand, is self-chosen, even when produced in quantity. The term took hold in the thirties, encouraged by Marxism and the Depression. In Garfield High School, on the edge of the Madrona district in Seattle, probably neither term was familiar in the year 1925, but the thing existed and was recognized.

Like most big-city high schools, ours had a star system, expressive of the fact that we were a juvenile mass society. The biggest and most powerful—galaxies distant from a speck of a freshman like me—were the football stars (Larry Judson); then came the track stars (the fleet Bill Albin); then the basketball aces (for some reason less glamorous, although a cheering section of us, wearing beanies and waving pennants, accompanied them to whatever high-school gym they played in, all the way to Ballard even, or West Seattle). Besides the athletes, there were the thespians (Larry Judson again, in a brown business suit, and black-haired Kathleen Hoyt, who had an "English" voice, very affected, wore a tartan cloak, and was coached by her mother) and the literary lights who edited the school paper (the famed Mary Brinker, who married Mr. Post, the English teacher, and thus became Mary Brinker Post, and tiny Estare Crane, of the single black side spit curl, who married the college wit Mark Sullivan, but of him more anon).

Garfield had no academic stars, awing the rest of us with their straight A's. I don't think grades played any part in the politics of the school, which may be why I let mine sink to D-minus even in French and English, usually my best subjects. My grandparents—my parents had died of the flu in 1918—thought it was because, after two years of deprivation under the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Forest Ridge Convent, my head had been turned by boys. No doubt they were partly right, since when an end was decreed to my time at Garfield and I was sent the next fall to Annie Wright Seminary, an Episcopal boarding school for girls in Tacoma, my marks at once shot up.

But boys and their effect are not what I want to talk about here (I was not allowed to "step out" with them anyway); rather, I want to trace the onset of intellectual interests in me that I can place during that year. At first this was merely curiosity, awakened by the discovery of what appeared to be a new species of being. We had not had any intellectuals in the convent, unless I count the Mistress of Studies. There had been none in my family (although my father, with his invalidism and irregular law practice, might have qualified for the old intelligentsia), and I would not find any at Annie Wright. This does not mean that brains and scholastic achievement were undervalued in those schools—almost the contrary. In the convent, medals for excellence in our subjects were awarded every month like the wide blue, green, and pink moiré ribbons some of us got to wear over our left shoulder and across the chest for good conduct, and books were distributed at the end of term as prizes for scholarship. I don't recall prizes at Annie Wright, but we had a number of coveted academic privileges and honors, the crowning one being to be chosen valedictorian at commencement, which was almost as good as having been May Queen.

The quality of the teaching both at Forest Ridge and at Annie Wright was greatly superior to what was offered at Garfield (this cannot have been a matter of better pay, since the nuns received only a cell and unenviable board), and the high quality of the instruction was sensed by the pupils, even the dull ones, as a special kind of electricity given off by certain teachers. There was nothing of the sort at Garfield. Maybe some of the teachers were feared; most of them, I felt, were despised. But at the convent, as at Annie Wright, a few were the objects, almost, of a cult. There was much vying to be noticed by them, sit by them at table, have them (at the Seminary) as chaperons for shopping trips and playgoing, and these were not the most indulgent or youngest and prettiest teachers but the most stiff, sallow, severe. To the more formidable Madames in the convent (Mère Bartlett, in particular, with her shadow of a mustache) legends of prowess clung—how they had been educated at the Sorbonne, how they had read all the forbidden classics on the Index under a special dispensation from the archbishop—and around the more austere women in the Seminary (e.g., Mrs. Hiatt, the widow of a cleric, who wore a gold watch and chain) we wove fables of loss of fortune that had lowered them to the sad point of teaching us.

Of course, the closed, single-sex atmosphere of boarding school encouraged such an attitude in the girls. At the convent the piano lesson, chaperoned by an old lay nun dozing in a chair, was our unique encounter with a man outside the confessional. At Annie Wright the only males we saw during the week were Mr. Bell, the chaplain, who sometimes took morning service; the janitor, an incomprehensible old Lancashireman;

"There's that raised-eyebrow look again!"

• •

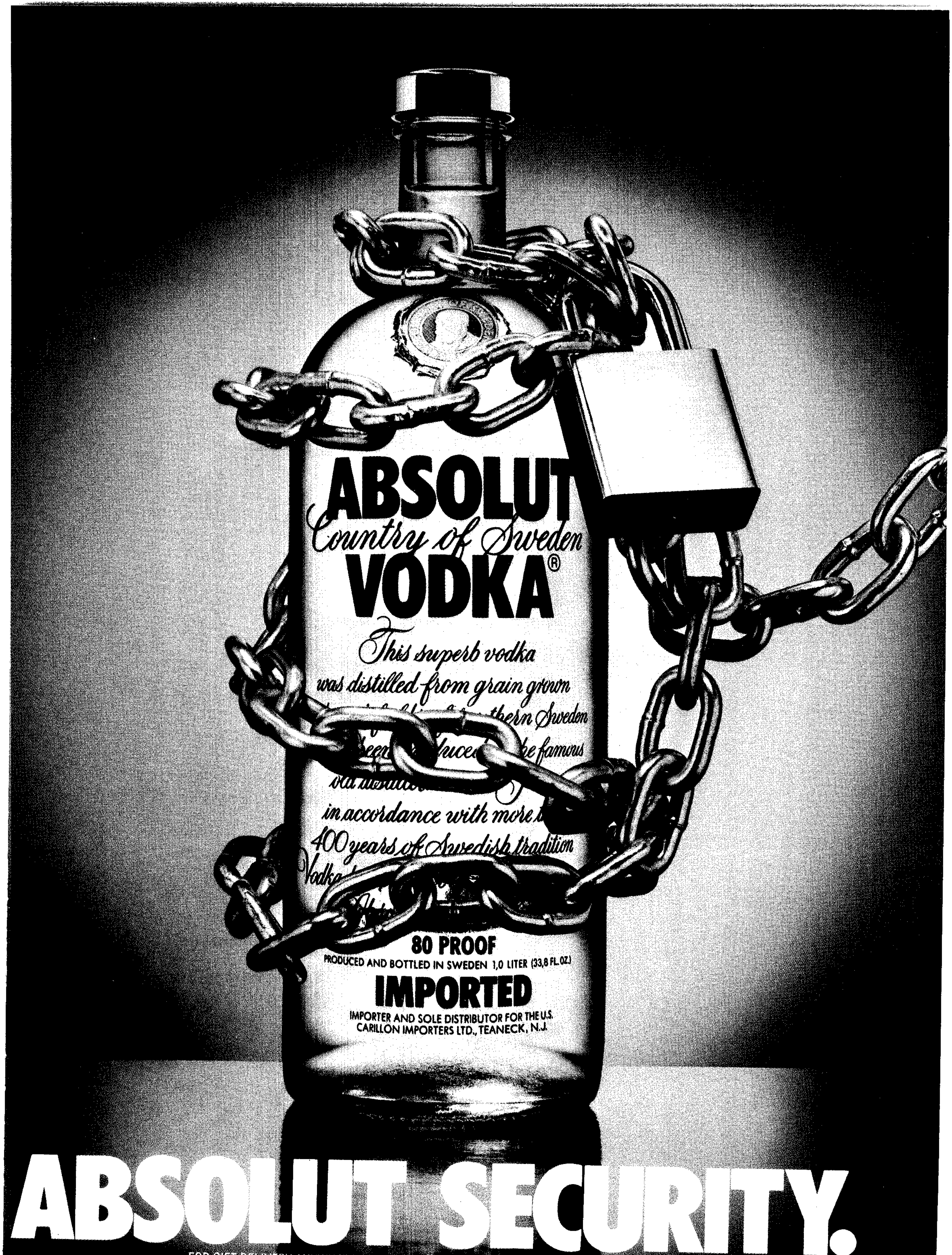
the gardener, an incomprehensible old Yorkshireman; and Major Mathews, the riding master (married). Having no better food for our hungry imaginations, naturally we romanticized our teachers' mental acquirements and surely graded some of them higher than they deserved. Even so, the comparatively low esteem in which the teachers at Garfield were held seems rather remarkable. It must have been related to the lack of attention given to high marks, though which was cause and which effect is not clear.

The "exception" teacher at Garfield, I gather, had been the above-mentioned Mr. Post. He was already in the past tense when I entered, having left a summer or so before, but he was still spoken of with reverence by boys and girls who had not had the luck to have him in class. What he had taught in the way of English I never found out, but I think he owed his unusual status not so much to his classroom performance as to having been adviser to the newspaper and the yearbook—media functions that connected him with the reigning star system of the school. I picture him as a sort of coach to Garfield teams of budding journalists, some of whom had moved on to the U.—the University of Washington—across the canal; some, like Mark Sullivan, were already "making their letter" on campus by editing the college newspaper, yearbook, humorous magazine. Certainly Mr. Post had the kind of popularity enjoyed by a football coach, and, just as a Husky quarterback trained on Seattle playfields could aspire to be named All-America and enter the Hall of Fame, so a member of one of Mr. Post's winning high-school teams could hope to have a story accepted by *College Humor* while still an undergraduate and eventually make it to the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* or Colonel Blethen's *Times* (our afternoon paper, the *Star*, was lacking in prestige), or even go East and become a columnist like Hearst's O. O. McIntyre or the real Mark Sullivan, the famous pundit.

Today, journalists are not considered intellectuals. But in 1925, in the West, high-school and college newspapers seemed secure stepping stones to literary and intellectual fame. There was no such thing as "creative writing" then; there were no writers' workshops, no writers-in-residence. Rather, the cub reporter was the man of destiny in our still half-pioneering Far Western cities, just as in the small towns of the prairie the newspaper editor was the local philosopher. Jack London, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, Ben Hecht, Burton Rascoe had blazed the trail to the city room or afield to the foreign correspondent's tent. (In Seattle we did not know yet of Edmund Wilson and Hemingway, who had been getting their start in the same way.) Such figures as Mencken and Dreiser, rather than V. L. Parrington ("Main Currents in American Thought"), actually teaching in the English Department of the university, were the intellectual giants that our locals sought to emulate. Giants and titans, like Dreiser titles or Gutzon Borglum likenesses hammered into a mountain face, peopled the cultural scenery, especially west of the Mississippi. The sheer size of the country gave the effort to write a narrative an epic thrust, and the notion of genius, hard for Americans to relinquish, was still very much alive in the pages of our school yearbook. The genius (I now slowly perceive), like the intellectual, is a product of mass culture.

I have only to summon up in memory the hushed study halls of Forest Ridge and Annie Wright, with the *surveillante*, or teacher-on-duty, raised above us at her desk on the dais, I have only to see morning chapel, with the girls in dark-blue serge uniforms and black net veils, like widows, intoning "*Oui, je le crois*," or else in Episcopalian middy blouses and bareheaded tuning up on "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, I nothing lack if Thou art near," to admit that an intellectual cannot be the product of an élite education. Rough plebeian democracy is the breeding ground of the class of intellectuals, springing up like the dragon's teeth to fight and kill each other down to the last five men before they can found the city.

I think of evening chapel at the Seminary: The day girls are gone; the organ plays; the boarders stand up in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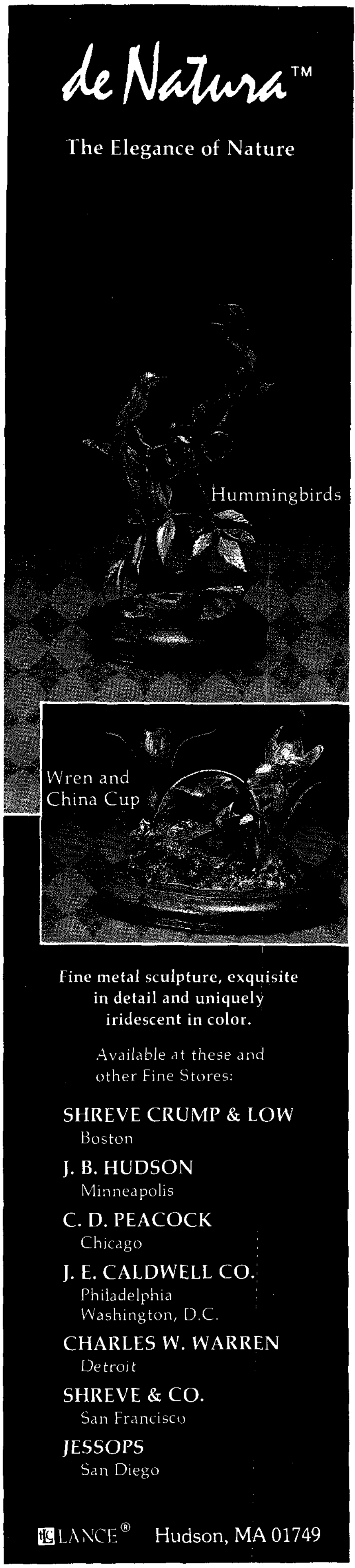

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their poorly fitting colored-silk dinner uniforms to sing the dirge for the day ("Now the day is o-o-ver, night is draw-ing ni-igh," my favorite), whereupon our principal, Miss Adelaide Preston, dark-eyed, in a polka-dotted dress, goes down on her stout knees at her prayer desk and clears her wattled throat to begin the Collect for Aid against Perils, "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord," in her deep New England voice. Stubby Miss Preston is a Smith woman; *her* favorite hymn is No. 117 (Bunyan's "He who would valiant be"); she cries easily, like her billowy blue-eyed counterpart at Forest Ridge, Madame McQueenie, the acting Reverend Mother; they are both fond of taking repentant girls onto their slippery laps—Miss Preston's, usually silken in the evening, being worse. Now our voices follow hers in the General Confession: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us." How true! Chapel and study hall, Church of Rome and P.E. merge. I listen to the scratch of pens, the bell of the *surveillante*, the soughing of the organ, the creaking of pews, and I could weep for it all, for the waste of it.

Those hardworking women, our teachers, not always brilliant themselves, gave a sound education, tried to inculcate good morals and a respect for excellence, and accomplished hardly more than a finishing school. What they taught (like the art of making buttonholes, which we had to master in sewing class in the convent) was never used afterward. Or only by that tiny percentage who were going to teach school themselves or find some other employment for Boyle's law or the subjunctive after French verbs of saying, thinking, and the like, when uncertainty is conveyed. Annie Wright prepared you for college—that was the idea—but you did not need any special preparation to go to the University of Washington, and in my year, 1929, only two of us went on to an institution that required college boards. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart made no pretense of college preparation; they had a so-called college department, consisting of two years, for the tall, blue-ribboned older girls, and that was it. What both schools imparted to their graduates was something like old-fashioned "accomplishments," but these were mostly out of date (those buttonholes!) or bizarrely irrelevant to the future lying ahead. Was Latin prosody a grace that would sit prettily on a girl who was going to marry a lumber executive? And the pas de chat and correct ballet positions we were taught at the convent, the schottische and polka we got at the Seminary—how were we going to use them? In the years of the tango and the Charleston, we were learning clog dancing.

In a sense, I suppose, I was the chief beneficiary of Forest Ridge and Annie Wright, in that I was able to find a use for what we learned. I don't mean that "Sans Famille" and "Belling the Cat" served to get me into Vassar, though, multiplied, evidently they helped. I mean that I was peculiarly fitted to "get the good out of" the convent and the Seminary, not because I was more gifted or cleverer than my classmates but because, thanks to Garfield's plebeian incentives, I was an intellectual by the time I reached Annie Wright. And no one else was.

I will explain. A superior education, such as, on the whole, we got in those private schools, can only be used by those it was not intended for. By the fluke of having gone—for a single year—to a big-city high school, I happened to be one of them. The point of a private school in the U.S.A. is to represent in its curriculum the purest conspicuous waste. Unlike the English public schools, our private schools do not aim to prepare a ruling class to govern. (The exception used to be Groton.) Our usual private schools are not vocational schools even in that remote sense. If there is anything "exclusive" (aside from the cost) in the whole system of private education, it is the *exemption* of a class of students from evident vocational goals. Some at Annie Wright strove harder for grades than others, but this seemed to be a matter of temperament rather than need. There were no grinds (that I remember) among us. As with high jump and shot put, the act of surpassing rivals in sight-reading a translation was performed for its own sake or for purposes of showing off. I am not saying that there were no professions besides teaching for which Latin could not someday be useful. There was medicine, for instance. In our class at Annie Wright, besides a future French teacher we had a future doc-

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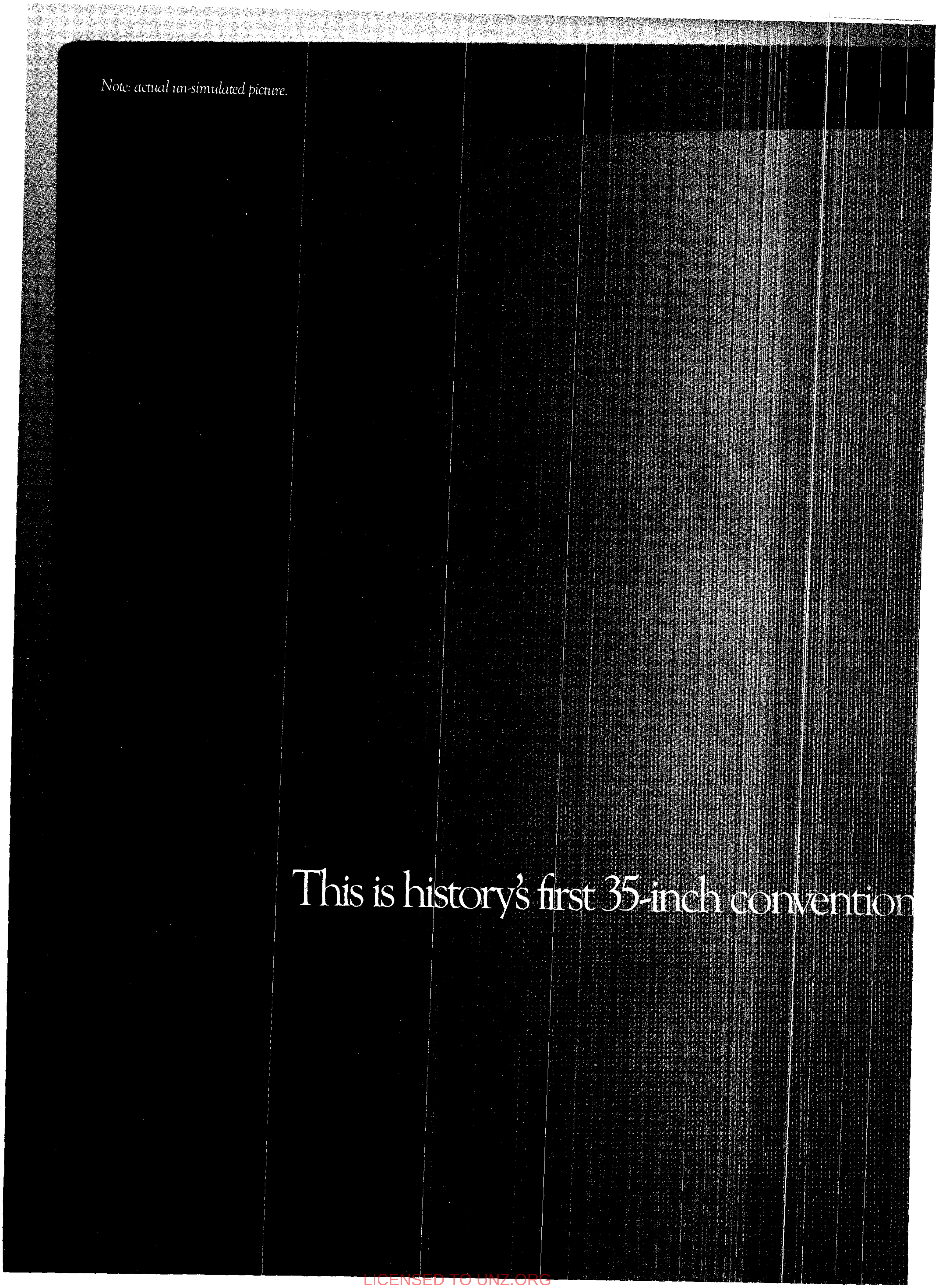
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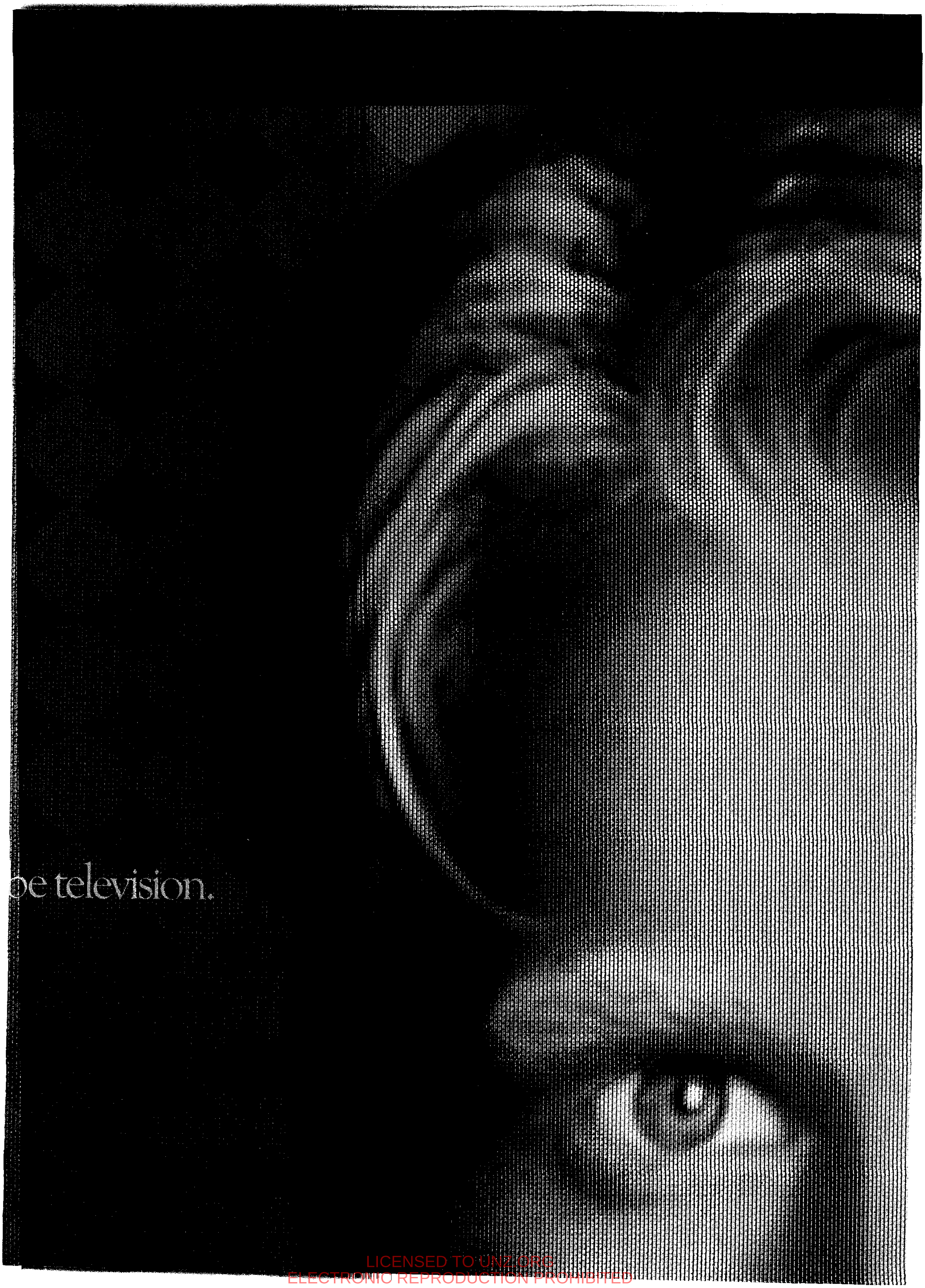
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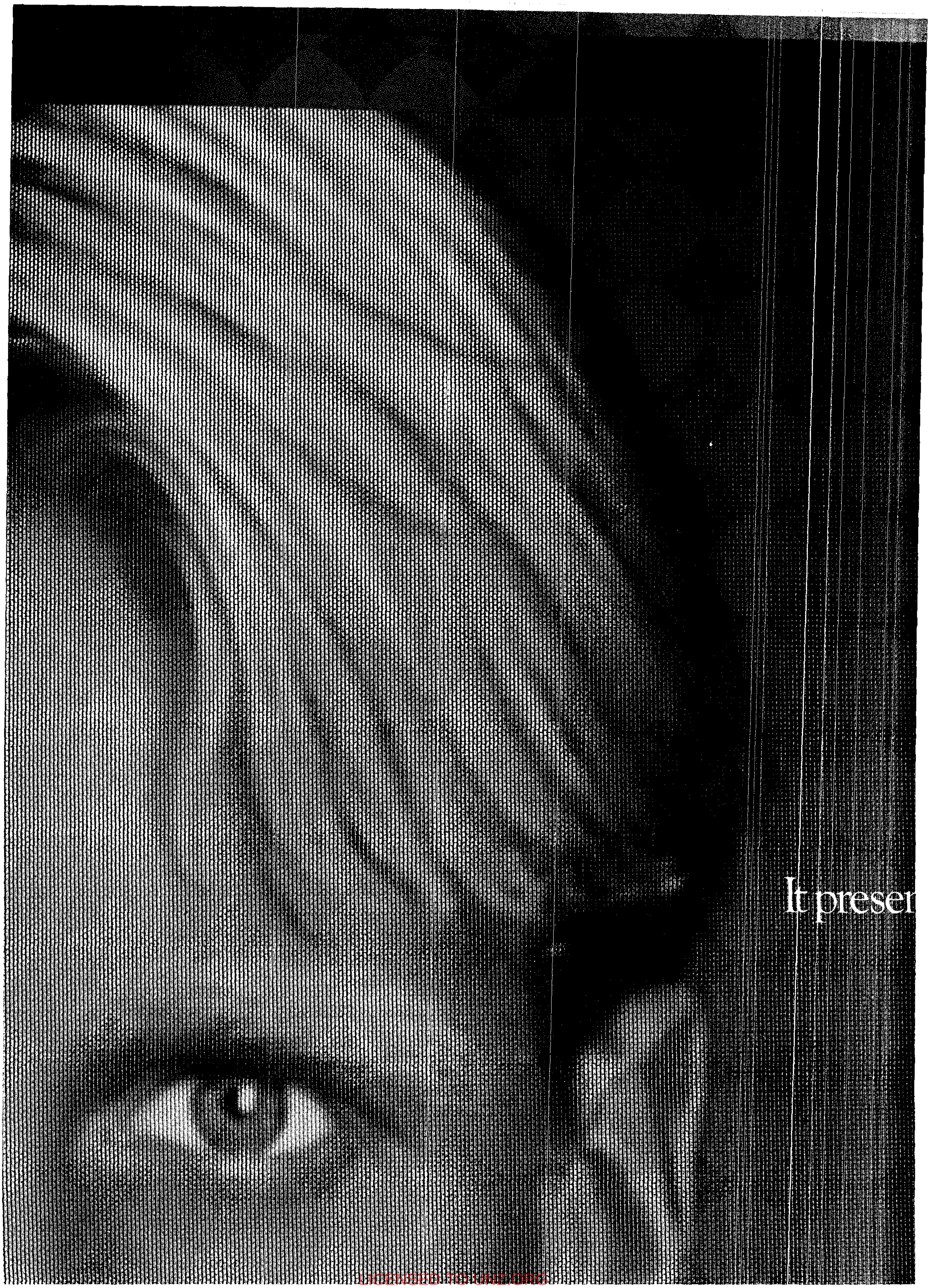
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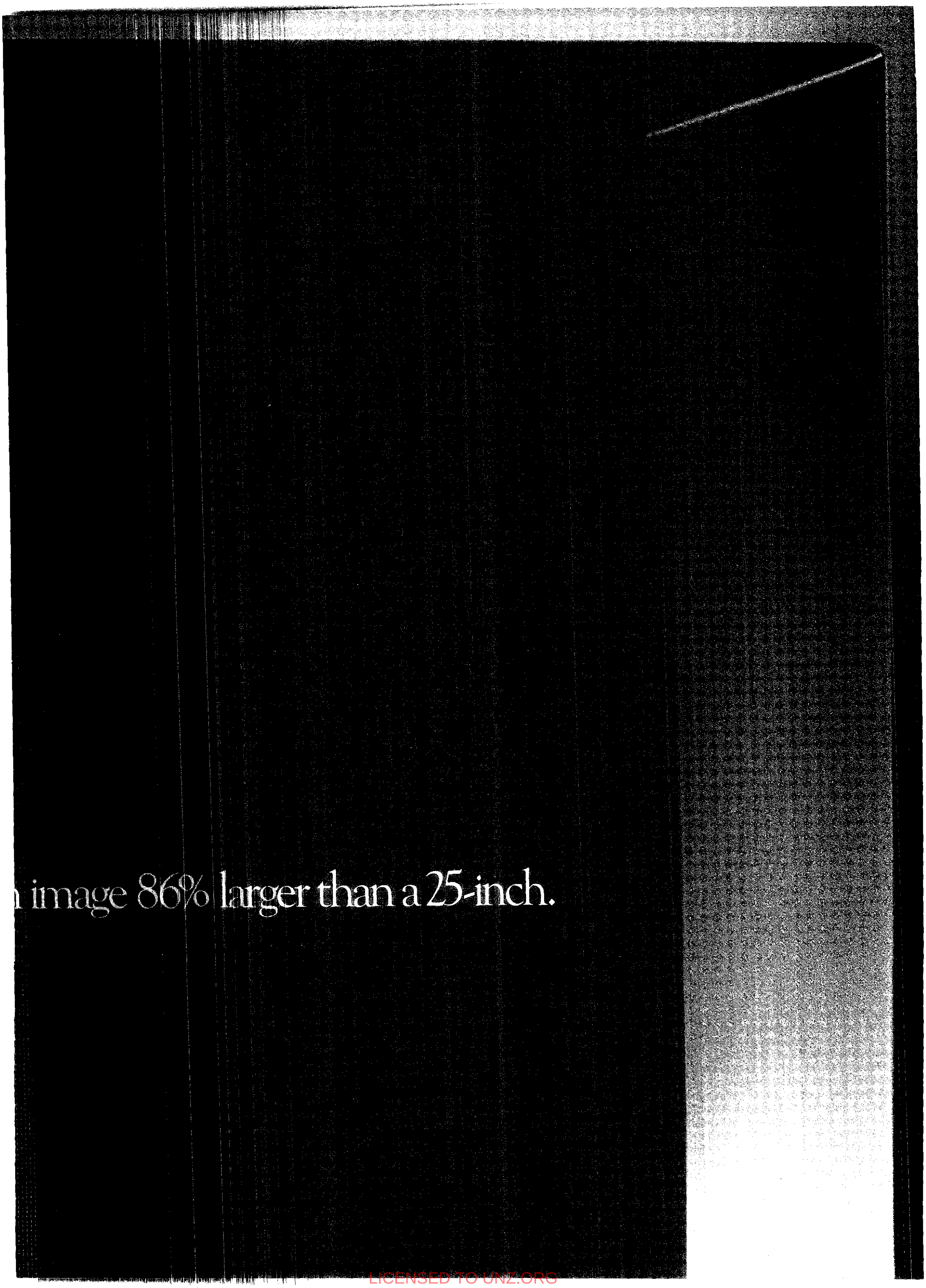
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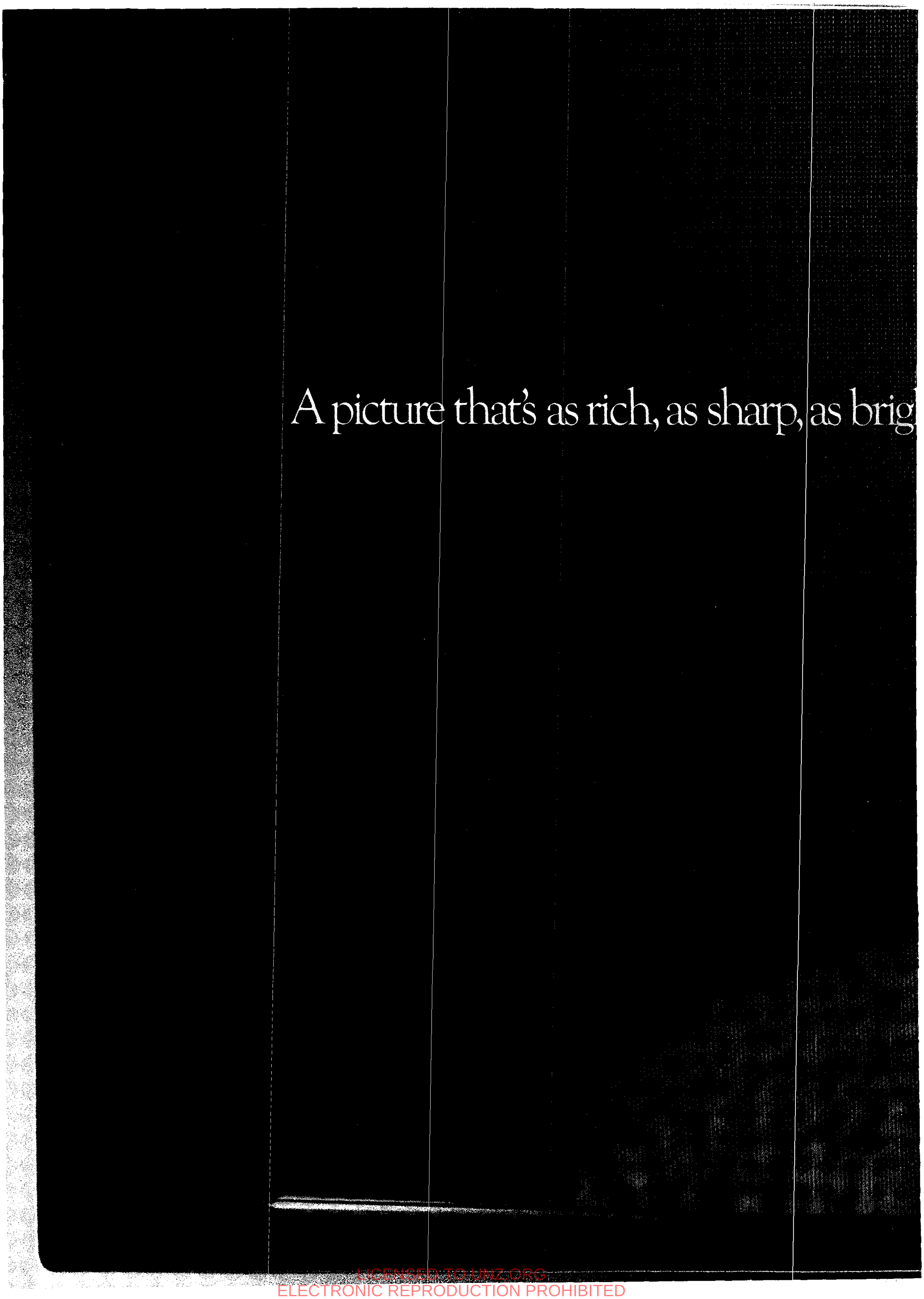
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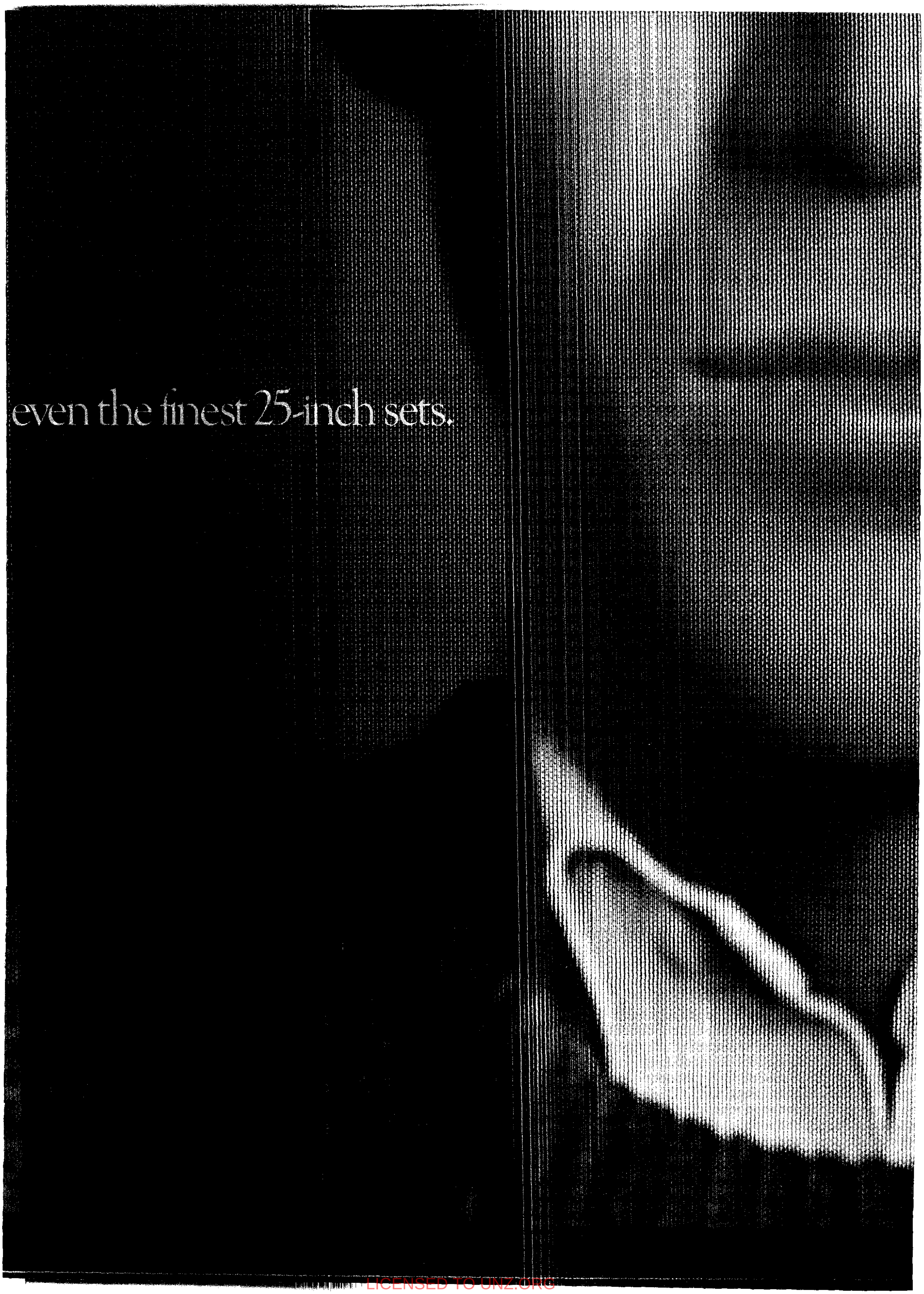
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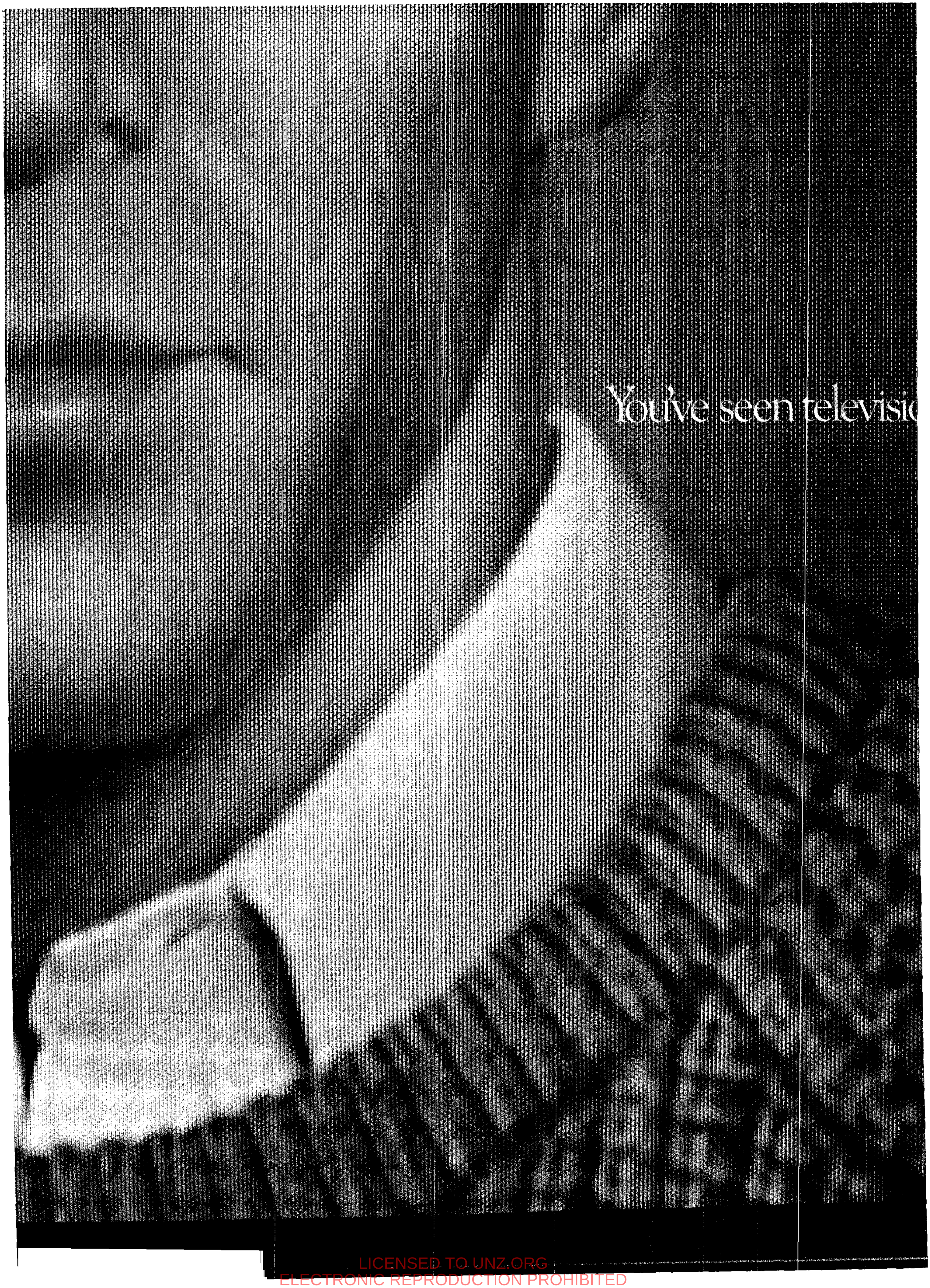
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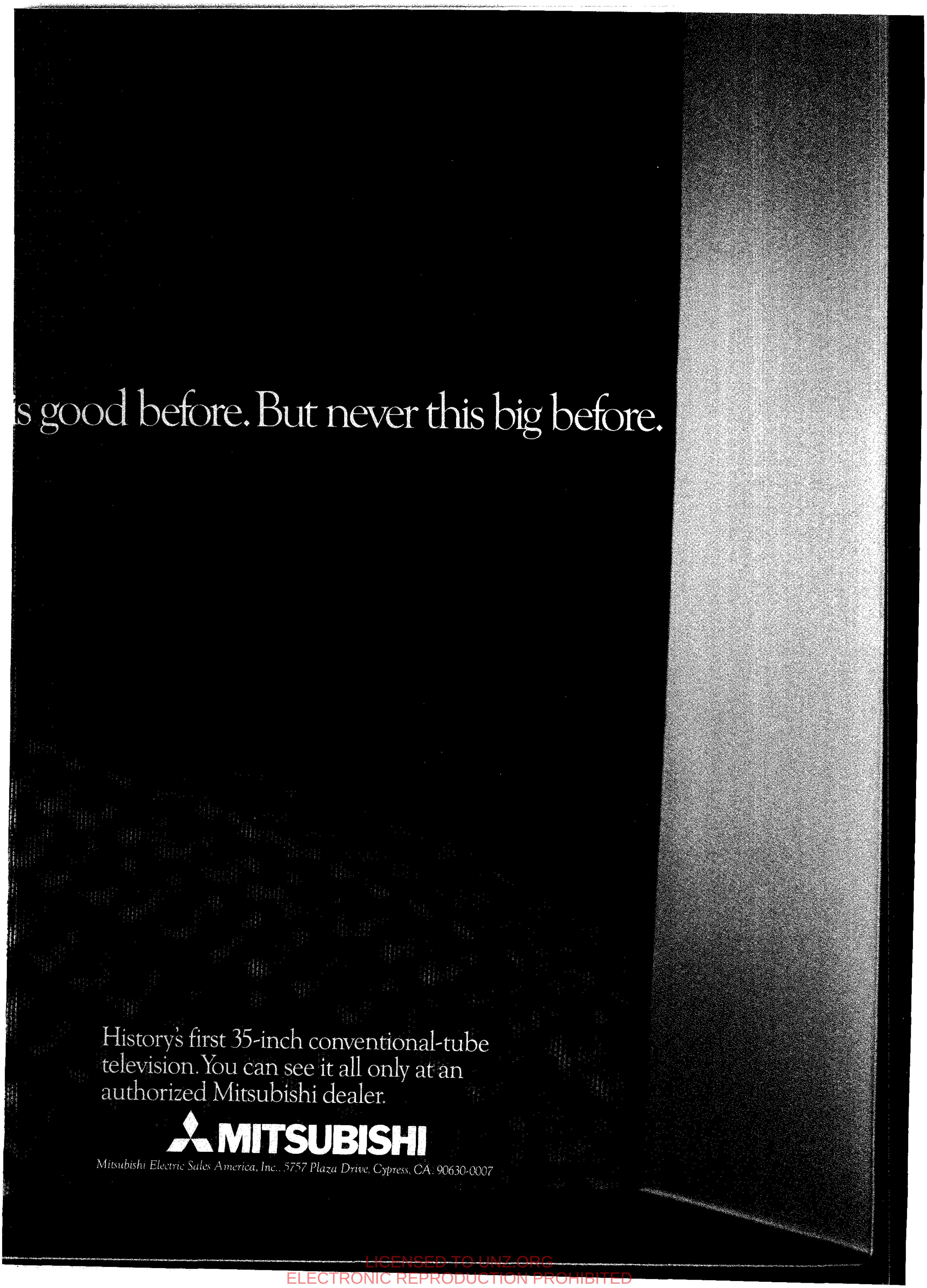
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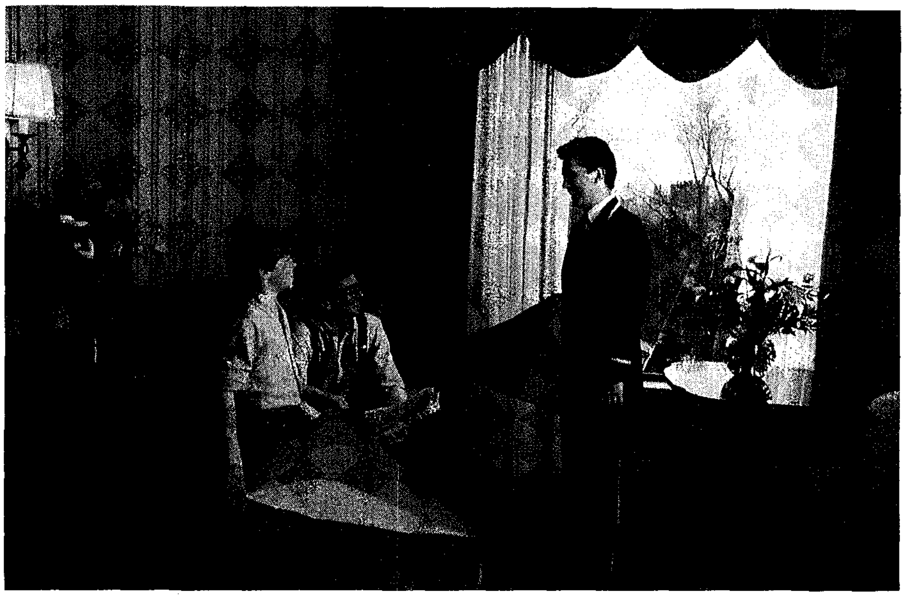
tor. Yet if those two girls and I profited from the curriculum, it was through the fact of being—or becoming—anomalies.

Just to make it clear: I am in favor of the teaching of Latin and Greek, plus one modern language, on the secondary-school level or even earlier. It is probably the best way of teaching history—Western history, to which as a nation we can claim an inheritance. But I believe that this has no meaning, even as a utopian dream, unless the entire nation's children are given the "basics" of a culture we all share, as Jews and unbelievers, like it or not, once shared the culture of Christendom. When the classics are offered as ornaments or status symbols for the few, they become otiose, and this happened at some point during the Coolidge era. The public high school of a New England mill town—say, Fall River, Massachusetts—on the retirement of its old-maid classics teacher ceased offering Latin and Greek to the progeny of millworkers and thus obliged the owners who wanted "advantages" for their children to send them away to school. (This was a sign, evidently, of an impoverishment of our culture as a whole. It is the same with food: in countries with a superior cuisine—France, Italy, China—allowing for regional variations based on climate, everybody eats the same diet, though the rich have more of it and more often; in nations famous for bad cooking—England, the U.S.—rich and poor have utterly different food cultures.)

For Latin to be rescued from oblivion (to which even the Church has relegated it), there would have to be general agreement on its absolute value and desirability—not just some faint persuasion of its utility, such as the argument now put forward that it can help teach ghetto children English, however true that contention may be. The average intellectual today has no Latin; indeed, he may have no language other than English. Though the class of intellectuals can trace its ancestry to the clerks and pedants of the medieval and Renaissance "schools," learning is no longer an earmark—it is optional, and the lack of it avoids confusion with the horde of academics. Here is a better criterion: an intellectual, as opposed to a dutiful classroom performer but like the "upstart clerks" of Elizabethan times, is always self-made. Finally, it is a mistake to think that an intellectual is required to be intelligent; there are oc-



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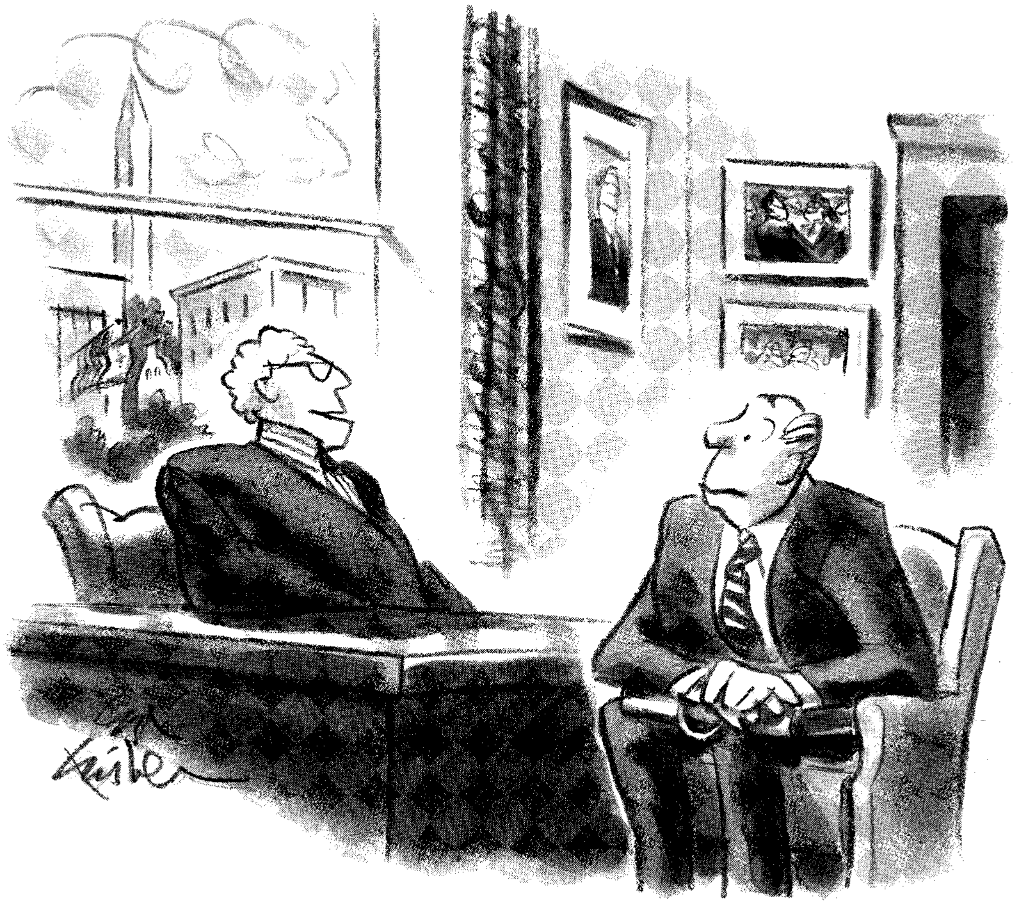
casions when the terms seem to be almost antonyms.

BUT to return to Garfield. Instead of study hall, there were school assemblies held in an auditorium, though not every morning, and sometimes the school band played. Since you were expected to study at home, you did not have your own desk here in which you kept your books and equipment. We each had a locker for that purpose, and we hung our coats, scarves, and so on, in a hall lined with hooks. I cannot remember what provision there was for overshoes and rubbers; it hardly ever snowed in Seattle, but it rained a lot.

Nor can I remember where and how we ate. I think some brought school lunches, to be supplemented with milk from the school cafeteria, and some brought money and bought food there, and a few bought more glamorous and unwholesome food in nearby eating places catering to the fast crowd. Certainly we did not go home for lunch. And what strikes me now, as I look back at that big high school, is a sense of being adrift, having no settled place.

It was mainly not having a desk, I imagine. In the grade-school rooms and the study halls of boarding "academies," the pupil's desk holds the tools of his student trade—pen nibs, blotters, ruler, compass, books, pencils, erasers, plus the usual contraband—and bolts him firmly into the system. For all eternity I am the eighth grader who sits next to one of the Berens twins, pretty, dark Louise, and behind Phil Chatham (whose father's name, spelled "Ralph," is pronounced "Rafe") on the dictionary side of the room, four rows from the front, where the Mistress of Studies is on watch. In chapel, it was height that determined your place: big girls in the back pews, little girls in front. The effect we made entering two abreast in procession was the main concern of our supervisors. Since growing girls grow at different rates, continual readjustment was required. This was particularly true at the Seminary, where our principal had processions on the brain. On a great occasion like Founder's Day, prepared for by many a rehearsal, suddenly, at the last minute, a teacher with a measuring stick would pass along the double line of girls and move some of us ahead or back; then another teacher would move us again.



"Please understand. I don't sell access to the government. I merely sell access to the guys who *do* sell access to the government."

At table we had our established places. A Seminary table consisted of ten or twelve girls moving every second week to sit with a different teacher, till the top table, headed by the vice-principal, Miss Justine Browne, was reached, after which new tables were formed. By what sort of shuffle those combinations were made up, nobody knew. Why the "two Gins" (Virginia Barnett and Virginia Kellogg) were sometimes put at the same table, although roommates, while I repeatedly drew one of my bêtes noires—a pale, spectacled, black-haired, sneering underclassman by the name of Catherine McPherson—was beyond understanding. In general, if there was a principle to be discerned, it was the negative one of keeping friends apart, to insure that Miss Preston's golden rule of M.C.G. (Make Conversation General) would be maintained. In the Forest Ridge refectory, conversation was limited by having to be in French, by Lent and Advent, by retreats (when the only utterance permitted was "*Passe le sel*"), and by sudden, arbitrary silences imposed by the *surveillante's* clapper. There, too, our place at table was not chosen but assigned. It was all decided for us and sealed by our napkin ring, marking the spot like the name tapes sewn to our clothing. Similarly, with our library book, assigned to us once a week for our "free-time" reading, and with the precise hour of our weekly bath (which we took under a canvas shift, so as not to have to see our bodies), we occupied the station to which God or some Madame in her infinite wisdom had seen fit to call us. Garfield, by contrast, was a churning millrace of apparent free will.

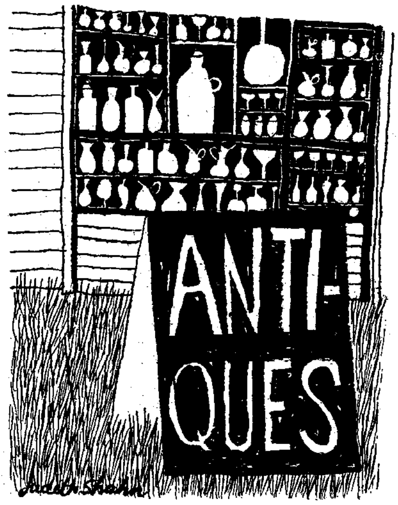
Here the classrooms were long, and we sat in rows, rather than around an oak table, seminar style, as we had at the convent. In those long classrooms, the teacher, up front by the blackboard, seemed a great way off, and it was possible not to be called on if you made yourself small. I was quite often unprepared. In freshman English, we had the Old Testament and "Ivanhoe"—both boring. Instead of the English history and French history, with kings and favorites, that I had learned by heart in the convent, Garfield started us with World History, which did not have any interesting people in it—nobody like Warwick the Kingmaker, Jack Cade and Perkin Warbeck, *or* Ganelon, *the traitor*. The result is that I can still name you the rulers of England and quite a few of their prime ministers, down to whiskered Lord Palmerston—the Capets and Valois did not stick with me so well. At the convent, in eighth-grade French, I had been memorizing Victor Hugo (*"Cette étoile de flamme, cet astre du jour, cette fleur de l'âme, s'appelle l'amour"*); Garfield's intermediate French was all exercises and grammar.

At home, having finished "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," I felt I had outgrown my grandfather's library. "Pickwick Papers," one of his great favorites, put me off Dickens for about twenty years. I loved "A Tale of Two Cities" (when it was read aloud to us during sewing class in the convent by a tiny, Irish-accented Madame), and I liked some of "Oliver Twist," but I could not abide "Boz" and refused to open anything with a name like "Martin Chuzzlewit." In my school crowd, insofar as I had one, nobody read; our entire mental apparatus was bent on grading boys and girls in terms of appearance, dress, antecedents, though the last category was not too important unless it conferred mystery. Our curiosity, such as it was, centered on a white-faced fat boy who had entered with us and was said to be a "morphodite."

Except for the few boys who played musical instruments, it was unusual for Garfield's students to have "interests." There was a girl who painted—a dainty blonde named Ebba Rapp, who wore uneven hemlines and a jabot—and I went to her house for her to do my portrait, a pastel head-and-shoulders that my grandmother kept for a long time. But I don't remember ever entering our Seattle art museum; nor did I go to a concert till much later, when they had "Symphonies Under the Stars" in the stadium at the university, with Michel Piastro conducting. Yet Seattle was an artistic town. It had a Ladies' Music Club, run by my Great-Aunt Rosie, who had gone to Vancouver once with Chaliapin, the Cornish School of drama and art (which also offered eurythmics), a stock company, and would soon add a repertory theatre, run by Mr. and Mrs. Burton James. But none of this seems to have "related" to the adolescent population, which entertained itself by having sodas and sundaes, swimming and diving in the various lakes, playing popular records, and going with dates to the movies—something my grandparents would not let me do.

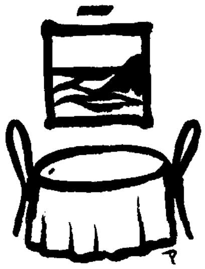
I could go to the movies with *them*, sitting in loge seats—a torment; I did not wish to look "different." I could go to the Saturday matinée of the stock company with my grandmother and one of her sisters, go shopping with her in her electric, take a family ride in the Chrysler around Lake Washington after Sunday lunch, pick out "Marcheta" to myself on the piano, persuade my married uncle's friends to hear me recite "Lord Ullin's Daughter," play practical jokes on the telephone ("Have you got Prince Albert in a can? . . . Well, let him out"), and, once or twice a year, go to a tea dance at the DeMolay Temple (Masonic) in ribbed silk stockings with a coerced partner who, like me, had never learned to dance. I could send in coupons for samples of nail polish, freckle cream, bust-developer from the cheap magazines I read; put Cutex nail polish on my mouth in the guise of lipstick when I thought my grandmother was downtown; make messes in the kitchen trying overambitious candies like marshmallows—a sticky, gelatinous mixture hopefully cut in cubes and rolled in floury sugar. I had dropped piano lessons on leaving the convent; the only sport I knew was swimming (breaststroke, sidestroke, overarm sidestroke; no crawl); I was unaware of masturbation—except maybe for boys. In short, I had no real occupation, and my sole real interest—the stage—required an audience.

At Garfield I tried out faithfully for skits and playlets that were done outside class hours under the coaching of a teacher. These were independent of the regular school play ("Dulcy" that year, by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly) and were more like what are now called workshops—held in a disused classroom in the school basement without lights, scenery, or costumes, and with only a faithful few signing up for them regularly. I hardly know how to tell this, but one afternoon, in a sketch we were doing—for practice, with only the teacher watching—I was cast as Larry Judson's wife. Yes, the captain of our football team. He was a senior, with dark-reddish curly brown hair, reddish-brown eyes, and well-cut manly features, possibly a dimple in the sturdy chin. If I remember right, he played end, my favorite position. What possessed the teacher to cast me, a freshman and only thirteen, opposite Garfield's idol, with whom I was secretly in love? And that was not all. In the playlet he had to put his arm around me and hold me to his chest, though the "heart" he pressed me to was a little too high for my head to rest against without stretching—I had not yet got my full growth.



That this should have been happening to me was so like a dream that today I ask myself whether it was *not* a dream. Odd that a football star would want to be an actor. And yet there was Paul Robeson, who had been All-America at Rutgers and then played on Broadway in "The Emperor Jones." In any case, after that Larry Judson smiled at me whenever he met me in the midmorning tidal flow around the bulletin boards in the main hall—a faint, full-lipped smile that told me, I guessed, that he remembered. And once, it seems to me, as I was skirting the school playfield, a ball thrown or kicked by him hit me in the midriff, making me feel like St. Francis receiving the stigmata. But this memory is very fuzzy. I am not sure whether it was a football or a baseball, or even a tennis ball, and maybe I have imagined the whole thing. When I was sent off to the Seminary, I lost sight of him. I only know that he did not become an actor, did not play football for the U., perhaps did not *go* to the U. I wonder whether anyone still alive, besides me, remembers him treading the boards at Garfield and could tell me what became of him.

But I truly did play his wife; all at once I am completely sure of this, for I have recalled an odd detail. That dark-brown suit, almost chocolate-colored—a real man's suit—smelled when he "clasped me to his heart." It was not an armpit reek of stale sweat announcing that the suit needed a trip to the cleaner's; it was more a closet smell, as though the suit had been hanging quite a while in an airless space. And it was somehow a *mature* smell, reminding me now of the collective B.O. of my grandmother's clothes when I got a whiff of them all together in her closet. It belongs to the aging process; I have noticed it on my own clothes in these last years when they have spent a winter in an unopened closet without benefit of mothballs. Maybe it has something to do with the oily or tallowy secretions of the sebaceous glands. Could my "husband" have been wearing a middle-aged man's suit? That might have been passed on to him from an uncle who had died? I try to recall whether it was two-piece or three-piece. Did I encounter any vest buttons in our hug? I am not sure. All I can bring back is a sense of the color and heaviness of the cloth, which put age on him, giving him a sedate, settled look.



Now something else comes back to me that I had entirely forgotten. *Larry Judson was Jewish.* I do not know how or when I learned it—certainly quite a bit after we played husband and wife. I think a Jewish friend told me, as if it were a thing I should have known already. To me, though, it was a stunning surprise. "Larry *Judson*?" I was shocked. I was a quarter Jewish myself and I had already had a Jewish love object—my second cousin, Burton Gottstein, in his sophomore year at the university, velvet-eyed and lustrous as a black pearl. At the convent I had decided that the degree of consanguinity (we were actually first cousins once removed) could not prevent our marrying in the Church if he would consent to take instruction. Now I had left the Church, so Larry's Jewishness should not have bothered me on that score: no need to be married by a priest. Anyway, marriage was no longer in my mind—a sign, surely, that I was maturing. Just worshipping him from not too far off was enough. Why, then, was I so taken aback? It was a sort of disillusionment, like learning the real names of one's favorite movie stars. I could have slain the relative who brought me the tidings that Ricardo Cortez was plain Jake Krantz. On the screen he would never be the same for me. In Larry's case, though, I was able to accept the undeception. The suit and the mature smell, I guess, had prepared me for swallowing a dose of reality. In my soul, without knowing it, I was getting ready to be sorry for the boy-man.

At that point I had not given much thought to Jews, or to what it meant to be one. There were several kinds, evidently (corresponding, I now see, to the degree of assimilation): the kind represented by my grandmother and her sisters; another kind, represented by their brother, Uncle Elkan Morganstern, and his huge-breasted wife, Aunt Hennie, whose girls were too fat and whose boys at the age of confirmation went through some rite called the bar mitzvah with presents and a party afterward, where you got sweetbreads and mushrooms in patty shells, cheese puffs, and Crab Louis; and a still stranger kind, in funny clothes, whom I used to look at from the Madrona streetcar, which went by their houses—the poor Orthodox Jews from the Pale.

In the Pale, which Larry's parents probably came from, little boys wore long dark trousers and resembled little men. Philip Rahv used to tell me, years later, of how he had felt marked as an immigrant in a Providence, Rhode Island, grade school by the Old Country long trousers his mother dressed him in. And I remember how Philip used to call my five-year-old son, Reuel, "little man." In 1925-26, in Seattle, I could have known nothing about the Pale and its customs. Yet on the broad porches of those multi-family dwellings—wooden tenements—that I stared at from the streetcar I had seen quite young bearded men wearing shiny black hats and thick, dark suits, and old, bearded men in black skullcaps and their undershirts, and, no doubt, pale boys, too, looking old and solemn for their size. And, nearer home, our next-door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Gerber, afflicted with heavy accents, had two long-nosed sons, Len and Sid, who dressed "old" and kept apart from the neighborhood. Unlike my young Uncle Harold and his friends, they were destined for "business," I heard, as though it were a vocation, like the priesthood. Larry's brown suit may have spoken to me, in a foreign language that I was nonetheless vaguely able to decipher, of a fate in store for its wearer—a doom of premature manhood already thickening his jowls. That was the price he would have to pay for his parents' be-

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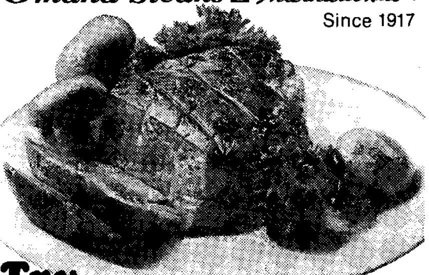

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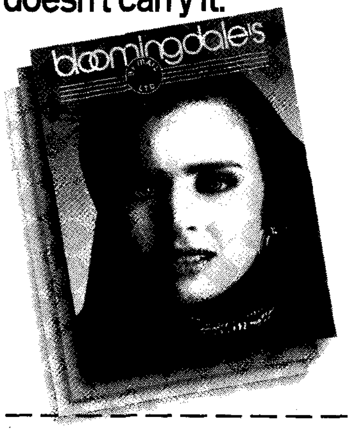

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ing poor Jews—a price Burt Gottstein, who belonged to "their" best fraternity and would soon join a smart brokerage house, would know nothing about.

I am guessing, of course. All I am certain of is that Larry, our school star, disappeared from my ken as though swallowed up. Maybe his parents moved. My memory of him stops with the suit, the hug, the piteous little "racial" realization framing the whole like a black mourning border. And I remember nothing further of those after-school dramatics. Maybe I ceased to sign up for them, because the teacher failed to give me another leading part. Or spring came and I got interested in the track team, following them to meets in the afternoons, which might have made a "conflict" with the acting workshop: I traded Larry Judson for Bill Albin.

THERE is another stage performance of my Garfield year, which I do not know where to situate. Perhaps quite early, before Larry and the skit. The problem is that the person it happened to, the heroine of the occasion, has become unrecognizable to me, so that I cannot account for her feelings and behavior. That is not true of the convent: in my slightly spotty blue serge uniform, unrelieved by any good-conduct ribbon, I am my familiar self, younger. But in trying to describe what I can remember of the Garfield time I have been noticing a contradiction. From the record, I know that I was wild about public high, to the point of losing my head and having to be removed by my grandparents. But it does not sound that way, to read my description. I sound scornful. Evidently, the self that felt the attraction of Garfield's mob scene has been sloughed like a snake's skin. Or brutally killed, leaving *me*, the person I am now, as the sole survivor. "I know not the man," St. Peter said, denying Jesus, and I can say, with greater truthfulness, of that thirteen-year-old pennant-waver, "I know not the girl." In what I am about to relate, the dissociation is almost complete, resulting in big patches of amnesia. I do not even know what I looked like or what I wore—there are no photographs of that period.

Once upon a time, then, I appeared on the stage at Garfield before a good-sized audience and scored a real success. It was an event, I think, for freshmen, designed to bring out the talents of the entering class—something like "amateur night" in the movie theatres and vaudeville houses of those days, when volunteers mounted the stage to do solo acts and were judged by the amount of applause they received. If I reconstruct it right, you could sing or yodel or tap-dance or play an instrument, such as the banjo, or you could recite, but it had to be something light—nothing on the order of "Lord Ullin's Daughter." I had chosen a comic monologue by the Canadian humorist Stephen Leacock: "I had a little dog and her name was Alice." It was meant to be delivered in a doleful, deadpan voice that would make the recitation all the more hilarious. Well, I brought the house down—a slightly untoward surprise (even though I had aspired to it), as I had always thought of my muse as tragic. They clapped and cheered and possibly stamped; if there was a prize, I won it. Then why does a clear recollection of that red-letter day, as if too painful, refuse to reach consciousness?

I can see several answers. First, they were laughing *at* me, rather than *with* me, or, as we used to say in boarding school, I was being funny peculiar, not funny ha-ha. Perhaps so: the recitation may have succeeded in a partly unintended way, causing an *excess* of applause. Second, plagiarism. Could I have pretended to have written that skit myself? And then did some teacher confront me with my theft? Possibly. There was a precedent in my history. Back in grade school, I had stolen copiously from *Our Sunday Visitor* for my prize-winning essay on the Irish in American history. Still, that was different: *then* I did not know it was wrong; now the uneasiness surrounding the blank in my memory may suggest guilty feelings. Yet a temptation to steal somebody else's words was not my thing; perhaps I was too conceited for it. So, third, my claque.

Probably the real answer lies there.

But to explain I shall have to go back and account for the improbable fact of my having a claque. It was the crowd from Mercer Island, halfway across Lake Washington, whom I had come to know slightly the previous summer through staying with the Berens twins from Forest Ridge. Today, Mercer Island is reached by a bridge and is much like any other outlying section of the city. But in those days you took a ferry to get there; it was rural, and behind its farmland and dark spruce trees rose Seattle's claim to fame in our geography books—snow-capped Mt. Rainier. Looking across from my grandmother's tall house on moonlit nights, I saw the moon make a silver path across the black lake water which corresponded with the daytime route of the ferryboat. The band of noisy rooters occupying the first rows of our Garfield auditorium on the day of "Alice" came whooping to school on the ferry every morning and went home by the same means every night—the tooting ride back and forth seemed to have welded them into a vociferous unit like the Anvil Chorus. I shut my eyes and try to see that cheering section individually, but they have stuck together in a lump, like candy in a coat pocket—like their fatal watchword, "Let's stick together, kids." In the blur I can pick out only one face, that of Josephine Hooey, their leader: glasses, pale eyes, pale lashes, skin the color of junket, fish mouth. When she laughs, she chortles; her fattish shoulders shake.

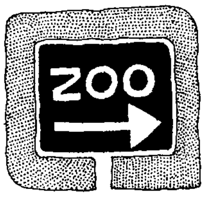
Yes, this was the reception committee that had welcomed me to Garfield, where I had thought I would know nobody. From the first day, they had taken me under their wing, showing pride in the act of adoption by trumpeting my convent nickname ("CYE," which they mistook for "Si," as in "Silas") whenever they caught sight of me: "There's Si McCarthy!" "Hey, Si! Hey there, Si!" In the summer, they must have heard the twins greeting me at the ferry, and of course it was the Berens twins, known to most of Mercer Island at least by sight, who were responsible for the bit of red carpet put under my feet at Garfield.

At Forest Ridge, the two girls were boarders, a class ahead of me, but in the summer they lived on the island with their widowed mother, a realtor, who wore a beret at a sporty angle on her prematurely white hair, smoked cigarettes in a holder, and painted big circles of crimson rouge on her cheeks.

That summer, they had had me over two or three times to spend the night with them in their bungalow; they were sorry for me, I guess, because I could not win the popularity I coveted (the twins were *very* popular), or, lacking one parent themselves, they could imagine how it felt to lack two. (In fact, it was not clear whether Mr. Berens had died or whether he had deserted Mrs. Berens; he was never alluded to in my presence, and his relict had all the earmarks of what was then called a grass widow.) I loved staying with the two of them—lively Louise and studious Harriet—going to bed in the starlight on their screened sleeping porch, and I loved the island, which was woodsy and informal even for the West. I was impressed by the knowledge that Mrs. Berens "worked," unlike other convent mothers, and wore big pearl earrings even around the house. The twins helped with the cleaning and washing up, and I envied them; in my grandmother's house, I was not trusted to do anything of importance. On Saturday nights there was dancing—or was it a movie?—in a barn down the road, and Mrs. Berens let us go, not even bothering to look in herself as a chaperon.

It must have been on one of those Saturdays that, thanks to the twins, I met my first "man." His name was Armour Spaulding (which said tennis to me); he was twenty-one and smoked a pipe. One night, in his white oxfords, with the pipe glowing, he walked me home along a path through the woods, under a moon, no doubt, with the dark lake water lapping the shore. Possibly Mrs. Berens had deputized him to escort me home; he may have taken me for older than I was. Anyway, he sounded quite interested in my flow of conversation and courteously drew me out when I hesitated. For about a year I lived on the memory of it, as if on stored-up energy, though I never saw him again, and all I retain of him is the name, the pipe, the shoes, a close-cropped, somewhat bullet-shaped head, perhaps a white shirt and dark-blue blazer. He must have cast a spell of glamour over the whole of Mercer Island, in reality not very classy—he and the popular, kind-hearted twins and their trouper of a mother.

At Garfield, the contingent that welcomed me and seemed proud to count me among them probably knew Armour Spaulding, but I never asked. Instead, I lingered around a downtown sporting-goods store that carried Spalding racquets, as though the surname would make him materialize like a genie reporting for duty at the rubbing of a lamp. Meanwhile, I acquiesced gratefully in the sponsorship of the Mercer Island entity without being especially drawn to any of its members. But before long I became aware that I had let them take me over too quickly. Those friendly millstones were pulling me down to their level. And that dawning suspicion, I now conjecture, was what has made me efface the success of Alice and her dog from my memory: I was ashamed of my success then and there, stricken *in medias res*. As I stood on the stage receiving plaudits, I must have wished to drop through a trap door, like the one in the Metropolitan Theatre that, according to Aunt Rosie, was utilized by Harry Houdini when he did his famous disappearing act. But no such luck. I was left with a hatred of Stephen Leacock, of the loyal chortlers and stampers, and of the side of myself that wanted their mindless applause. But I have no recollection of my emotions. If some psychoanalyst is moved to tell me, "You felt imperilled by success," I do not deny it: I *was* imperilled by success and, at the age of thirteen, apparently had the sense to know it.



Having lowered myself to the limit of degradation (thank God, no member of my family was there), then mercifully dropped into an oubliette—in mind, if not in body—I began to "space" my meetings with the Mercer Island crowd. They must have considered me, rightly, an ingrate. The Berens twins, too, faded from my life. Several years later, home from college for the summer, I saw Louise again; she, the pretty and vivacious one, had become an elevator starter at Frederick & Nelson. And didn't my grandmother tell me that Mrs. Berens was in jail for embezzlement? My present self is shocked that I did not try to "do" something for Louise, my old deskmate. Today I would, but perhaps that only shows that today I am more of a hypocrite.

Yet there is a little more, I suspect, to the "Alice" humiliation. At that very time, as I now reckon it, I had probably made my first intellectual friend—if "intellectual" is the right word for Ted (really Ethel) Rosenberg, whose organ of reflection was perhaps less fully developed than her bump of sensibility. She had a broad, coppery, high-cheekboned face, like an Indian's; short, black curly hair, like a boy's; a thin, flat-chested figure. She wore brogues, and soft loose vests of deerskin. Her green, prominent eyes, flecked with brown, had a riveting gaze and widened shyly with excitement, and her voice, always husky, got breathless when she spoke of her culture heroes and heroines, some of whom were dead and some of whom were right there in our school.

She came of a family of intellectuals, very close-knit and loving, who did not seem to have any other relatives. There was a sister, Matilda, called Till, who worked in a doctor's office; a tall, gaunt, rabbinical-looking older brother, Dan, who was a graduate student in the speech department at the university and talked in a slow, careful voice; and a little brother, Jess, who played the violin. The father was a tailor; the mother kept the house, read, baked, and benevolently listened—she was active in Aunt Rosie's Temple De Hirsch (Reformed). I had never met a family like this before; the nearest I had come was Aunt Rosie, who played solitaire all night in a downstairs bedroom lined with signed photographs of opera stars and pianists, and her husband, Uncle Mose, who subscribed to the New York *Times*.

I am not sure how I got to know Ted, who was at least a class ahead of me. It was a question, I think, of my becoming aware of her becoming aware of me. This could have happened in the cafeteria, in the hall in front of the bulletin boards, or even on a chilly bench at the side of the sports field during football practice, for Ted's hero worship fully embraced athletes. The intellectuals at Garfield were equipped with radar for finding each other, though they themselves, the diviners, would have been barely noticeable to eyes less skilled than their own. From among the incoming freshmen, somehow Ted had picked me out as someone worth knowing, like a connoisseur looking over a Whitman's Sampler and sensing which one, underneath the chocolate coating, would have the liqueur cherry. Some feature of me had caught her attention—something about my appearance, something she had heard about me, something she had heard me say. However our acquaintance started, my first clear memory of Ted is connected with a book.

In those days, modern literature

(like "creative writing") was not taught in school or in college. You read it, relying on tips from friends. As with Prohibition liquor, you had to know somebody to get hold of the good stuff. Professional librarians were no help. (The circulating library at Frederick's had recommended "The Peasants," by some Pole who had won the Nobel Prize, to my grandmother, who read it night after night, scarcely making any progress.) I had heard of a novel about flappers—"Flaming Youth"—and about "Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn, but the existence of modern literature, apart from such titles, was a secret everyone had succeeded in keeping from me till I met Ted. And when she introduced me to "Green Mansions," by W. H. Hudson, after school in the deserted locker room, it was on a note of confidentiality. The Modern Library imprint awed me, as though it were a sort of guarantee or the password of some exclusive set. I did not notice that the book had first been published in 1904.

Thus, at a time when I was close to failing most of my subjects, my real education was getting under way. If this overlapped with "Alice," no wonder I felt mortified. Ted could have been in the audience, and what would she have thought? Being far more a loving soul than a critical spirit, she might have tried to see the best in Stephen Leacock. The critical spirit was me. Borrowing her eyes, I would have looked on myself far more harshly than it was in her nature to do.

In the friendship that began, she was the guide, scout, pathfinder; I was the follower. Yet my character was more decisive and sharper than hers. Once I was initiated into this new, arcane region, I promptly judged. The one-way traffic in limp leather volumes that moved from her locker to my schoolbag did not always go smoothly. I did not like all her treasures. And though I usually tried to hide it, so as not to disappoint her, I think she generally knew when I felt let down.

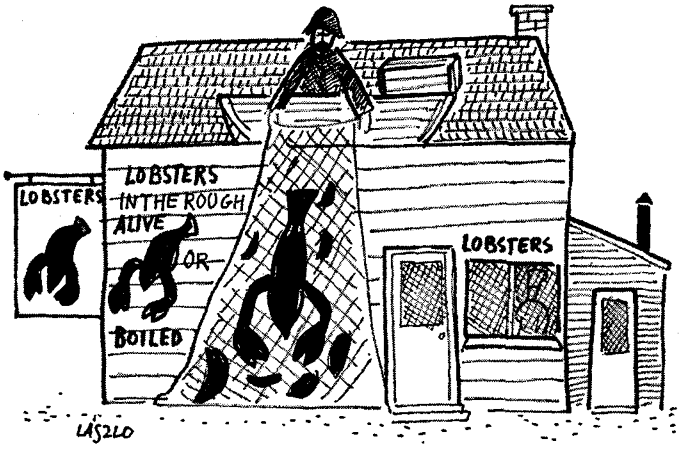
It started, in fact, with "Green Mansions," with that girl, Rima, who was meant to be the spirit of the South American rain forest and who flitted about, naked, among the trees. Somehow I had been led to expect, possibly by the glow of Ted's countenance, that some torrid scenes were coming—Rima was not naked for nothing. But in reality, alas, she was; she violated that literary principle—wasn't it Chekhov's?—that a loaded gun hanging on the wall in the first act must go off in the last. Yet Ted, I perceived, did not mind Rima's being a disembodied spirit; she liked her better that way. That was one of the pitfalls of modern literature, I soon learned; it did not always live up to its promises. I had been let down already by Conrad's "The Nigger of the Narcissus," when I took it out of the public library the year before, thinking that the dirty word "nigger" in the title was going to couple perversely with the white narcissus bloom, but then Narcissus turned out to be the name of a boat. "Marius the Epicurean" was another falsely promising title for the expectant young reader.

To be truthful, what I was hoping for from books described as modern or daring was to see the fig leaf stripped off sex. Someone had finally told me the rudiments of the act, but I did not feel wholly convinced that *that* was what men and women did. There was the usual difficulty in picturing respectable people—e.g., my grandparents—doing it, and in fact something in the sexual conjunction does arouse a natural skepticism, whoever the parties involved: for "Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement." But unless someone has experienced sex or a close approach to it, stories and poems do not tell much; if one has, they may act erotically as reminders. In my case, what might have been helpful was scientific manuals (unavailable), yet even with scientific manuals (does anyone remember "Ideal Marriage"?) some prior knowledge or practice is generally required for full enlightenment. It is something like the uncertainty principle: if you are distant enough from the experience to need instruction, you are too remote to be benefitted. Possibly blue movies shown in the classroom by a teacher with a pointer are what is really wanted. Or is the famous "need to know" of children just another *ignis fatuus*?

At any rate, I felt the need, and Ted apparently did not. At the same time, I could tell that for her there was a strange vibration in "Green Mansions," something thrilling and esoteric, that remained hidden from me. Now I know its name: literary art. We called it beauty then, and for a long time I had trouble perceiving it without being nudged, at least when it was of human manufacture; I could recognize it in sunsets, dew, wildflowers, fireflies, snowflakes, and the like. The excitement that literary art could produce in someone like Ted confused me, therefore, leading me to look for a set of thrills and revelations that literature does not give.

My own preferred authors that year were Adela Rogers St. Johns and Thyra Samter Winslow (both *Saturday Evening Post*, if I remember right), and the English Berta Ruck, an Enid Blyton of her time, who wrote about the Land Girls of the First World War. But I did not try to proselytize, except now and then my grandmother. Ted, meanwhile, was eagerly sharing her heap of treasures with me: Pater, of course; Oscar Wilde; Whitman's "Leaves of Grass;" "The Crock of Gold." When she gave me one of her Paters (it may well have been the deadly "Marius"), she wisely sugared the pill with the whispered tale that Pater had done his utmost to save Oscar Wilde from ruin by pleading with him not to publish "The Picture of Dorian Gray." "It will bring us all down," he cried, weeping, having taken the train from Oxford to London to stop him, but the reckless Oscar persisted. I do not know where Ted got this literary anecdote or whether she invented it. I have never seen it in any book. Indeed, I have never seen it stated that Pater was a homosexual.

The romance of this story, for Ted, lay in the suggestion of a liaison between the two men; that is obvious to me now. Later, I gather, she became an overt lesbian, moving to California and changing



her name from Ethel/Ted to Teya. But at Garfield, in her crushes—all purely mental, I assume—she did not distinguish between the sexes, any more than between football and track, where she distributed her love equally between Larry Judson and Bill Albin. I thought of her then as a sort of deep-voiced boy; somewhere in my mind or in a lost album is a picture of her playing baseball, with springy legs spread apart and a catcher's mitt. More girlish, though, was her perpetual weaving of romances, as though to cover the nudity of everybody's life. She spun her webs around Kathleen Hoyt and her tartan cloak, around Estare Crane and her spit curl; it must have been she who told me Larry Judson was Jewish. She was sweet on my grandmother, whose tragic story she seemed to know, just as she knew mine, and I could never tell whether it was as a beautiful woman that Augusta Morganstern interested her, or as a Jewess, or as the wife of Harold Preston, for she was sweet on him, too, and so was Till. My grandmother, in turn, liked them both and would put down her book to chat with them, which was rare with her if I led a friend into the living room, with its shirred pongee shades and fancy grass wallpaper.

Our friendship that first year was almost entirely bookish, on a separate plane from the other friendships I was beginning to make: with a pug-nosed Virginia who lived in Denny Blaine; with Mary McQueen Street and her sister, Francesca, who lived on 35th Avenue but really came from the South; with Ethel Scott and Mildred Dixon, who already dated and lived in a run-down section of mainly two-family houses and grassless front yards. . . . I ask myself whether it was because Ted was Jewish that I did not try to mix her with the others, but actually none of my new friends mixed; I went to each of their houses separately in the afternoon—my grandmother's strange inhospitality made it too hard to ask the others home in the evenings. Besides, the bookishness into which Ted with her shining eyes had initiated me was a bond between us, like stamp-collecting, which kept us apart at times even from her sister.

I wish I could chart her enthusiasms, as a service to intellectual history. Beyond those I have already mentioned, I remember Aubrey Beardsley, Lord Dunsany, possibly Vachel Lindsay, because he came from Spokane. Among the influences reaching me through her, it is not always easy to distinguish the aesthetic movement from celebrations of "queer" sex. But I gather it was not always easy for the evangelists of both, or either, in their day. *Their day:* the peculiar thing about the modern authors Ted revelled in was that they were nearly all antiques. This was probably more a commentary on Seattle than on Ted. Our city, despite its artistic reputation (or perhaps because of it), was remote from the vanguard; its most advanced circles might have still been reading *The Yellow Book.*

Aestheticism, unfortunately, was the key. Clearly there was not much roughage to stimulate the brain in those on the whole limp leather volumes that were coming my way. Anatole France, eventually ("The Procurator of Judaea," "Thaïs," "The Red Lily"), but no Shaw or Wells. I ask myself how it happened that Ted never discovered Joyce. But wait! Now that I think of it, I can recall "Pomes Penyeach": "Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling, / Where my dark lover lies. / Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling, / At grey moonrise." Surely that is an *ex libris* of Ted's, marked by her inspiration (including my belief that Rahoon—actually the Galway cemetery—was in the South Seas; confusion, maybe, with Rangoon, the capital of Burma). Still, I have no memory from this period of "A Portrait of the Artist" (maybe not yet a Modern Library title), which would have given us more to chew on.

I TRY to bring back a typical evening at 712 35th Avenue during the spring term at Garfield. The year is now 1926; my grandfather's chair is vacant; he has put down "The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page" and gone to his club for a rubber or two of bridge. In her chair my grandmother, who by now has probably finished "The Peasants," by that Pole, is reading another long, dull book, this time by a Dutchman called Couperus, who did *not* win the Nobel Prize. I am lying on a sofa with a mystery story, "Cleek of Scotland Yard," or a new Berta Ruck, "Leaves of Grass" having fallen from my hand. My young Uncle Harold, a sophomore at the U., is in his quarters, off the landing, with his cronies. The telephone does not ring, which is just as well, since if it should be a boy for me I shall have to refuse any date he proposes and get him off the line as fast as I can without his

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guessing that I am only thirteen and for that stupid reason prohibited even from flirting with him on the telephone. All at once there is a thundering on the stairs: my uncle and his friends are going out.

They have names for each other, like Goose and Flamingo; a fat one, Don Dickinson, older brother of Kenny Dickinson, is called the Toad, and they call me the Niece. Our big, gaunt maid Lavinia is Leviathan. Two of the troupe are still seniors at Garfield—John Lewis and Paul Janson—and of course they know my age and condition of servitude. My uncle comes into the room and kisses my grandmother's cheek; "Night, Niece," he adds, waving. It is too early, still, for me to go to bed, and I have nothing left to read but the paper and "Leaves of Grass."

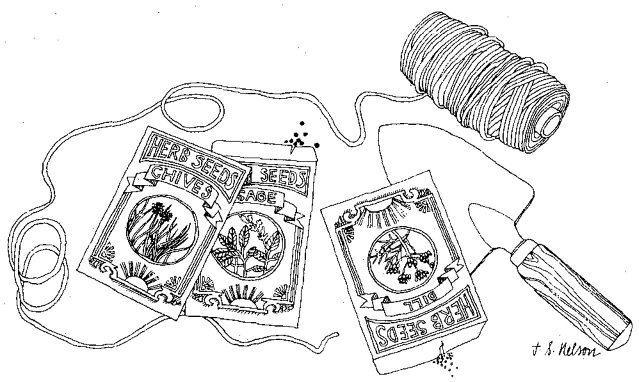
Rescue, however, is in sight, though I do not yet realize it. Among Harold's cronies is one who does not call me the Niece as regularly as the others, who sometimes stops to talk to me in the downstairs back hall, who went to Garfield and had Mr. Post, knew Mary Brinker, and far in the future will marry Estare Crane of the single black spit curl and work for the Seattle *Times,* before dying young. This is the Mark Sullivan whom I mentioned earlier. Sometime soon (if he has not already started), he will undertake on his own hook to correct my reading. The first thing will be to try to cure me of Adela Rogers St. Johns.

Mark was a tall, somewhat knobby boy with a red face (hence Flamingo, I suppose), a blinking, flannelly Irish type very different from the male McCarthys, with their green eyes and thick dark lashes. His teeth were poor, and I did not think he brushed them enough, which was true of a number of Harold's friends. He wore slightly ragged sweaters, usually red, and his socks hung down. He was the son of a Seattle policeman and had a sister named Marcile. Every summer my grandfather took him with us to Lake Crescent, in the Olympic Mountains. Mark and Harold shared a double cottage, and I shared one with my grandfather that had two rooms with separate entrances. My grandmother stayed home in Seattle, not liking the mountains and being afraid of the water, because of some experience with a rowboat when she was young. She had box lunches packed for us to take on the ferry to Port Townsend, whence we took the train to Port Angeles and then a rattly bus past dark-green Lake Sutherland to Singer's Tavern, on "beautiful Lake Crescent, a jewel in the heart of the Olympics," as the publicity leaflet said. My grandmother was happy shopping at Frederick's every day; my grandfather was happy playing poker and bridge at Singer's with his contemporaries—Judge and Mrs. Alfred Battle, Edgar Battle, Mr. and Mrs. Boole, Colonel Blethen, of the Seattle *Times*—and every morning leading a party of walkers up to the Marymere Falls. He approved of the food in the hotel dining room; one night, after dinner, he sent a dollar bill to the chef "with my compliments."

Mark and Harold, the Flamingo and the Goose, would never dance in the evenings to the two-piece band of young-lady musicians on the hotel porch, but they played golf and tennis a lot and at least once a summer took me along, switchbacking, to climb the peak called Storm King, though never the redoubtable Sugar Loaf, across the lake. Once Mark, all by himself, and without any trail, explored the hidden waterfalls that rose above Marymere like a secret winding staircase with green overgrown landings cut into the mountainside. I believed—and it may have been true—that he was the first person ever to have followed them to the top. At my pleading, he promised to take me with him the next time he undertook it, but probably my grandfather told him no, too dangerous for a little girl, and I remained unfulfilled. To this day I remain a romantic about waterfalls. He and Harold did not go in swimming, I think—maybe because of the icy lake water—but my grandfather always made one of them accompany me in a rowboat when I took one of my "championship" swims to Rosemary Point, the next resort, and perhaps Mark, out of his good nature, occasionally watched the after-breakfast diving exhibition I put on at the hotel pier.

At Singer's, Mark and Harold were mainly spectators of the human comedy, which included a lounge lizard from the East, me pumping the player piano, my grandfather's watchfulness over my virtue, the framed poems and mottoes on the walls of the big cardroom ("Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne, he travels the fastest who travels alone"), the golf on the five-hole course. Mark, who was a humorist, wanted to be a reporter or feature writer—at the U. he was on the daily paper and the magazine—and premonitions of the blue pencil led him to take up an ironical attitude toward red-faced Colonel ("General," by preference) Blethen, which pleased me, since I did not like the Blethen boys, Bobby and Billy, and it did not wholly displease my grandfather, who considered the newspaper owner a martinet.

The authors Mark admired ought to have been a counterweight to Ted's "pashes": Mencken, above all; George Jean Nathan, Dreiser, Ben Hecht, Carl Van Vechten, Ernest Boyd. I can fancy an invisible struggle of the two opposed forces for possession of my mind, except that I do not think Mark saw enough of me during his visits to Harold to be aware of Ted's influence. Nor (the same as with Ted) was I always responsive to his urging: Jim Tully, the hobo poet, was as lost on me as Marius the Epicurean. And, again, there was my expectation of sex. Mark's favorite book, which he left for me one night on the back-hall table, was "Mademoiselle de Maupin," in English, by Théophile Gautier; the heroine dressed in men's clothing, and the book was reputed to be "hot," but if there was anything erotic there I was utterly unable to find it. It was another disappointment, like "Green Mansions," that I kept to myself. Other recommendations of Mark's misfired. I preferred "Tom Sawyer" to "Huckleberry Finn"—an error; it should have been the opposite. I was too young for Dreiser's "The Genius," a well-thumbed volume that was left for me on the hall table, too. "Moby Dick," likewise, was way over my head; that I had seen it as a movie, "The Sea Beast," with John Barry-



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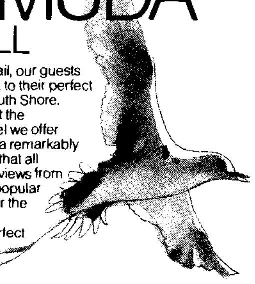

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more, was more a hindrance than a help. Nevertheless, Mark was having his effect. I was soon reading *The American Mercury* and had induced my grandmother to subscribe to *Vanity Fair*, a Condé Nast publication that I could look at the day of its arrival in the sewing room, along with her *Vogue*. And he had made me seriously wonder about Berta Ruck.

Even before summer, I must have already suspected that I would not be returning to Garfield. I do not remember whether, finally, that was cause for grief or not. Maybe I was glad, on the whole, to be removed from the excitement of boys, since it would be two more years before I would be allowed to go out with one of them. My grandmother had statutory ages for everything: sixteen for boys, fourteen for real, non-ribbed silk stockings, fifteen perhaps for lipstick (Tangee). The E, the D, and the several D-minuses that came my way at the end of the grading period were fresh arguments for a change of scene. Meanwhile, in the last days of the term, while my grandfather was writing in from his office for boarding-school catalogues, I found that I had made my mark at Garfield High, albeit ambiguously. Despite Ted's briefing, our school intellectuals had been known to me only by sight. *But they knew me.* When the yearbook, edited by *them*, came out in due course, that became clear. There I was, almost the only freshman so singled out, on a page of that year's memorable personalities, with an appropriate sport, hobby, or pastime listed opposite each. I never sought to learn who had elected me to that company—a mortal enemy or just some senior having fun on the basis of information supplied by one of my associates. I could choose to think that it was teasing or I could choose to think that it was meant to hurt, but this was how, toward the bottom of the page, I appeared: "Si McCarthy. Tiddledywinks." —MARY MCCARTHY

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From Writing Update*]

There is little difference between the performance of a $2 pen and one that costs $2.00.

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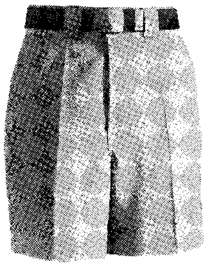

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THE THEATRE

Death in Brooklyn

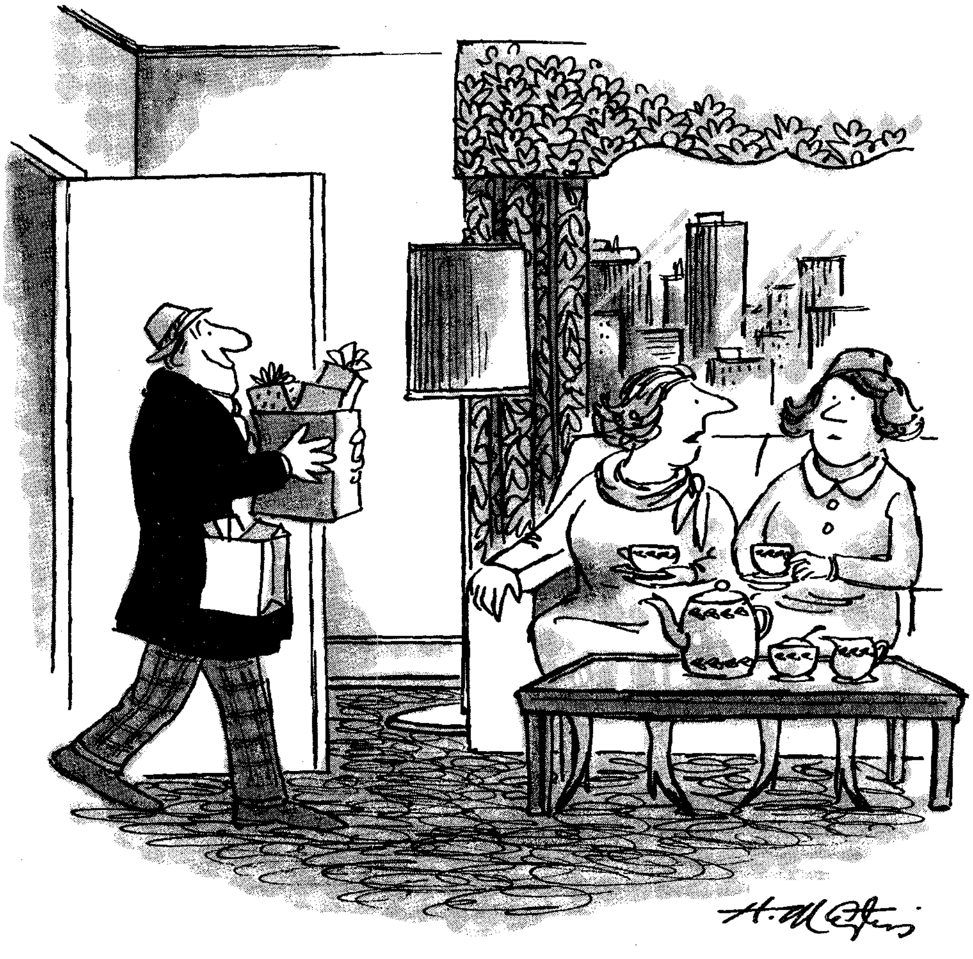
"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (at the 46th Street Theatre) is a Greek tragedy of incomparable depth and breadth, in which one observes puny man in the grip of his existential destiny: like Oedipus, the gallant but doomed victim of forces—murder, madness, mistaken identity—so far beyond his control that, poor devil, he . . . No, let me put it another way: "Arsenic and Old Lace" is a silly farce, written by an incompetent playwright named Joseph Kesselring in 1941, and produced on Broadway by the highly competent Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, authors of "Life with Father," one of the longest-running plays of all time. Somehow or other, I contrived to miss the original production of "Arsenic," but I remember hearing a rumor that Crouse and Lindsay had taken Kesselring's laborious script and filled it with the sort of carefree inside jokes which Broadway audiences appear to have relished at that time; their clever carpentry turned "Arsenic" into a hit and made Sophocles—I mean Kesselring—a rich man. Many of the Lindsay-Crouse jokes remain pretty funny after almost half a century, though who but a handful of senior citizens and Ph.D.s in theatrical history will recognize references to Bleeck's and Nora Bayes?

As Gibbon said of the condition of Corsica, the plot of "Arsenic" is easier to deplore than to describe. Something like twenty-four murders are reputed to have taken place before the curtain rises, and four of the murderers are onstage and eager to go on practicing their evil mischief up to the moment when the curtain falls at the end of the third act. The climax of the play is reached when the hero, a Broadway drama critic named Mortimer Brewster, is bound, gagged, and threatened with dismemberment; his life is saved by the timely arrival of a policeman who has written a play, and who, leaving Brewster bound and gagged, proceeds to outline the action of his unproduced masterpiece, which is, of course, a murder mystery sharing many of the attributes of "Arsenic."

The most dastardly character in the play, Mortimer's brother Jonathan, has undergone plastic surgery at the hands of his alcoholic accomplice, a surgeon who has attended a showing of the movie "Frankenstein." As a result of the surgeon's suggestibility, Jonathan now bears an uncanny resemblance to Boris Karloff. The general lightheartedness of the original production of the play is exemplified by the fact that the role of Jonathan was played by no less a person than Boris Karloff. The present production must make do with an actor, Abe Vigoda, who looks like Boris Karloff looking like the Frankenstein monster but remains obdurately Abe Vigoda. Mortimer Brewster, played by Tony Roberts, proves to be a drama critic who hates all plays and all playwrights and is not above writing a review of a play before he has seen it, in order to save himself time for more amusing activities. Such a critic may have existed in the nineteen-forties; today, critics are notoriously industrious pussycats. Few of them are acerb enough to say that the director, Brian Murray, has permitted not only Mr. Roberts but most of the rest of the cast to overact outrageously. As the drunken surgeon, William Hickey busies himself with an imitation of a role the original of which I failed to identify, while Michaeljohn McGann, as the Brewster brother who believes himself to be Teddy Roosevelt, pummels his characterization into shape with sledgehammer blows. Jean Stapleton and Polly Holliday are charming and comparatively restrained as the two dotty Brewster aunts, and Mary Layne goes to waste in the carelessly jotted-down role of Mortimer's girlfriend.

Marjorie Bradley Kellogg has designed a marvellous setting—an eighteen-eighties Brooklyn mansion with a nobly proportioned mahogany staircase and (we are told) a felicitous view of an adjoining cemetery. The amusing costumes are by Jeanne Button, and the lighting is by Pat Collins.

—BRENDAN GILL



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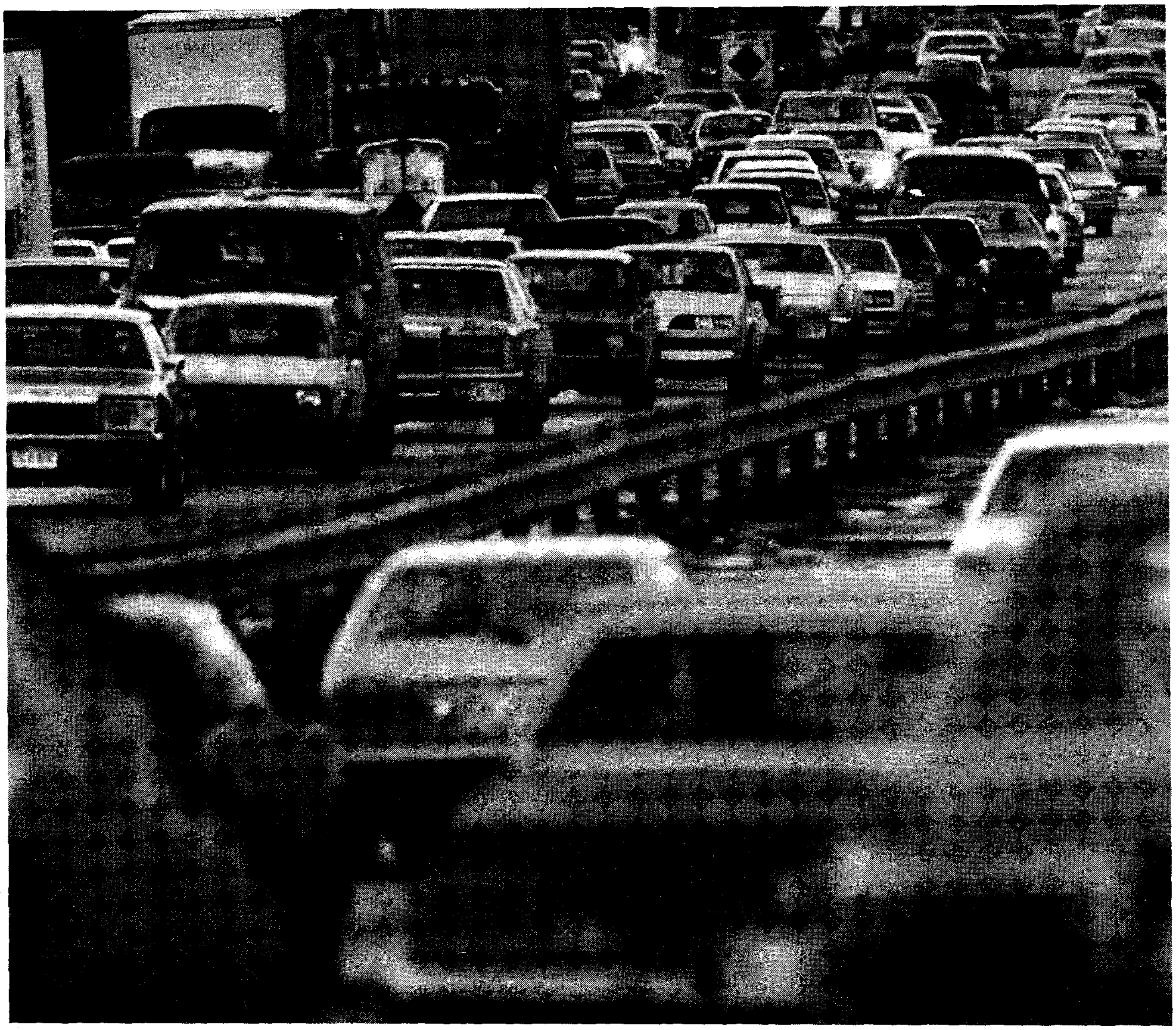

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Perspectives

HORIZONS, the New York Philharmonic's summer festival of new music—directed by Jacob Druckman, the orchestra's composer-in-residence—began promisingly, in 1983. The festival theme, "Since 1968, a New Romanticism?," was challenging. In a program essay, Druckman suggested that the tide had turned against "the music of Boulez, Babbitt, Xenakis, and Carter," that "sensuality, mystery, nostalgia, ecstasy, transcendency" were now in favor. His programs addressed themselves to something real and disturbing in American musical life; it could also be called the capitulation of many once rigorous and exploratory composers to the tastes of a public that likes what it knows. In the first concert, Peter Maxwell Davies' taut, beautiful "Ave Maris Stella" was contrasted with David Del Tredici's "Alice" piece "All in the Golden Afternoon;" in the second, Donald Martino's knotty Triple Concerto with John Harbison's Violin Concerto; in the third, Barbara Kolb's Chromatic Fantasy with John Adams' banal "Grand Pianola Music." Seven concerts—one of them an open rehearsal of new works by young composers—along with five symposia and six "Meet the Composers" sessions, brought much to think about and a good deal of music interesting to hear. For two weeks, at least, the Philharmonic was not what Virgil Thomson, in 1952, called the Met: "not a part of New York's intellectual life."

Horizons '84 was even better. The theme, "The New Romanticism—A Broader View," now admitted compositions by Boulez, Babbitt, Xenakis, and Carter. There were big new works by Charles Wuorinen and Roger Reynolds. In ten days, there were ten concerts and twelve public discussions. Many electronic and computer pieces were played. Virtuoso "performance artists"—Joan La Barbara, Diamânda Galás, Robert Dick—appeared. All in all, it was as stimulating a contemporary-music festival as any I've attended. Last year, there was no Horizons; the orchestra had gone off on tour. This year, Horizons dwindled to just seven concerts, spread across a May-June fortnight, without any related events except a "preview party." Attendance dwindled, too. There was no special festival program book. Music publishers set up no booths. The coffee stall was closed. (Tower Records, that unofficial but lively component of Lincoln Center, did better, putting on display the large part of the Horizons repertory which was already available on disk.) Some good music, some important pieces were played. But there was little festival feel. Twenty-three works were done, by nineteen composers; seven of them were works of the nineteen-eighties.

British critics who care about contemporary music sometimes remark that "they order this matter better in France"—especially since the establishment of IRCAM and its Ensemble InterContemporain. I can't help contrasting the Horizons '86 program with that of the Almeida Festival under way at the moment in London: seventy events in the space of four June-July weeks, achieved on a budget reported as about $200,000 (Horizons cost over $800,000), and held in an intimate theatre (whose restaurant, the brochure says, is recommended by good-food guides) and a nearby chapel. Horizons had a performance of Arvo Pärt's "Tabula Rasa;" Almeida had Pärt in person, "Tabula Rasa," and thirteen other Pärt compositions, including some of the choral pieces he has been writing since he left Russia, in 1980. Horizons included Toru Takemitsu's "Rain Tree;" Almeida had Takemitsu in person, "Rain Tree," and some thirty other Takemitsu works, set in the context of a dozen concerts presenting contemporary music from Japan. Horizons included Steve Reich's "Music for Eighteen Musicians;" Almeida has Reich talking, twenty Reich compositions, and two films, in the space of two days—a fiftieth-birthday celebration, the main concerts of which the BBC is also broadcasting. Ten further Almeida concerts brought new music from Spain. Individual concerts or clutches of concerts are devoted to Giacinto Scelsi (thirteen compositions), Sylvano Bussotti (sixteen), Chris Dench, Michael Rosenzweig, Jonathan Lloyd, James Wood. There are premières of works by Peter Maxwell Davies and Oliver Knussen, local premières of works by Hans Werner Henze, Peter Lieberson, Richard Felciano, John Cage, György Ligeti. And much else. Far more than a single person could take in, or want to. Programs that allow one to indulge special interests, discover new ones, and then pursue them intensively.

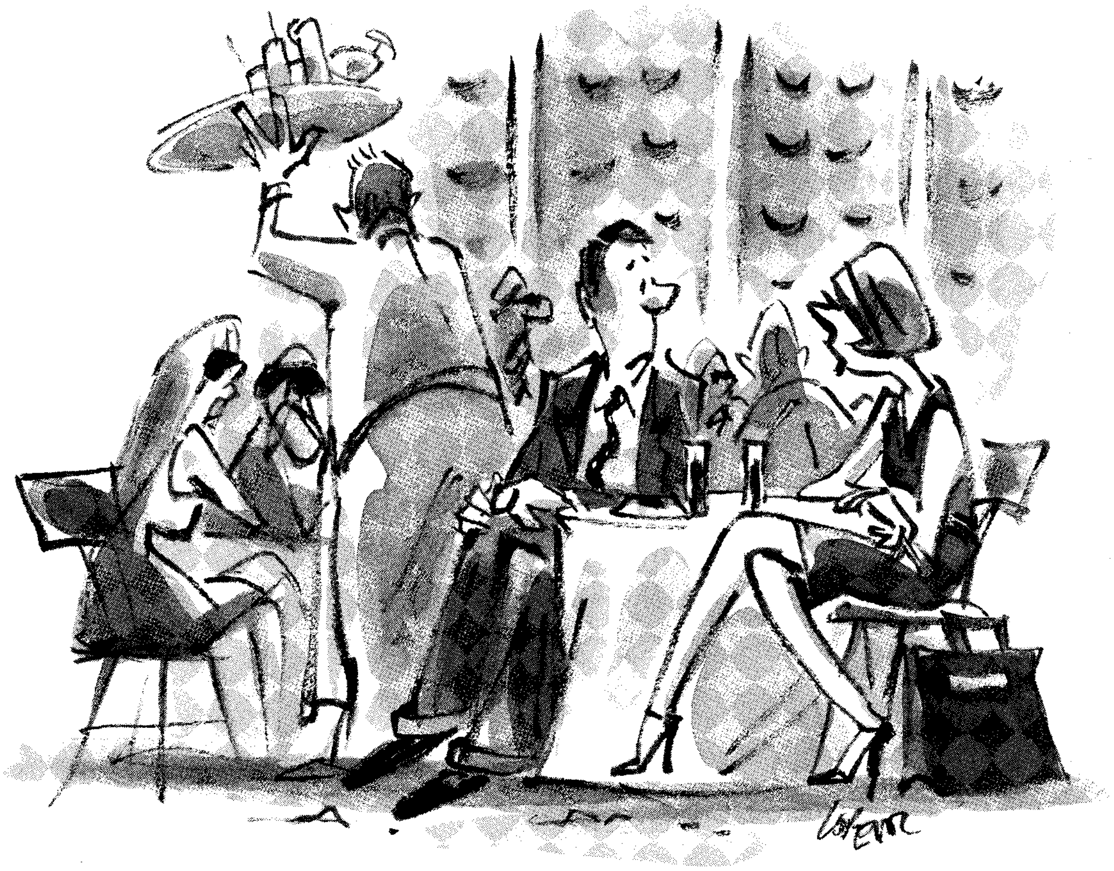
THE theme of Horizons '86 was "Music as Theatre." Promising notion: I looked forward to New York performances of Harrison Birtwistle's "Secret Theatre" and John Buller's "The Theatre of Memory" (which has just been recorded on Unicorn-Kanchana); a revival, perhaps, of George Rochberg's chamber symphony "Music for the Magic Theatre;" another hearing of Henze's "Miracle of the Rose," subtitled "Imaginary Theatre II," in a repeat performance by either of two New York ensembles that have played it recently. None of those happened, but six of the seven programs included a work or works in whose presentation an element of staging was involved. I missed the first two concerts, one devoted to excerpts from Ligeti's opera "Le Grand Macabre" and a staging of his "Aventures" and "Nouvelles Aventures," the other a mixed bag. The third concert brought the belated American première of Stockhausen's "Trans." For years—for fifteen years, ever since the première, in Donaueschingen—I had been looking forward to a live production of "Trans." The recurrent descriptions of it were fascinating. The Deutsche Grammophon recording—one side of the disk the première, which was greeted with both cheers and jeers, and the other a studio performance—was impressive.

"Trans" came to Stockhausen in a dream. Bathed in an eerie violet-red glow, a double row of string players spans the stage. They are all but motionless. Only the bows move, very, very slowly, as dense cluster-chords, underpinned by an electronic organ, weave a kind of sonic curtain. Behind it, invisible, there are four wind ensembles—four flutes with bass clarinet and celesta; four oboes with trombone; four clarinets with bassoon and double-bassoon; four trumpets with tuba—each group accompanied by a percussionist. They play elaborate, brilliant music. Every twenty seconds or so, the sound of a giant wooden shuttle (recorded) clacks from side to side of the hall, and each time the composition of the string chord—and the picture it makes—is subtly altered. Four exuberant solo incidents, or "scenes," are set into this frame, involving a violist, a cellist, a violinist, and a trumpeter. It's a rich, strange composition—not "dreamy" in the usual sense of the word but at once hallucinatory and very active.

The Philharmonic production was disappointing. For one thing, most of the music had been prerecorded, by the South German Radio Orchestra, conducted by Peter Eötvös. The Philharmonic, conducted by Gunther Schuller, added only the "curtain" chords and the solo episodes. A program note described this mostly-on-tape presentation as "now the authorized version" but continued with statements from the composer about the importance of live players' being present: "That makes the decisive difference." In any event, the sound reproduction seemed rudimentary. The score gives instructions for plotting the music through twelve carefully placed loudspeakers; where I sat, everything appeared to come from one big loudspeaker. Perspectives were flattened. There was no sense of mysterious distance.

"Trans" was preceded by Stockhausen's "The Little Harlequin," a captivating clarinet solo to be both played and danced. Jean Kopperud, who has played and danced Stockhausen's big, forty-five-minute "Harlequin" so well, in Symphony Space, was a winning interpreter, but the choreography prescribed in the score had been cheapened into cutesy capering around an unresponding male mannequin. The concert began with the New York première of Louis Andriessen's "De Staat," "The Republic"—thirty-five minutes of earnest minimalism which Andriessen composed, he says, "as a contribution to the discussion about the place of music in politics." Repetitive patterns are executed in bold, solid colors: the orchestra is four each of oboes, horns, trumpets, and trombones, along with electric guitars, pianos, harps, and four violas. From time to time, a quartet of amplified mezzo-sopranos cries lines derived from Plato's "Republic"—the language unidentifiable in the Horizons performance, as also in the Composers' Voice recording of the piece. Andriessen's sections are shorter than those of Glass or Reich, but there is one particularly tiresome stretch of five-note ostinato not made more interesting by the phase-shifts of its accompaniment. In a program note, Andriessen wrote that "a good composer poses like an actor." Bach enhanced the rhetorical gestures of his music by his physical appearance, for he "dressed in wig and knee-breeches." And: "Stravinsky is our best actor. Every musical gesture he makes is a quotation of a historical musical formula; but since he is a good player, one immediately recognizes it as *his* gesture." There were gestures in "De Staat" that one immediately recognized as Stravinsky's—borrowed from "Petrushka" and the "Sacre," simplified, "tested" in the modern world.

"De Staat" won UNESCO's Rostrum prize in 1977; the recording was made at the 1978 Holland Festival. There is a fair amount of Dutch music, I find—thoughtful, carefully fashioned, energetic and even adventurous music—that doesn't last well or travel well, although in context, performed for and eagerly discussed by a public concerned with contemporary music and its social role, it may once have made a considerable impression and have seemed important. The young Danes make their points with a lighter touch.



"O.K., you love me. What's the subtext?"

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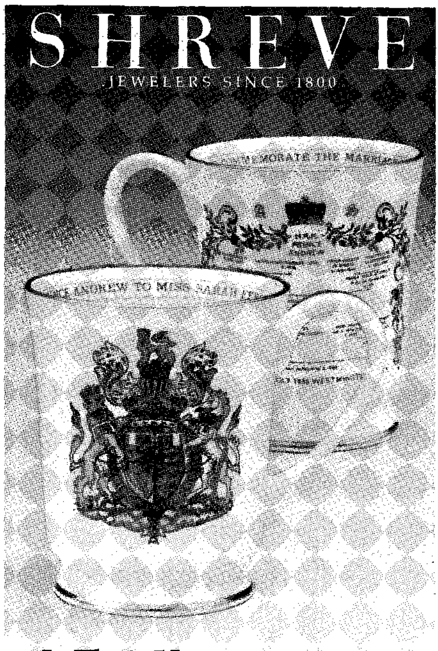
THE fourth Horizons program, also conducted by Mr. Schuller, contained Pärt's "Tabula Rasa." Pärt is another kind of minimalist; he makes a little go a long way with such economy and precision of placing that one hangs on his utterances. "Tabula Rasa" is a two-violin concerto. The first movement suggests a Vivaldi con-



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certo slightly off-centered, which keeps stopping and starting over again; the second is a very beautiful sequence that flows and flows until it dissolves into silence. The Philharmonic soloists, Kerry McDermott and Marina Kruglikov, played with a radiance almost equal to that of Gidon Kremer and Tatjana Grindenko on the ECM recording (which has the composer Alfred Schnittke at the prepared piano). Pärt's music is at once puzzling and pleasing—unlike any other, and very pure. He will be a composer-in-residence at the Cabrillo Festival, in Santa Cruz, later this month, and eight of his works, including some of the recent choral pieces, are to be done there. His "Collage on B.A.C.H." (1964) is due at Tanglewood. The Horizons concert began with Hale Smith's "Ritual and Incantations" (1974), which sounded like movie music; included a new piece by Morton Feldman, "Coptic Light," which I found tedious, and Takemitsu's slight, pretty percussion trio "Rain Tree;" and ended with Witold Lutoslawski's well-known "Three Poems of Henri Michaux" (1963), admirably performed by the Gregg Smith Singers.

The fifth concert consisted of Luciano Berio's "A-Ronne" and "Laborintus II," two works that are always good to hear. They were brilliantly performed by the Electric Phoenix, a British vocal group, with Speculum Musicae players and the composer as conductor in "Laborintus." The sixth concert was devoted to American minimalism: an act of Paul Dresher's opera "Slow Fire" and Reich's "Music for Eighteen Musicians." Dresher seems to have relaxed into a soggy world of soft-rock schlock. "Slow Fire" showed easy attractiveness, muddled aspiration, and a lack of intellectual rigor—a combination one is tempted to describe as Californian. Reich's compositions hardly bear listening to more than once, and "Music for Eighteen Musicians" (1976) has been much played.

The final concert began with the New York première of "Le Tambourin," by Bernard Rands, once an astringent, now a picturesque and still able composer. It continued with the "Three Hallucinations" of John Corigliano, who thinks, according to the program note, "it is the job of every composer to reach out to his audience with all means at his disposal" (secondhand "Sacre" here being one of those means). The work derives from a movie score. These were conducted by Leonard Slatkin. The festival ended with two works by Druckman himself. "Animus II" (1968), a music-theatre trio, was alluringly sung by Kimball Wheeler and was deftly played but too mildly enacted by Daniel Druckman and Gordon Gottlieb, as the percussionists beguiled and excited by the heroine's siren song. Of the concert scena "Lamia" (1974-75) Jan DeGaetani, for whom it was composed, gave a tremendous performance. The soloist is an enchantress, and the scena ranges from naïve folk spells—girls of Poitiers asking to see their future husbands—to Medea's dark conjuration and Isolde's commands to wind and wave. Years ago, the Metropolitan Opera—which has produced no new work since Marvin David Levy's "Mourning Becomes Elektra," in 1967—commissioned operas from Corigliano and Druckman. Corigliano's "A Figaro for Antonia" has been announced for performance in 1989. Tony Harrison's libretto for Druckman's "Medea: A Sex-War Opera" has been published (in Harrison's "Dramatic Verse 1973-1985"). I read in the *TLS* that the opera was finished last year, but Mr. Druckman tells me that he's still working on it. Let's hope that soon there will be news of a production.

A WORK from the second Horizons concert, Poul Ruders' "Corpus cum Figuris," which I had much wanted to hear, I caught up with on tape. (Ruders is published by Wilhelm Hansen/Chester, one of the two music publishers—the other Boosey & Hawkes—who in America, I find, take trouble about the composers they publish.) Ruders is a Danish composer (born in 1949) quite often heard abroad and beginning to be known in this country: his "Manhattan Abstraction" (1982) comes to Tanglewood next month; Delores Stevens played his Second Piano Sonata (1982) in New York earlier this year. In a 1983 essay, Oliver Knussen (who conducted the Horizons concert) described him as "not only a leading figure in an exceptionally promising generation of Danish composers, but . . . surely one of the most strikingly individual voices to have emerged anywhere in recent years." The two pieces of his I've heard (the other is the chamber concerto "Four Compositions," of 1980, which has been recorded by the London Sinfonietta and Knussen, on the Paula label) confirm it. With his compatriot Hans Abrahamsen, Ruders shares easy, smiling confidence. Even at its most elaborated, his music never sounds labored. It flows. The current has been fed, I guess, by Stravinsky, Britten, Peter Maxwell Davies; it runs into fresh, unpredictable channels. ("Four Compositions" reaches its climax on an exuberant misquotation of the opening horn call of "Der Rosenkavalier.") "Corpus cum Figuris" (1984), a twenty-minute piece for twenty players, which was commissioned by IRCAM's Ensemble InterContemporain and the Danish Radio, opens as a slow, sombre march. The "figures" of the title invade it, and they start to take over as the pace quickens, with sudden jerks into faster motions. New, unexpected thoughts appear: waltz strains, and what the composer, in a program note, calls "views from the Middle Ages." The details on the large acoustic canvas, he says, may be "alien and weird," and he proposes an analogy: "You climb a mountain and beyond the peak you see a new world, completely different from what was expected." The companion with whom I listened, and listened again, to "Corpus cum Figuris" found the final prospect bleak and terrifying. I didn't agree with her; it seemed to me merely surprising. (The composer calls it "a terminal scream.") But we were both held intent on the musical progress.

I hope that the Philharmonic, now that it knows "Corpus cum Figuris," will continue to play it. And take some more Ruders—and some Abrahamsen—into its repertory. Druckman evidently believes in Ruders: in November, he conducts "Corpus cum Figuris" with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

—ANDREW PORTER

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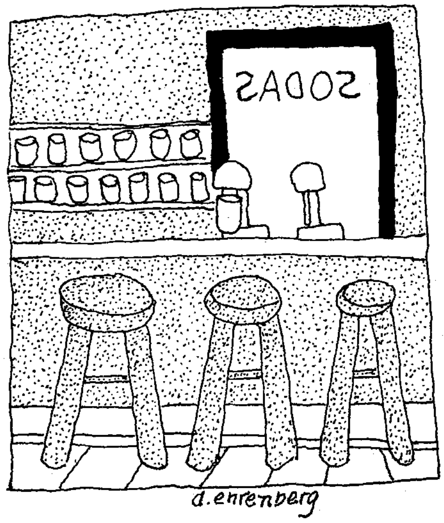
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 29

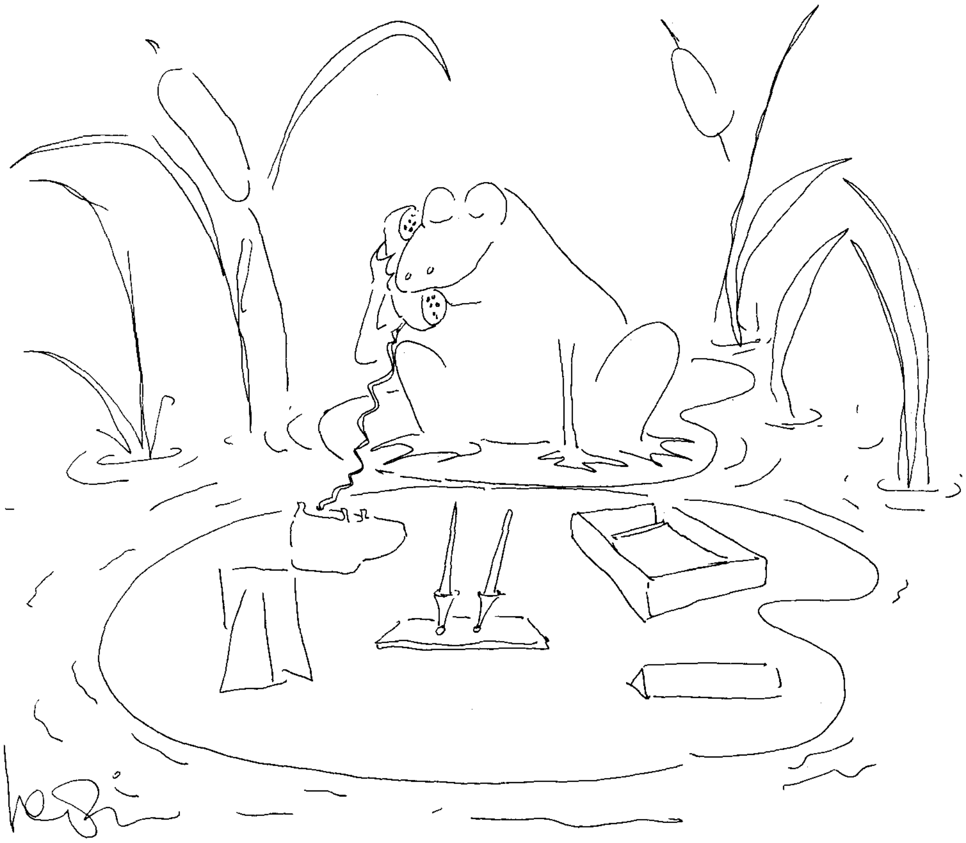
HISTORIANS may well look back and wonder how it was that the question of what the United States should do about Nicaragua, a tiny country with no particular resources, of debatable strategic importance to the United States, and of unimpressive strength, became an eschatological issue in Washington. Most of the country cares little about it and, according to the polls, knows very little about it. But the President puts a great deal of his time and political capital into the issue (until now, to little avail); the President's advisers fight bitterly over what political strategy to use on it; bureaucracies flail away at each other over it—and many heads have rolled; the Republican Party got into an explosive internal fight over it; and the Democratic Party is divided over it. Yet the ostensible problem—that the Nicaraguan revolution, in 1979, which led to the overthrow of the repressive, oligarchical Somoza regime, evolved into a repressive Marxist regime, which receives aid from Cuba and the Soviet Union, and could cause trouble for its neighbors—is one that even some people in the Administration who support the present policy say could have been dealt with earlier and more cheaply, through a policy of containment. Instead, the United States helped establish and funded a proxy army—the Contras—to, one way or another, get rid of Nicaragua's Sandinista regime. More than a year ago, someone in the government—who supported the Administration policy but was troubled by it—said to me, "Ever since Vietnam, I have understood that once you give people guns you become responsible for them, and it's very hard to break off." To a large extent, the battle over Nicaragua has little to do with Nicaragua itself. One could invent a country, or a board game, and have the same constellations of forces behaving exactly the same way—but at much less monetary, and human, cost. Just as the Contras are a proxy army, Nicaragua is in many ways a proxy country. The battle has to do with the Reagan Administration's determination to push back Communist-backed insurgencies (the "Reagan doctrine"); with differing views about what to do about these insurgencies; with personal ambitions on the part of some people in the Administration and in Congress; with the fight within the Republican Party for the 1988 Presidential nomination; with the generic split within the Democratic Party between those who oppose many (but not all) forms of intervention and those who fear looking insufficiently muscular about Communism. There are some people, in both parties and in the Administration, who address the Nicaragua problem on its own merits, but they are essentially swept aside in the larger currents.

AT first, Congress and the public were told by the Reagan Administration that the purpose of aiding the Contras was to interdict weapons going from Nicaragua to rebels in El Salvador, but the Contras were encouraged in their belief, by their C.I.A. contacts, that their goal was to march into Managua. After a while, the Reagan Administration dropped the "interdiction" pretense, but its public explanations of the policy remain muddy. The real goal is to overthrow the Sandinista regime, and once in a while this slips out: at a press conference in February, 1985, President Reagan said he wanted the Sandinistas to "say Uncle;" in March of this year, White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan, discussing the regime on "Meet the Press," let slip, "We have to get rid of it in some way or another," and said, "What we want to do is to try to help those who are trying to overthrow that Communist government." But because of pressure from Congress (from both sides of the aisle) the Administration has also had to pretend it was interested in a negotiated settlement in Nicaragua—a pretense that, to the overthrow school, came dangerously close to reality recently. But as long as the United States continues to insist on terms that would in effect have the Sandinistas give up power—and have the Contras win in negotiations what they have not been able to achieve in battle—and as long as the neighboring "front line" countries in Central America (Honduras, Costa Rica, Guatemala, and El Salvador), for whatever reasons, go along with these terms, there is unlikely to be an agreement. One official points out that there is no history of a civil war being settled by negotiation, nor is there much history of our successfully fighting a civil war by proxy. The Administration is split internally over both whether the goal must remain overthrow and whether a reasonable settlement can be reached—this is one of numerous internal splits the President declines to resolve. And it is also split over how pugnaciously to talk about its goal in Nicaragua and to go after opponents of its policy. Patrick Buchanan, the right-wing White House director of communications, believes in open advocacy of overthrow and political "hardball." Others have argued that such an approach would not yield the bipartisan support the President needs.



The stated Administration policy is that the United States should aid the Contras in order to put pressure on the Sandinistas to negotiate. But this stated policy gets caught in the contradictions of the Administration's own rhetoric. The Sandinistas, the Administration says, are hard-line Marxist-Leninists who by definition cannot be trusted to hold to a treaty prohibiting them from interfering in the affairs of their neighbors. But in that case why would they give up any of their internal power—as demanded by the United States, through its Central American friends—in peace negotiations? More than one Administration official has told me that the point is to show that the Sandinistas will not pledge themselves to internal reform, and therefore will not sign a peace treaty, and therefore are isolated in Central America—and therefore the United States should help the Contras in order to put pressure on the Sandinistas to negotiate. The recent frights within the Administration were caused by the possibility that the Sandinistas might sign some peace treaty that appeared plausible, and thus bollix the President's continuing effort to get Congress to approve his request for a hundred million dollars in assistance—including military assistance, which Congress had been denying since 1984.

Elliott Abrams, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, recently told me, "Our policy is to continue right on seeking the hundred million dollars. Our view is that all these diplomatic efforts will come to naught unless more pressure is put on the Sandinistas." Abrams is a former Democrat (he used to work for Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, of New York, and the late Henry Jackson, of Washington) of the neoconservative school, who joined the Reagan Administration at the outset, serving at the United Nations with Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick and then heading the State Department's Human Rights Bureau. He is smart and aggressive, and, like other Democrats (neoconservatives) who signed on with Reagan—including Mrs. Kirkpatrick—has approached his job with the ideological fervor that makes one welcome, and safe, among the Reagan crowd. In our recent conversation, Abrams said, "The Sandinistas have become more repressive, so we say, Put more pressure on—support the Contras and have the Sandinistas know that their recalcitrance has a price." The policy, Abrams explained, is "You push them to negotiate. The more Contra activity there is, the more willing they'll be. We feel they're very unpopular, and the more the Contras do the more support they'll have. The mere vote of Congress to send aid should raise more opposition to the regime." He added, "There is also the insurrectionary strategy: that if the Sandinistas don't compromise, at some point the people will rise up and throw them out. We feel they probably won't negotiate—they're Communists and that's how Communists behave—and eventually they'll get thrown out. And if the pressure is greater there may be growing tensions within the junta." When I asked Abrams how they could get thrown out if they are such repressive Communists, he replied that the Sandinista army is not very strong and that the regime is not firmly in place.



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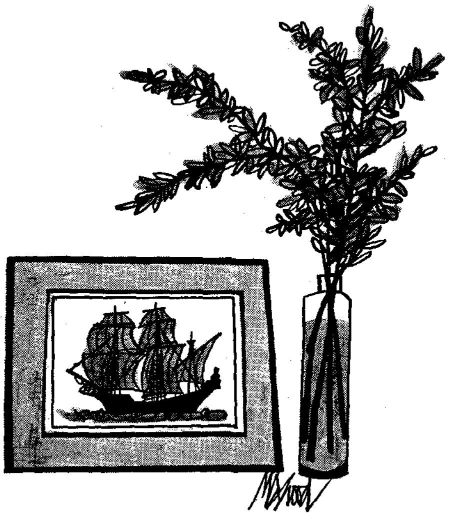
One problem with the Administration's strategy of getting the Sandinistas out one way or another is that almost no one thinks the Contras are up to the job. After five years of effort, they hold no territory in Nicaragua. Their military operations in Nicaragua, such as they are, are hit-and-run (back to the sanctuary of Honduras). They are poorly trained and equipped, and their leaders fight among themselves over power and tactics. They have little apparent backing within Nicaragua. The thought, offered by several Administration people, that if the Contras did better militarily they would do better among the populace is, aside from being circular, an example of what one critic of the Administration's policy terms its "confusion of aspirations with assumptions." Lee Hamilton, Democrat of Indiana and the chairman of the House Intelligence Committee, and an opponent of aid to the Contras, says of the Administration's argument that the Contras would do better if they did better, "How can you dispute that? That's one of the assertions they make. You can only say that the Contras have been operating for five years, and at no time have they been able to sustain themselves in Nicaragua, or gather support. There's always a psychology of wanting to be with a winner, but the Contras haven't created that. You'd think that if their ideology was as clear as they claim it to be you'd see more people rallying to their aid."

Hamilton and other critics of the Administration's policy also say that one of its flaws is the implied assumption that if we give the Contras more aid the Soviet Union and Cuba will not give the Sandinistas more aid—the idea that there is no action-reaction cycle. The Nicaraguan economy is in terrible shape—a fact that has impressed members of Congress who have gone there recently, some of whom concluded that the regime is indeed vulnerable. And one hard-headed man I know in the Administration says that he does not rule it out that the Contras could make it to Managua if we make a sustained and sufficient commitment to them—but he does not believe that we will. The fact that Hamilton opposes all aid to the Contras is telling, because he is a man of moderate temperament who does not seek publicity and came to this position reluctantly—and is greatly respected among his colleagues. Some of the strongest opposition to the Administration's policy comes from members of the House and Senate Intelligence Committees—who have more information than most of their colleagues do. And House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill has come under criticism from some of his liberal troops for putting people on the Intelligence Committee who do not represent their wing of the Party. Dave Durenberger, Republican of Minnesota and chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, is also an opponent of the Administration's policy. To some extent, the opposition on the part of Intelligence Committee members is specific to the Nicaraguan exercise; to some extent it has to do with the view of members of these committees that C.I.A. involvement in "covert" wars and certain covert activities brings the agency to grief; to some extent it has to do with a concern that the C.I.A. gets itself into little wars that have not been debated, much less approved, by Congress; and to some extent it has to do with the fact that William Casey, the director of the C.I.A., drives members of Congress crazy.

Even some Administration people who support the Nicaraguan policy feel that Casey is a disaster to their cause. The basic problem that Casey has with members of Congress—even those sympathetic to much that the intelligence agency does—is that they don't trust him. Any relationship he might have had with them was probably torn irrevocably when, in 1984, he failed to tell them that the C.I.A. was involved in mining Nicaraguan harbors. (This action was one of the grounds for the ruling by the World Court, on Friday, that the United States has violated international law in Nicaragua. The Administration said some time ago that it would not be bound by the Court.) Casey is known to have done what he could to return the C.I.A. to the early, swashbuckling days of the O.S.S. (in which Casey served), to put the C.I.A. on an aggressive anti-Communist course, to get the agency involved in all manner of clandestine activities. There are people within the Administration whose hard-line anti-Communist credentials are beyond question who are disturbed by Casey's aggressiveness—and also his very close relationship with, and easy access to, the President. People familiar with the history of the C.I.A. say that Casey is more of an advocate, and uses the role of director as a hortatory one to a greater degree, than almost anyone else in the history of the agency. There has been a historical argument over the proper role of the director—whether he should be an advocate or simply a fact-gatherer and analyst who offers dispassionate advice based on the best data his agency can collect. But Casey's particular zeal makes a lot of people uneasy. One official says, "That affects Casey's analysis as presented to the State Department or the White House—and it is suspect because people see it as skewed." People on Capitol Hill like few things more than the feeling that they are being brought in on important secrets, and are likely patsies for a C.I.A. director who cultivates them. Casey does the opposite: he goes to no lengths at all to disguise the fact that he believes that Congress is pestiferous and should be told as little as possible. Casey also irritates people on the Hill and in the Administration by his manner of speaking: he mumbles, but he appears to be able to regulate his degree of intelligibility. One word he seems to have difficulty pronouncing is "Nicaragua": this once led some members of the Senate Intelligence Committee to suggest among themselves, only half facetiously, that they should adopt a resolution stating that the United States should not get involved in seeking the overthrow of the government of any country the name of which the director of the C.I.A. cannot pronounce.

EVER since Congress voted to cut off aid to the Contras in 1984, Reagan has had a hard time getting it restored, and some key members of Congress have had a hard time figuring out what position they want to have been in. Until the 1984 action, the money had been sent "covertly," through the C.I.A.; Congress's action forced the President to ask for it openly. Thus, he is asking for funds to arm people to fight a government with which we have diplomatic relations. Last year, a Presidential request for a mere fourteen million dollars for the Contras was in such jeopardy that Reagan was forced to designate it "humanitarian" aid—drugs, food, clothing, and the like—and wrap it in a fairly transparent offer to seek a negotiated settlement. Even that didn't work, and the House voted down any aid—in part because of a parliamentary fluke. But a number of "centrist" Democrats didn't want to be seen as having opposed any aid (and Nicaraguan leader Daniel Ortega embarrassed members of Congress by taking off for Moscow shortly after the House vote). So in June of last year the House voted to give the President twenty-seven million dollars for "humanitarian" aid, and tied this to a pledge by the President, in a letter, that "we do not seek the military overthrow of the Sandinista government," and a somewhat vague pledge (Reagan is good at this) to resume direct talks with the Sandinista regime. The Republican-led Senate voted for "humanitarian" aid, by a narrow margin, after extracting similar pledges from the President. Shortly thereafter, the Administration made it clear that it had no intention of negotiating directly with the Sandinistas.



Obviously, it was understood all around—or should have been—that the "humanitarian" aid would simply free up funds for more direct military purposes. Lee Hamilton says, "The distinction between military and humanitarian aid is a phony. Napoleon said, 'An army marches on its stomach.' If you give them food, they can use money to buy weapons." Also, for some time now the Administration has, through a member of the National Security Council staff named Oliver North, systematically coördinated the donation of weapons to the Contras by right-wing American citizens and by third countries. (Congress had barred military aid given "directly or indirectly.") A major participant in this effort has been retired Major General John Singlaub, who heads something called the United States Council for World Freedom, which has tax-exempt status, and also the World Anti-Communist League. Recently, a helicopter was donated to the Contras, through Singlaub's group, by Ellen Garwood, of Austin, Texas. The helicopter, which, it was said, is to be used only for medical evacuations, has been named by the grateful Contras Lady Ellen. One Administration official told me recently that through all these efforts "quite a lot" of military aid has been getting to the Contras. The official distribution of the "humanitarian" aid authorized by Congress has run into a number of problems. For a time, Honduras, which seeks to maintain the fiction that the Contras aren't based there, forbade some of the supplies to be shipped there. A report by the General Accounting Office suggested that a good bit of the money disappeared. But though some critics of aid to the Contras are making a big thing of this, no

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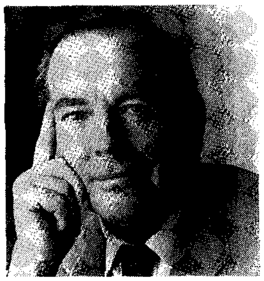

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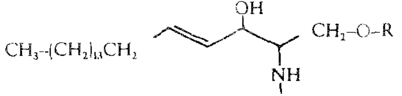
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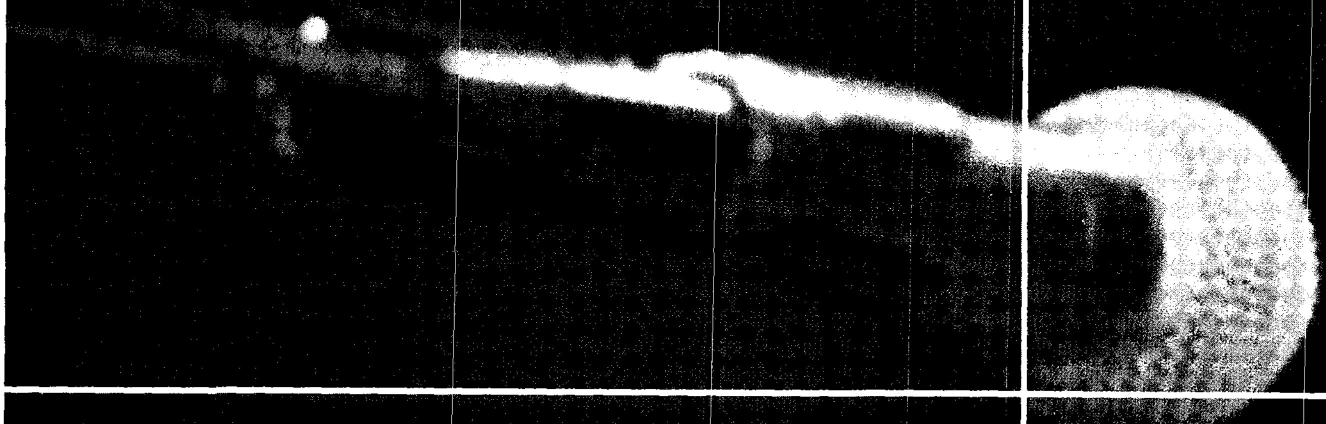

Thurs.

Fri.

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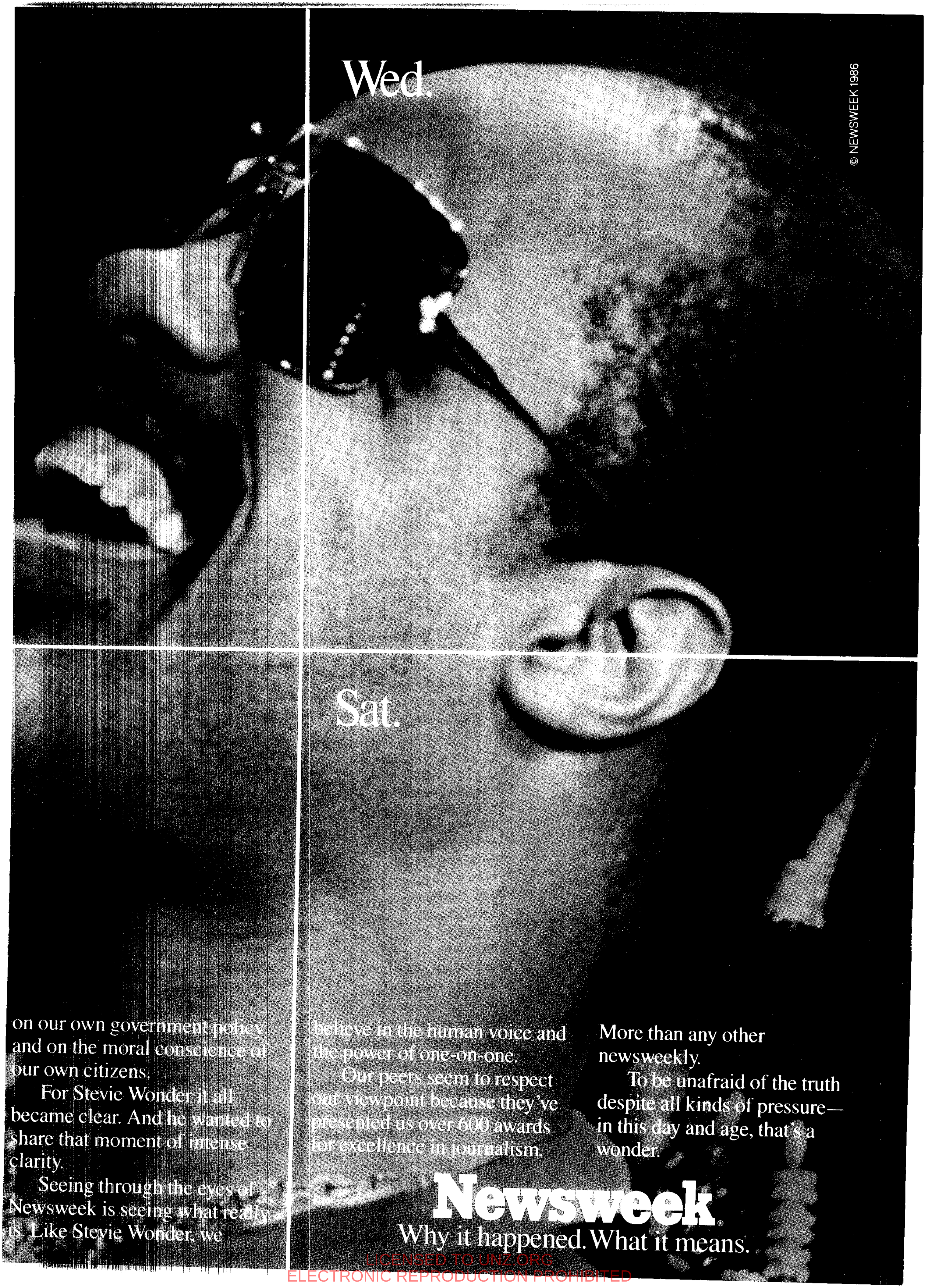

on our own government policy and on the moral conscience of our own citizens.

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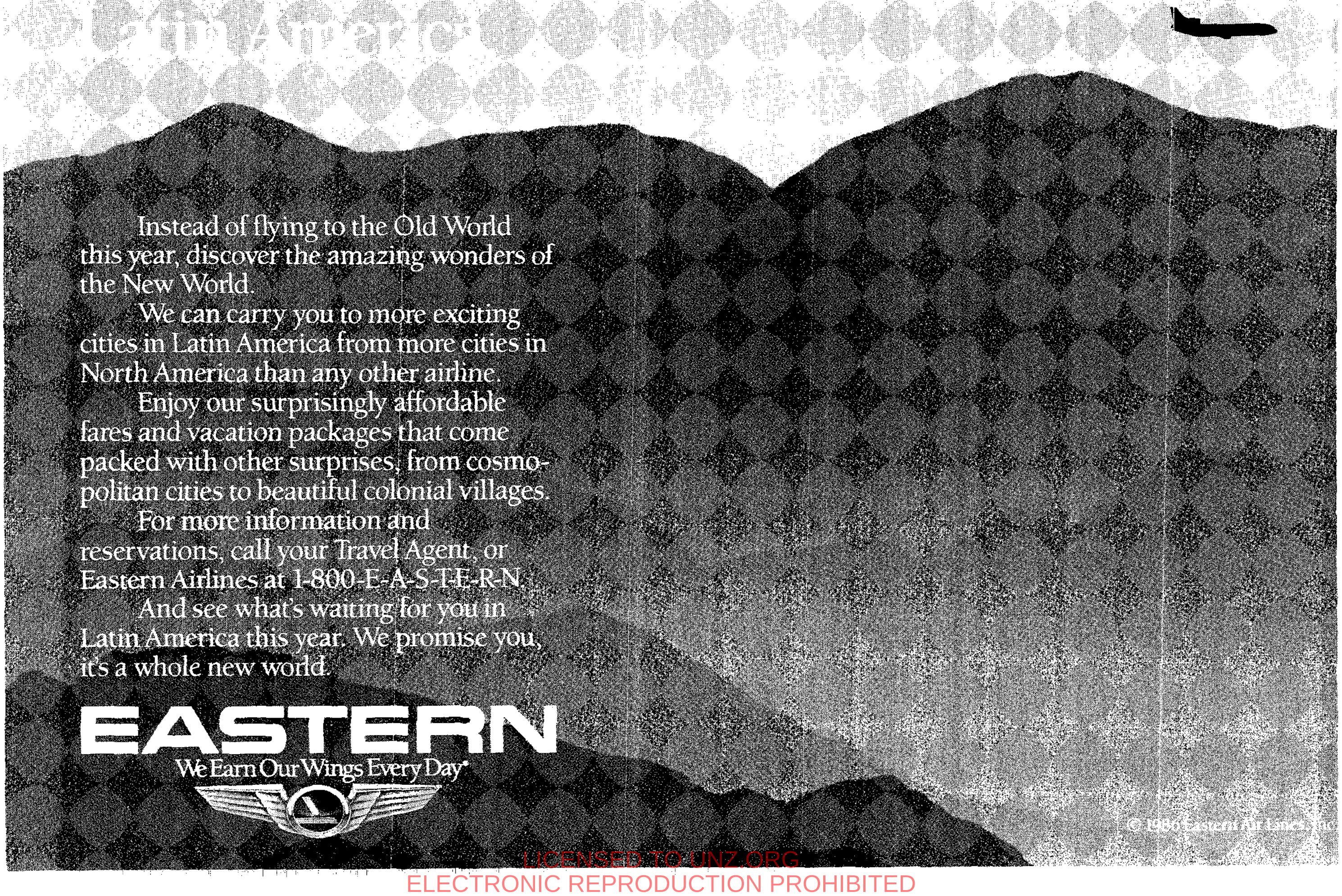

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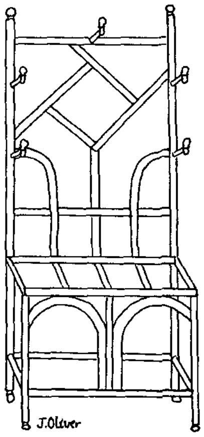
one is, or should be, very surprised. When we sign on with any proxy army, which inevitably includes a fair share of mercenaries, we are not exactly signing on with Common Cause. And people with absolutely no gringo bones in their body—including a Latin friend of mine who has closely followed events in Central America—say that this kind of thing is totally predictable. And even some critics of aid to the Contras say it is no big deal—Hamilton calls it "a marginal issue," which doesn't get to the heart of the matter. The heart of the matter, he says, is whether the Administration's strategy of applying such pressure on the Sandinistas that they will change their form of government will work. He does not think it will.

One approach to dealing with the Nicaragua issue that was taken up by people who are uncomfortable with the Administration's policy but don't want to completely oppose it, and that has become all the rage, is to "reform" the Contras. Politicians talk about this with a perfectly straight face. The idea is to have the Contras present a better (more democratic) appearance to the world, represent a broader coalition of anti-Sandinista groups, and instill in their troops a higher regard for "human rights." (The latter may be a bit much to expect in any guerrilla war.) In fact, the Administration has shuffled the deck of Contra leaders several times. Its most recent effort, on which Abrams spent much time, has been to give the civilian leaders—Alfonso Robelo and Arturo Cruz—more authority over Adolfo Calero, who has the troops, and who has ties with the more conservative Nicaraguan elements (expropriated landowners and bankers and former associates of Somoza). Moreover, the troops are led by Enrique Bermúdez, Calero's close ally, who was a colonel in Somoza's national guard and was Somoza's military attaché but had fallen out with Somoza by the time of the revolution. (Exactly how many Contra troops there are is something of a mystery; Administration officials say that even the C.I.A. can't tell them, but they offer the number of somewhere between twelve thousand and about twenty thousand. An Administration official says that a great many of them are illiterate campesinos who have no ideology one way or the other but merely want to be left alone on their land.) The three leaders had been forced into a rather uneasy, and sometimes explosive, alliance; they are, one Administration official told me, an example of the Chinese proverb "People with different dreams lie in the same bed." Calero, who is fifty-four and managed the Coca-Cola facilities in Nicaragua, is said by a government official to be a classic *caudillo*, who wants, by hook or by crook, to make it to Managua, and feels that since he has the troops he is the *jefe*. An Administration official says, "Cruz and Robelo are worried that Calero would pick up all the marbles if they make it to Managua. Occasionally, they remonstrate with him and complain to the Administration." Among the things that are also said to be of concern to Cruz and Robelo—and also to some Americans—are Calero's strong ties to the American far right (Singlaub and his crowd). But it is Calero who has sustained the troops through his fund-raising among these people. Cruz, a sixty-two-year-old former banker and international civil servant who at one time was the Sandinista regime's Ambassador in Washington, is the most respectable of the three, intellectually and politically—he is a certifiable democrat, and the one who has put the most emphasis on human rights. Cruz has strong ties to European socialists, and is a particular pet of Congress; if he walked out of the leadership, which he has occasionally threatened to do, the Administration would have even more political difficulty with Congress. Robelo, who is forty-six, is a very wealthy chemical engineer now based in Costa Rica. (The other two live in Miami.) He, too, was a member of the Sandinista regime after the revolution and then left it. So Cruz and Robelo are depended upon by the Administration to give the Contra forces political respectability (here as well as in Nicaragua), but even supporters of the Administration's policy consider them something of a slim reed. One of the most ardent supporters of the policy said to me once that these people mean nothing to the younger generation inside Nicaragua, who see them as simply part of the establishment.



The American officials' confidence that they can rearrange the Contra leadership to suit their own tastes, and political exigencies, is also reminiscent of Vietnam. My Latin friend pointed out to me that the Administration imposes American concepts on the Contras that have no meaning in the Central American culture. For example, when Cruz, Robelo, and Calero were recently at the White House—they are frequent visitors—they announced that they had established their own "blue-ribbon commission" to investigate what had happened to the United States aid money. And the Administration finally tired of Edén Pastora, a hero of the Sandinista revolution who then operated against the Sandinista regime from Costa Rica. Pastora, it seems, was the one charismatic anti-Sandinista leader around, but he proved too erratic and unreliable, and so the Administration dumped him by arranging for his troops to be bought out from under him. To a lot of people—apparently in Nicaragua as well as here—the whole thing is a fight for power dressed in ideological colors.

THE Administration got into semi-serious negotiations for a settlement in Nicaragua somewhat by accident. When, in March of this year, the President was once again having trouble getting Congress to approve his request for more aid to the Contras (this time, a hundred million dollars—thirty million for "humanitarian" aid and seventy million for military aid), he reached for Philip Habib, a retired Foreign Service officer and experienced diplomat, who had just played a part in the Administration's helping to nudge Ferdinand Marcos out of power. Habib is a respected man (who doesn't always seem to get it right—he was involved in the Administration's Lebanon policy), and the Administration was basking in praise for its role in the Philippines. The reaching for Habib was, as one Administration official admitted to me, largely "for show," but Habib took his role seriously and set out to see if he could get a settlement. Since the Administration refuses to negotiate directly with the Sandinistas—it says that only the Contras can do that, and of course the Sandinistas have no interest in negotiating their own demise—what negotiations there have been have taken place under the aegis of the Contadora nations (Mexico, Panama, Venezuela, and Colombia), who first met on a Panamanian island of that name. "The Contadora process" had become an incantation on the part of opponents of the Administration policy, and the Administration solemnly swore that it was trying to work through the Contadora nations. In fact, the Administration feared all along that the Contadora countries would settle for a treaty that it did not favor. Of late, encouraged by the Administration to speak for themselves, the four Central American "front line" nations have played a larger part in the Contadora process. And when, in May, it appeared that the Central American countries were about to reach an agreement with Nicaragua, suddenly—led by Costa Rica—they hardened the terms on internal reform. Close observers of these events—albeit critics of the Administration policy—say that this happened as a result of *Administration* pressure. Hamilton says, "These are little tiny countries, we're pouring huge sums into them, and they can't afford to thumb their nose at that President." An Administration official told me that Habib acted as the go-between, and "expressed to them our concerns." Another Administration official said to me recently, "We had to go through the Contadora ritual so that everyone would think we tried."

One of the strangest incidents in the whole Nicaraguan story surrounded the Habib effort, but it had less to do with what Habib was doing than with the already begun struggle for the Republican nomination in 1988. It also had to do with conflicting views within the Administration over how to conduct foreign policy in a number of instances; Nicaragua was simply the matter at hand. In this case, as in some others, Secretary of State George Shultz is known to favor stressing the diplomatic approach, if for no other reason than that he believes it is more pragmatic; others, in the White House (including Buchanan) and in the Pentagon—and, of course, Casey—favor an all-out effort at helping the Contras overthrow the Sandinista regime. In order to assure Democratic critics of the Administration's policy that the negotiation efforts were serious, Habib, on April 11th, wrote to Representative Michael Barnes, Democrat of Maryland and chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee's Subcommittee on Western Hemisphere Affairs and a leading House opponent of the Administration's policy, and to two other Democrats. In the letter, which was cleared by Abrams and his bureau, Habib explained the Administration's negotiating position, and said, among other things, "We interpret these provisions as requiring a cessation of support to irregular forces and/or insurrectional movements from the date of signature." Although Habib did go on to say that the Administration would only support an agreement that was comprehensive, verifiable, and simultaneously implemented, and that "we would not feel politically bound to respect an agreement that Nicaragua was violating," all hell broke loose over his letter. Representative Jack Kemp, Republican of New York and a likely Presidential candidate, demanded Habib's recall. In a May 22nd letter to Reagan, Kemp said that Habib's "confusing maneuvers and conflicting explanations potentially set the stage for a new Central American Yalta." At around the same time, Jeane Kirkpatrick, who is now lecturing and writing and appearing frequently at Republican events (and is frequently mentioned as a possible Vice-Presidential candidate), wrote a column saying that Communist nations don't comply with treaties (she, too, used the example of Yalta), and that the debate that "rages over whether the United States should encourage agreement on the Contadora treaty concerning Central America and guarantee its results . . . once again pits the State Department, with its enthusiasm for an agreement of some sort, against the field." She added, "It is entirely possible that State will win, because of our deep-grained national proclivity to believe an agreement is the same as a solution." *Human Events*, the right-wing weekly that is among Reagan's favorite reading, ran a front-page article headed "Nicaragua: Reagan's 'Bay of Pigs'?" Abrams gave a background briefing (reporters were not to use his name), saying that Habib's letter was "in error" and "imprecise." At the Pentagon, Fred Iklé, the Under-Secretary of Defense for Policy, leaked to the press a study that said that if Nicaragua signed anything like the pending Contadora agreement "an effective containment program" would require "a protracted commitment of U.S. forces," involving at least a hundred thousand men and up to nine billion dollars a year. The State Department announced that the Pentagon study "has no standing as a U.S. government document," and Iklé replied that State was "plain wrong." (Lee Hamilton told reporters that "we have our own verification technologies, devices, so we can assure ourselves the Nicaraguans would not be violating any agreement," and in return "we will permit the Sandinistas to exist.")

This sort of public carry-on within the government has become characteristic of the Reagan Administration—even in its sixth year in office—and in this case was not much ameliorated by a statement by White House spokesman Larry Speakes that in the case of Nicaragua and the Contadora talks "the position of the United States has remained constant." If there was confusion, Speakes said, it was "confusion in other quarters." Kemp and Senator Jesse Helms, Republican of North Carolina, pressed the case against Habib in meetings with the President. Helms has been stirring up a number of issues about Mexico and Central and South America lately, and he has acolytes and instigators dotted around the government, to keep him informed. But things got so out of hand that a member of the National Security Council staff and hero to the right—Constantine Menges—was fired in late May. The columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, who have been in the thick of the Contra fight (pro-Contra), reported that it was Menges who had alerted conservatives that Habib might be actually trying to get a Contadora agreement.

The depiction of the State Department as all too ready to sell out the national interest has been part of right-wing dogma for a long time. ("Who lost China?") But it also happens to fit conveniently into the current Republican nomination contest. Some time ago, one right-wing activist told me, "We plan to make George Shultz the Henry Kissinger of the 1988 Convention." In 1976, the Reagan forces, challenging Gerald Ford for the nomination, heaped abuse on Kissinger and he was booed at the Convention. But Shultz has proved to

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be an elusive prey. He signed on for aid to Jonas Savimbi, the Angolan rebel, after Kemp and the right made a big issue of it. Still, the right will take its shots when it can: Habib equals State Department equals an excessive eagerness to reach a political accommodation. (Abrams is the third person to hold his particular job since the Reagan Administration took office; anyone who seemed too keen on negotiations departed, for one stated reason or another.) Part of the Kemp people's plot is also, as one Kemp strategist told me, to "hang George Shultz around George Bush's neck." Vice-President Bush, by instinct and by job definition, can't be seen as departing from the President's policy—whatever it may be—or get publicly caught in the intramural warfare. So in going after Shultz the Kemp faction and others seek to ambush Bush. The question of how far to go with the Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.) has become part of this. (Robert Dole, the Senate Majority Leader and another probable candidate, has in recent months taken a noticeable new interest in foreign-policy issues—one that is in tune with the right wing. He became an enthusiastic backer of aid for Savimbi and opposed the idea of staying within the SALT II treaty.) One Kemp strategist says, "Kemp understands the importance of being *the* preëminent anti-Communist, and Bush doesn't seem to understand that. The issues within the Party are going to be ninety per cent foreign policy, and the contest is going to be over who is *the* anti-Communist. No one will want to be the foreign-policy liberal."

THE Administration's attempts earlier this year to win approval of the hundred million dollars in aid for the Contras failed in the House on two occasions: the first time because the House Democratic leadership, fearing that it had the votes, promised a group of moderate Democrats who held the swing votes that they would be permitted to bring up their own compromise proposal at a later date if the Administration's proposal was voted down, and so the Administration's proposal was defeated narrowly (222–210); the second time because the Republicans, fearing that the compromise would pass, executed a parliamentary maneuver that prevented that from happening but also kept any bill from passing. Speaker O'Neill, under obligation to the moderates to bring up the bill again, scheduled another de-

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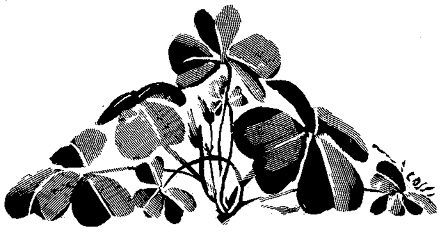
bate on it last week. It had generally been expected that if the President continued to press hard enough he would win aid for the Contras—that he would eventually wear Congress down—and the only surprise is that it took so long. Tactics applied earlier in the year to scare Democrats into supporting the aid (Patrick Buchanan wrote in the Washington *Post*, "With the vote on contra aid, the Democratic Party will reveal whether it stands with Ronald Reagan and the resistance—or with Daniel Ortega and the communists") didn't work, and most members who had failed to support the President did not find that they had insurmountable trouble about it when they went back to their districts. Even the Republican-dominated Senate passed the President's proposal, in March, by a very narrow margin (53–47), and only after the Administration made some concessions it had been loath to make. (And this was also after the Administration had made a great to-do about an incursion of Sandinista forces into Honduras. Such incursions had occurred before, but this one did seem to have been larger than previous ones—though perhaps not as large as the Administration at first suggested.) Some of the President's political advisers have understood the problem for some time: the public doesn't support the President's policy. It is said that people don't like the idea of Nicaragua's having a Communist government, but they aren't interested in spending a hundred million dollars to do something about it. This feeling has been intensified by the Gramm-Rudman law, by the fact that many areas of the country are having a hard time of it economically, and any kind of foreign aid is not popular these days. The discovery of three thousand pairs of shoes in Mrs. Marcos's closet didn't help matters: the shoes weren't just a joke, they were a political event.

One factor that does make the Nicaragua issue a bit different from others is that O'Neill feels quite emotional about it—and when he says that the policy will lead to the sending of American troops there he really believes it. According to people close to O'Neill, his passion on the issue stems in part from his close ties to the Maryknoll Order (his aunt was a Maryknoll nun), and his office has been a stopping-off place for Maryknolls who have worked in Nicaragua and oppose the Administration's policy. But other church groups also oppose the policy, and O'Neill also keeps in touch with present and retired members of the intelligence and military communities. And the plain truth is that, for all the political niceties that are observed, and for all the times that O'Neill reluctantly supports Reagan (as on Lebanon), O'Neill and Reagan do not like each other, and their difference over Nicaragua is one of the flash points. (With the obvious exception of their ideologies, O'Neill and Reagan are somewhat alike. Both are Irishmen with great political charm and also are thin-skinned and hot-tempered—and proud men who do not take kindly to each other's criticism.)

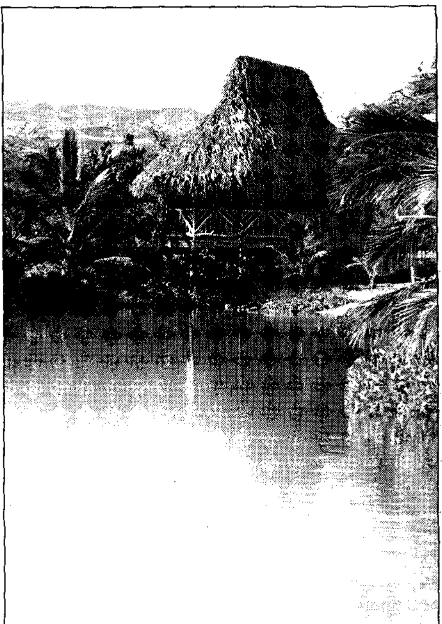
The swing group in the House on the issue of Contra aid is composed of about forty moderate Republicans and Democrats—neither side can win without a large portion of them. Last year, Representative Dave McCurdy, Democrat of Oklahoma, became the leader of this group, largely by self-selection. McCurdy, who is thirty-six and was first elected to the House in 1980, is one of a number of junior members who become prominent by carving out an issue and working at it hard and becoming the author of alternative proposals. By definition, some members see these people as a bit pushy, as seeking the limelight. The line between earnestness and pushiness is a hard one to draw, and while many members like McCurdy, some have grown tired of his being in the limelight. His proposals put him in the middle, between opponents and proponents of the President's proposals, and to some members they seem to be fancy methods of letting the President get what he wants, and of letting members of the House have it both ways—vote for aid to the Contras but with conditions. (It was McCurdy who sponsored the proposal for humanitarian aid last year.) It is the natural instinct of the politician to try to find the middle ground. The Administration negotiated with McCurdy, hoping to be able to co-opt him and his group, but the negotiations fell apart—principally because McCurdy wanted to dole out the aid more slowly than the Administration does and he wanted a second positive vote by Congress, after October 1st, before lethal aid could be released. (The Administration proposed a variation of this—that the lethal aid would be sent unless Congress voted to refuse it, which of course the President could veto. On such a tactical difference the fate of the Western Hemisphere supposedly rested.) The Administration then worked, through a series of compromises, to peel people away from McCurdy, by proposing to dole out the humanitarian and lethal aid in three installments (which they referred to as *tranches*, having picked up the French for "slice" from the State Department); by making the second installment, to contain the first military aid and to occur beginning September 1st, contingent on a finding by the President and by a bipartisan congressional group that negotiations did not seem feasible; and by not allowing the release of "heavy" lethal weapons—however that distinction is to be made—until February of next year. McCurdy's proposal did not take final form until recently, and some Republicans say that McCurdy's indecisiveness helped them win people away from him. McCurdy had also proposed that this time aid to the Contras be couched in the context of economic aid to the region, so the Administration adopted a similar proposal. But economic aid to the region had already been proposed by the Administration in its foreign-aid requests, and it figured that if it could get it alongside aid to the Contras—and if that would help it get aid to the Contras—so much the better. In the end, there was actually little difference between the two proposals; the important thing to the Administration, in this, as in many other legislative fights, was that the President be seen as the victor. Thus, the great legislative battle increasingly became one over symbols.



As the vote neared, Reagan and O'Neill were at each other again: on Monday, Reagan proposed, through White House Chief of Staff Regan, that he speak before the House on Tuesday, the day before the vote was scheduled, and O'Neill said no. The President's request was unusual (only very rarely have Presidents addressed one chamber or the other, and never has a President addressed the House in the course of a debate on a particular issue), and was also a sign that the Administration wasn't sure it had the votes. Apparently, those Presidential advisers behind the move—his advisers were divided—thought that a direct appeal to the House would be more persuasive than another televised speech that might, like one the President gave in March, produce little public response. O'Neill, for his part, was not about to give the President an advantage. Moreover, what the President was proposing was constitutionally questionable—and O'Neill steadfastly believes in preserving the separation of powers and the institutional prerogatives of the House. O'Neill, who had had only a few minutes' warning that the request was coming (Presidential requests for more conventional appearances before Congress are usually talked out at the staff level well in advance, and an unusual request would be made by the President himself to the Speaker), did offer to arrange for the President to appear before a joint session of Congress or in a setting where he could take questions from members. But Regan quickly rejoined that the Speaker was saying no to a Presidential request—leaving the impression that he didn't mind having the issue. (Both Democratic and Republican supporters of aid to the Contras had told White House aides the previous week that the Speaker was likely to turn down such a request.) The next day, Regan and O'Neill exchanged insults. Such a testy, even nasty, personal relationship between a White House and a leader of Congress of the opposite party is hard to remember, and it's not healthy; it demeans our system of government. The President postponed by a day a vacation at his California ranch (to have begun on Tuesday), and went on television again, but this time the major television networks turned him down, so his speech appeared only on Cable News Network, at noon. He also personally lobbied some waverers.

For the latest vote, the Democratic House leadership arranged a parliamentary situation in which McCurdy would have a greater advantage than before. McCurdy and some members of his swing group insisted on this, saying they were tired of being caught between the liberal Democrats and the Republicans and defeated. Some members were becoming tired of the issue coming up again and again, forcing them to continue to cast difficult votes. And the last thing they wanted was to have to vote again—just before the November elections, yet—to release lethal aid, as McCurdy proposed. And some House members were becoming increasingly nervous about the possibility of the House ending up with no aid to the Contras, and of Ortega doing something terrible—or terribly embarrassing—again. In the final two days, it came down to how six remaining undecideds would vote. The President told waverers that his policy was simply to put more pressure on the Sandinistas so they would negotiate. And in any hard-fought legislative battle a White House has more rewards to offer than congressional leaders do. In the end, most (barely) people found it more feasible to vote with the President, and so, on Wednesday night, his proposal was adopted, 221-209. The issue now goes back to the Senate.

THE Senate's passage, on Tuesday, of the tax-reform bill, by a vote of 97-3, was a formality, and attention here had long since turned to the question of what sort of final bill the House and Senate conferees would write. Many senators and interest groups swallowed certain objections to the Senate bill in order to be able to get any bill to conference. The lobbyists have been making their rounds and everyone is comparing notes—to see if they can divine the intentions of those members of the Senate Finance Committee and the House Ways and Means Committee who will write the final bill. Senator Bob Packwood, Republican of Oregon and chairman of the Finance Committee, and his allies essentially held the bill together on the Senate floor, but with more difficulty than they had hoped, and at the price of some additional concessions. The closest call came on an amendment to retain the full deductions for Individual Retirement Accounts—it was defeated, 51-48. Senators who stayed with the committee's bill, and cast some difficult votes (such as against restoring I.R.A.s) to keep it intact, were rewarded—with special provisions in the bill that its managers accepted on the Senate floor. Some were amendments to the main body of the bill—for example, Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, got a tax credit for a large low-income housing project in Boston. Some were to be included in the bundle of "transition rules"—roughly five billion dollars' worth of little (and often mysterious) provisions to help various companies, or whatever, adapt to the changes in the tax code. Some transition rules are reasonable and necessitated by equity; some are out-and-out boodle. Many had been put in the bill in order



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to obtain the votes of the Finance Committee members. (The same thing happened in the Ways and Means Committee last year.)

The transition rules caused two kinds of problems on the Senate floor: one was that Howard Metzenbaum, Democrat of Ohio, demanded explanations, debate, and votes on some of them—which turned out to be embarrassing; the other was that senators who are not on the Finance Committee grew increasingly frustrated that they did not have the same opportunity as the committee members to take care of their own. Senator Ted Stevens, Republican of Alaska, is known for having a hot temper, but when he uncorked on the floor of the Senate late one night the week before last, everyone knew that he had a point. The Finance Committee members, Stevens complained, had been able to get their little favors taken care of before the bill was sent to the floor, but—under the rules by which the Senate was proceeding—senators who now wanted little favors had to find offsetting revenue for any change they had to make. Stevens wanted an amendment that had something to do with reindeer herds—and he got it. That same night, Paul Sarbanes, Democrat of Maryland, got uncharacteristically worked up about the fact that Finance Committee members painted amendments offered by senators not on the committee as concessions to the "special interests" at the same time that they pointed out the large number of groups that were supporting the bill—some of them because they had received concessions.

Hank Blaustein

Packwood and Dole had trouble bringing the whole thing under control at the end, because a large number of senators decided to offer a large number of amendments: even if the amendments didn't pass, they could show their constituents, or their contributors, that they had tried—and there was always a chance to influence the conference. Some senators offered the amendments, in anger, because they thought they had had an agreement with Packwood that he would incorporate their proposals in an encompassing floor amendment to the bill—and he didn't. As the constraints—and the decorum—broke down, some lobbyists decided to give it a go after all, and try to get changes in the bill. (And some regretted that they had signed on to the committee bill so soon.) For example, representatives of Subaru went to Senator Paul Simon, Democrat of Illinois, and said that Mitsubishi had received a certain break and, since they were considering building a plant in Illinois, they wondered if Simon would offer a similar break for them. Simon said that if they were only considering building a plant in Illinois he would have to decline. Part of the reason Dole and Packwood had difficulty bringing the debate to a close was the rather indulgent Senate schedule. So that the senators can plan to be in their states—or wherever—Dole has tried to accommodate them by not having roll-call votes on Mondays, or before two o'clock on Tuesdays, or on Fridays. This left few days on which to take votes on amendments on the tax bill—and also led to late-night sessions, and bad tempers. When Dole was struggling to get the Senate to agree on a cutoff time for the tax debate—which requires unanimous consent unless the leadership wants to get rough—and the senators had already had two late-night sessions, David Pryor, Democrat of Arkansas, said, "There is something mystical that starts happening around here when the sun goes down." Alan Simpson, Republican of Wyoming and Majority Whip, pointed out that the Senate this year has "the most extraordinary calendar that I think we have ever had in any election or nonelection year," which he described as follows: a February Presidents' Day recess of a week (this takes care of Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays); an Easter recess of twelve days; a Memorial Day recess (ten days); a July Fourth recess (another two weeks); an August recess, to begin on August 15th and last until September 7th. And Simpson added, "On October 3rd, the Chambers will be exited regardless of what happens on the floor because it is an election year."

On occasion, senators who broke with the committee on the difficult floor votes were punished: thus, the committee made no effort to help Pete Wilson and Alan Cranston, Republican and Democrat of California, respectively, retain a certain transition rule that Metzenbaum objected to. On the other hand, a fairly substantial reward was given to a certain group of senators—some of them Republicans up for reëlection this fall. This provision partially restored the deduction for state sales taxes, which the committee had eliminated at the same time that it retained the deduction for state income and real-property and personal-property taxes. There was an equity problem here, because some states have no sales taxes (including Packwood's Oregon) and some have sales taxes but no income taxes (including Washington, North Dakota, and South Dakota—all of which have Republican senators running for reelection). A Senate Finance Committee staff member says, "So equity rose up, and we took care of them." Another problem that had to be taken care of was a real one: in its effort to eliminate real-estate tax shelters, the committee had virtually eliminated tax incentives to build low-income housing; the theory that economic decisions should be left to the marketplace and not be governed by the tax laws—the theory behind tax reform—is an attractive one, but it doesn't always work out. The theory also says that if Congress thinks something is in the national interest to do, it should be done straightforwardly, through authorizations and appropriations, not indirectly through the tax code. But "the marketplace" won't be very interested in building low-income housing if there are no tax incentives, and straightforward federal funding for such housing has taken a beating in recent years and, with Gramm-Rudman, is not likely to enjoy large increases. So Packwood accepted an amendment that expanded tax credits for investing in low-income housing.

In an attempt to ward off any dipping into the tax bill's revenues in the first year—if, as in the Senate bill, the new tax law raises far more money than it loses at first—Senators Pete Domenici, Republican of New Mexico and chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, and Phil Gramm, Republican of Texas and co-author of the Gramm-Rudman law, got the Senate to accept an amendment stipulating that such revenues be ignored for the purposes of meeting the Gramm-Rudman budget requirements. (This amendment was designed to put moral pressure on others to keep hands off the revenues—to make them pretend the revenues aren't there. It also helped the House and Senate Budget Committees to finally come to an agreement, on Thursday. Their compromise appears to meet the Gramm-Rudman limit through optimistic assumptions and other tricks, and it stipulates that if more money is sought for "unmet national needs"—read defense—the revenues will have to be found somewhere. The compromise provided a defense increase that was lower than the rate of inflation; the committees were telling the President that if he wanted more he'd have to ask for more taxes. On Thursday night, the two chambers passed the budget—just before they left town and before too many people had a chance to read it.) Some senators worried that the tax-bill exercise would make it more difficult to raise revenues to meet various national needs—the President clearly hopes that is the case—but this was not something the Senate chose to dwell on. Some backers of tax reform say that a public perception of a fairer tax code will make it easier to raise revenues.

The biggest issue that arose during the Senate's nearly three weeks of consideration of the bill was over the distribution of the tax burden on individuals. The Senate bill is less progressive than the House bill, which has four rates: fifteen per cent, twenty-five per cent, thirty-five per cent, and thirty-eight per cent. The fourth bracket was added by the House in order to reduce the tax break that the very wealthiest would receive. The Senate bill ostensibly has two rates—fifteen per cent and twenty-seven per cent—but, actually, because certain tax reductions are taken away as a person's, or a couple's, income goes up, it also has marginal rates of thirty-two per cent and 32.4 per cent, and then, after incomes rise above a certain point, the rate drops back to twenty-seven per cent. (For couples filing jointly, this would begin after $145,000.) So, though no one will pay more than a *flat rate* of twenty-seven per cent, there are some higher marginal rates. Moreover, the Senate bill would cause a tax increase for some of the middle class (how much of it is a matter of dispute), which would generally do better under the House bill. So the Senate bill raised a basic question of tax philosophy, and George Mitchell, Democrat of Maine (and chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee), offered an amendment to have three tax brackets: fourteen per cent, twenty-seven per cent, and thirty-five per cent. Until Mitchell offered his amendment, many senators were not aware of the bill's relative effects on people of different incomes. (The different effects are also caused by "break points," at

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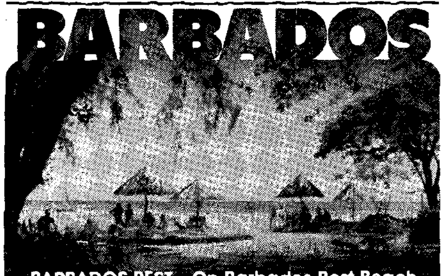

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which the higher rates begin.) And many senators were clearly troubled. But the idea that the top individual tax rate would be twenty-seven per cent was what put steam behind the Finance Committee's bill—and induced several important interests to keep hands off—and if Mitchell's amendment had passed, the bill could have been in serious trouble. Moreover, because Mitchell went for higher rates, his amendment provided that capital gains be given preferential treatment, whereas the Finance Committee bill made no distinction between ordinary income and capital gains (it could do this because of the low top rate)—this was a change in tax policy many tax reformers have been seeking for years. Some senators who were tempted to vote for the Mitchell amendment told me that some of the bill's backers assured them that middle-class taxpayers would be given better treatment in the conference, and there was no point in their casting a vote for "higher rates." Packwood, in his remarks on the floor, said that Mitchell's amendment raised "a certain déjà vu"—of Walter Mondale.

The tax-reform effort has taken on a looking-glass logic: currently, the top tax bracket is fifty per cent (down from seventy per cent when Reagan took office), and the House bill would cut that to thirty-eight per cent; but anyone who wants to raise the top level in the Senate bill from twenty-seven per cent stands accused of wanting to "increase taxes." The distributional question is expected to be the big one in the conference. As of now, for what it's worth, the thinking among knowledgeable people on the Hill is that the final bill will have lower rates than the House bill (will be closer to the Senate version in this respect), with perhaps a top rate of twenty-nine or thirty per cent (and two or three rates), but will change the distribution, and that further relief for the middle class will be found by taking away some of the Senate's benefits for business. House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, Democrat of Illinois, has even raised the possibility of a twenty-seven-per-cent top rate—for a price. (The House has a higher corporate rate, and is less generous to business in other respects.) That way, both sides will be able to declare victory. The bill is a big one, and there are many issues to settle and interests to be dealt with and egos at stake, so the conference is likely to produce a lot of noise before it produces a bill. But a historic tax-reform bill will be enacted before long. The President wants to sign the bill into law on Labor Day.

THE President's nomination of Justice William Rehnquist to take the place of Chief Justice Warren Burger, who chose to retire from the Supreme Court, and of Antonin Scalia, a judge on the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, to take Rehnquist's seat were among the most adroit moves of his Presidency—and among the most important ones. Though Burger, Rehnquist, and Scalia have all been described as "conservative," the word loses meaning in this context. Rehnquist and Scalia are way over on the right, and both are men of high and rigorous intellect. Therefore, the Court will have a different dynamic, even if the number of votes on certain kinds of issues may not change. Burger did not always vote with the more conservative members, and he was not considered a towering intellect. Exactly why he chose to retire remains something of a mystery. Though he said that it was because he wanted to devote his time to the Bicentennial Commission, which is planning to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the Constitution in 1987, and of which he is chairman, and though he has shown great interest in the Bicentennial, most people think there were also other factors at work. Burger has not been well in recent months, and his fatigue showed, and he had also complained about the Court's caseload; and Burger, a lifelong Republican, might well have noticed that there will be elections in November and that a number of people are now predicting that the Democrats will take over the Senate (the consensus on this question has changed several times). Therefore, if Reagan is to have clear sailing in naming new people to the Court, the thinking would go, the sooner he gets to name them the better. And as the 1988 elections approach, Democrats—whether they are in the majority or minority—could attempt to stall Senate action on Court nominations.

However, the Senate, even if controlled by the Democrats, would have trouble rejecting the nominations of highly qualified people. In choosing Rehnquist and Scalia, Reagan solved several problems for himself at once: both are sitting judges with long records of opinions, and are less likely to surprise him, as other Justices have surprised the Presidents who chose them. (Earl Warren was more liberal than Eisenhower expected; Byron White has turned out to be more conservative than Kennedy expected; the list goes on. Even Sandra Day O'Connor, Reagan's first nominee to the Court, has not reliably hewed to the Reagan agenda.) Also, Reagan's two new choices have already been confirmed by the Senate for their current positions, so there should be no great surprises, or impediments, as the confirmation process goes forward. Finally, both men have unquestionably good credentials, if ideologies that are frightening to many liberals. But liberals were awestruck by the deftness of Reagan's move, and know that there is little they can do. They are also struck by something else Reagan is doing: naming relatively young people to the bench, so that they can be there for some time. (Scalia is fifty.) A Democratic attorney here said to me recently, "Reagan's showed us what we should do—if we ever get back in power." Scalia's brand of conservatism seems even more hard than Rehnquist's, and it is also slightly strange. When Scalia wrote the decision, last February, striking down a section of the Gramm-Rudman law as unconstitutional, he went on to suggest that the whole notion of regulatory agencies—the Federal Trade Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and so on, some of which have been in existence since the nineteen-thirties, and some longer than that—was unconstitutional, and that the agencies' powers should belong to the executive branch. (Attorney General Edwin Meese had said the same thing in a speech a few months earlier.) When this thought came up in the course of the argument over Gramm-Rudman before the Supreme Court, Justice O'Connor said that it "scared" her. Scalia also takes the view that job discrimination is primarily an economic issue, not a civil-rights issue, and is a strong opponent of affirmative action. He has been harsher on newspapers in First Amendment cases than the justices he will join have been. Scalia has been in the running for the Court for some time—this had something to do with his being in the right position and something to do with his getting in the right position. There are some people who acquire the aura of potential Supreme Court justices, and who do things—write articles, make speeches, write decisions, teach at the right schools, get on the right lower courts—to put themselves close to the lightning. Some choices of justices are more surprising.

Rehnquist and Scalia will be difficult for the Democrats to oppose, but in a way their being chosen frees up Democrats to vote against some of Reagan's nominees to other courts. One nominee has already been disapproved by the Senate Judiciary Committee (two Republicans voted against him), and the Senate was deadlocked on another just before the recess, which began on Friday. Reagan has not only gone for conservative judges—and his choices, on balance, have been more ideological than those of other Presidents—but has also named a striking number of mediocrities to various federal courts. And the Senate has been largely coöperative—loath to turn down the choices of a popular President and uncertain about what its real role in the nomination process should be. At the rate things are going, Reagan will have appointed more than half the entire federal judiciary by the end of his second term. One question that arises about the President's new Supreme Court nominations is whether these men are any more predictably ideological than certain liberals on the Court—Justices William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall—and a number of detached people (as detached as people can be about this) say that they are not. Another question that arises is why Supreme Court justices should be ideological at all—why a judge isn't simply a judge, who decides cases on the merits. One answer is that the kinds of questions that come before the Court are usually the most difficult ones, where there is no clear precedent, and, increasingly, they have to do with emotion-laden issues (abortion, affirmative action, the rights of the accused, and so on). But it seems that there is another answer: that there are some people who are capable of deciding these questions without personal preconceptions (there are such people on the current Court), and do not have agendas, but that Presidents who make Supreme Court selections often do have agendas. Reagan certainly does, and he is playing for keeps.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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[*From the Boston Globe*]

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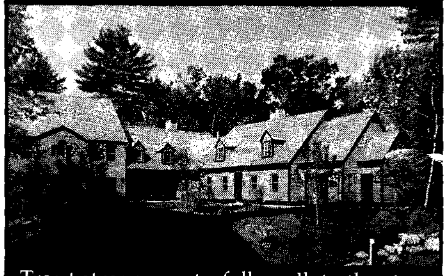

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BOOKS

Masterpieces

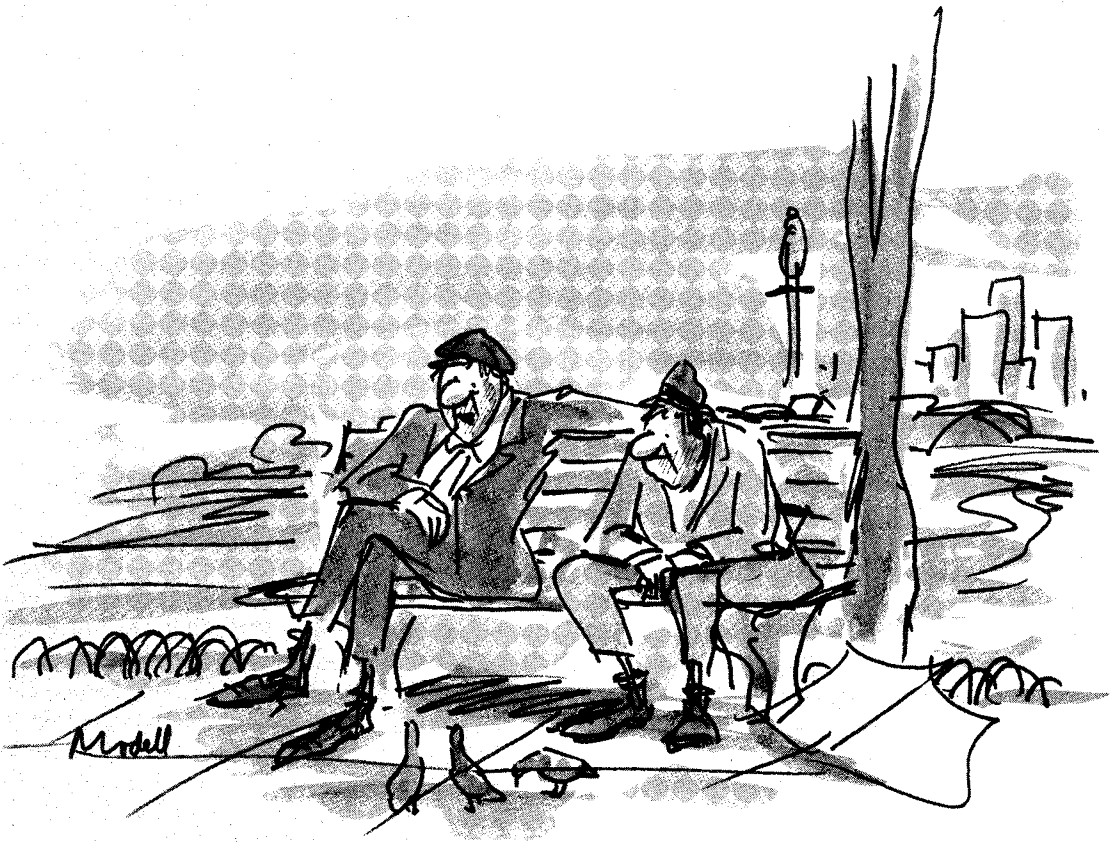
FEW books deserve to be quoted more than reviewed. Rainer Maria Rilke's "Letters on Cézanne," edited by Clara Rilke and translated from the German by Joel Agee (Fromm; $12.95), is one of them. It says more about art than any other book I know and in less than a hundred pages. Transcribed into English in earlier editions, these letters have here been arranged to form a unified commentary on painting unlike any other that exists. Mr. Agee's translation is often brilliant, occasionally patchy, and sometimes ungrammatical, yet these poet's letters on a subject whose mysteries have always been elusive shine through even the murkiest tangles. They start out as personal comments on painting and end up being profound comments on the nature of art and life. Their main subject is Cézanne and, secondarily, van Gogh and Rodin, a sculptor Rilke was in a special position to know, having been his secretary for several years. (In fact, Rodin fired Rilke a year before these letters begin.) In Rilke, the painter has found a spokesman who speaks from a place never seen (or heard from) before, as if he were both in front of and inside the canvas, and these letters distill for the reader the essence of what a painting (and, by extrapolation, a poem) truly is.

Rilke's extraordinary pages have little to do with fact, psychology, or even emotion (though they engender a great deal of it in the reading of them). They restore to painting the gift of sight: in the large, that long-debased word "vision;" and, specifically, canvas by canvas, viewpoint. And what transforms sight transforms the seer, so that the subject of these letters is, ultimately, consciousness itself. These pages, so peculiarly original and definitive, reveal Cézanne paintings for what they truly are: neither the rocks of reality nor paint applied to canvas—nor the myriad technical matters involved in the transformation of the transitory into the permanent—but some fusion that defines, in the act of restoring sight, what there is to see:

> Surely all art is the result of one's having been in danger, of having gone through an experience all the way to the end, where no one can go any further. The further one goes, the more private, the more personal, the more singular an experience becomes, and the thing one is making is, finally, the necessary, irrepressible, and, as nearly as possible, definitive utterance of this singularity . . . which no one would or even should understand, and which must enter into the work as such, as our personal madness, so to speak . . . like an inborn drawing that is invisible until it emerges.

The letters were written by Rilke to his wife, Clara, herself an artist, while he was in France and she in Germany. The occasion of them is the memorial exhibition of Cézanne paintings held at the Salon d'Automne in Paris in 1907. Rilke had arrived in a rainy capital on his way to Prague, the city in which he was born. These are letters home from a familiar stopover. But this time Paris was different, in spite of the weather—"Everything is right, is valid, participates, contributes its sound in the unity of bright correspondences"—and Cézanne, a painter who originally had puzzled Rilke, was different, too, as he explains in a wonderful phrase: "Suddenly one has the right eyes." The experience of visiting and revisiting the Salon eventually proved seminal in Rilke's life. He had earlier found in Rodin the true spirit of modernism; in Cézanne he found its prophet—a "Homeric patriarch"—and the letters have something of the fervor of a convert suddenly caught in a shower of religious illumination.

If one had to reduce these subtle pages to one major insight, it would be how representation transcends itself. Just as a van Gogh rush-bottom chair or a Cézanne apple is indisputably a chair or an apple—an object seen a thousand times by the human eye —so is it unquestionably a van Gogh chair or a Cézanne apple, and therein lies the primary secret Rilke sought to unravel. At what point, and how, did the mundane object take on both the imprint of its



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creator and the unmistakable permanence that comes not from the exploitation of personality but from the loss of it? Van Gogh's chair was a chair speaking for all chairs in the language of van Gogh. Lent a portfolio of forty van Gogh reproductions, Rilke looked at them for days:

> Blooming trees . . . or an old horse, a completely used up old horse: and it is not pitiful and not at all reproachful: it simply *is* everything they have made of it and what it has allowed itself to become . . . or, simply, things, a chair, for instance, nothing but a chair, of the most ordinary kind: and yet, how much there is in all this that reminds one of the "saints" he promised himself and resolved to paint at some much later time!

Van Gogh, who had wanted to become a priest, tried to study Greek and Latin, but succeeded only in becoming

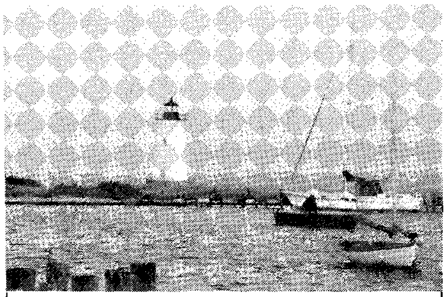
> an evangelist, and he goes to a mining district and tells the people the story of the gospel. And while he talks, he begins to draw. And finally he doesn't even notice how he's stopped talking and is only drawing. And from then on, that's all he does, until his last hour . . . Ah, how he, too, renounced and renounced. His self-portrait in the portfolio looks shabby and tormented, almost desperate, but not devastated: the way a dog looks when it's in a bad way . . . But in his paintings . . . poverty has already become rich: a great splendor from within. And that's how he sees everything: as a poor man.

And a Cézanne apple spoke to Rilke in its unique language, and even more forcefully. In both painters, the ego is freed of its narcissism. And because Rilke was looking at the Cézannes and the van Goghs out of a need to expand the limits of his own work, to resist the lure of ornamentation, these letters have an urgency far removed from the coolness of appraisal. These are not afterthoughts but truths wrung from intense observation, and the book's epigraph—a quotation from an earlier letter, to Lou Andreas-Salomé, written in 1903—may explain that best:

> Somehow I too must find a way of making *things;* not plastic, written things, but realities that arise from the craft itself. Somehow I too must discover the smallest constituent element, the cell of *my* art, the tangible immaterial means of expressing everything.

Cézanne was important to Rilke in two ways. As a figure whose life provided a still fresh example of what an artist should be:

> With regard to his work habits, he claimed to have lived as a Bohemian until his fortieth year. Only then . . . did he develop a taste for work. But then to such an extent that for the next thirty years he did nothing *but* work. Actually without joy, it seems, in a constant rage, in conflict with every single one of his paintings, none of



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> which seemed to achieve what he considered the most indispensable thing, *La réalisation* . . . he found it in the Venetians whom he had seen over and over again in the Louvre and to whom he had given his unreserved recognition. To achieve the conviction and substantiality of things, a reality intensified and potentiated to the point of indestructibility by his experience of the object, this seemed to him to be the purpose of his innermost work; old, sick, exhausted every evening to the point of collapse by the regular course of the day's work (often he would go to bed at six, before dark, after a senselessly ingested meal), angry, mistrustful, ridiculed and mocked and mistreated each time he went to his studio,—but celebrating Sunday, attending Mass and Vespers as he had in his childhood.

And then as a craftsman and a spirit who held secrets of art Rilke was trying to discover:

> While painting a landscape or a still life, he would conscientiously persevere in front of the object . . . Beginning with the darkest tones, he would cover their depth with a layer of color that led a little beyond them, and keep going, expanding outward from color to color, until gradually he reached another, contrasting pictorial element, where, beginning at a new center, he would proceed in a similar way. I think there was a conflict, a mutual struggle between the two procedures of, first, looking and confidently receiving, and then of appropriating and making personal use of what has been received; that the two, perhaps as a result of becoming conscious, would immediately start opposing each other, talking out loud, as it were, and go on perpetually interrupting and contradicting each other. And the old man endured their discord, ran back and forth in his studio, which was badly lit because the builder had not found it necessary to pay attention to this strange old bird whom the people of Aix had agreed not to take seriously.

Although Rilke was beginning to revise his views on Rodin—"I'm beginning to understand that many perceptions . . . may possibly be a response to the standards Rodin taught us to apply, rather than to the standards his work meets from case to case"—he is exquisite on some Rodin drawings of the dancing girls of King Sisowath of Cambodia who were on tour:

> There they were, these small graceful dancers, like transformed gazelles; the two long, slender arms drawn through the shoulders, through the slenderly massive torso (with the full slenderness of Buddha images) as if made of a single piece, long hammered out in the workshop, down to the wrists, upon which the hands then assumed their poses, agile and independent, like actors on the stage. And what hands: Buddha hands that know how to sleep, that lie down smoothly after all has passed, with fingers adjoining, to rest for centuries at the edge of a lap, lying with the palms facing up, or else steeply raised in the wrist, invoking infinite stillness. These hands in wakefulness: imagine. These fingers spread, open, starlike, or curved in upon each other as in a rose of Jericho; these fingers delighted and happy or else frightened, displayed at the very end of the long arms: *themselves* dancing. And the whole body is employed to keep this outermost dancing balanced in the air, in the body's atmosphere, in the gold of an Eastern aura. Once again he contrived almost cunningly to enlist every accident; a brown thin tracing paper which, when mounted, produces small manyfold creases reminiscent of Persian script. And the tint covering this with enamel-smooth rose, with a hermetic blue, as if from the most precious miniatures.

These letters are, then, an informal monograph on Cézanne as good as, if not better than, the essays Rilke wrote on Rodin, which were more consciously couched, more aware of the subject, who would ultimately read them. Here Rilke is free to muse and discourse, to allow the imagination free play. And so they are also a book of unintentional poems. Unique in the purity and depth of their thought, they are easy to read. The work is in the thinking, not the writing. We stare at the profundity of them with absolute clarity, as if we were looking at the bottom of a well that contained the secret of water. The power of description in these pages carries with it insights; each time Rilke looks at something, we are privy to an act of the imagination. The greatness of Cézanne could be conveyed only by an artist equally great. Rilke and Cézanne are peers.

In these letters we are in a double world—as if the lens of the eye were as supreme as the intelligence it informs, because a great writer is talking about a great painter. Though the writing is at the service of the painting—a transparency through which the canvases are brought into being—we soon become aware of the special illumination of the transparency itself, so that we are entranced not only by revelation after revelation but by the means by which they are brought to light.

—Howard Moss

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Blind Corral, by Ralph Beer (Viking; $16.95). Jackson Heckethorn, twenty-seven, the central character of this first novel, is discharged from a military hospital, finally recovered from an Army-training-camp injury, and returns home, to the Montana ranch homesteaded by his great-grandfather, for a short visit with his father, a

Second World War veteran, and his grandfather, a veteran of the Great War, before moving on to Canada and a waiting girlfriend. He finds his father at play with a young local floozy and his grandfather fighting, trying to ignore, emphysema. He also finds everything around him changed: the town is being rebuilt, the ranchers are struggling against hard times, the developers have appeared and are developing. Mr. Beer is one of a new breed of contemporary writers, native to the mountain West, who find their themes in a feel for land and the natural world and in the death threat of urbanization, and he is one of the best of them—a writer gifted with both strength and grace.

GENERAL

Thinking in Time: The Uses of History for Decision-Makers, by Richard E. Neustadt and Ernest R. May (Free Press; $19.95). Illuminating and entertaining, this volume is based on a course that its authors teach jointly at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. Most of the examples they choose come from recent American history and deal with decisions made by American Presidents. They discuss, for example, historical analogies that have influenced decisions—analogies that were sometimes appropriate and sometimes not (for the purposes of study, bad decisions are as instructive as good ones)—and they suggest ways to test the appos(i)teness of an analogy. They also suggest many other ways of using history. Among them is "placement," or attempting to understand how a man or a woman of a particular education, nationality, social class, and work experience reads history. On this topic, while writing about the SALT negotiations, they offer a dazzling couple of paragraphs that describe how Brezhnev might have seen modern history and the reasons he would have regarded Stalin's reign as "a golden age." Among Americans, they assess Franklin D. Roosevelt and George C. Marshall as demonstrating the most acute sense of history.

Something About a Soldier, by Charles Willeford (Random House; $17.95). In 1935, the author was a sixteen-year-old orphan living with his grandmother in Los Angeles and composing poems as a preparation for his life's work, which was

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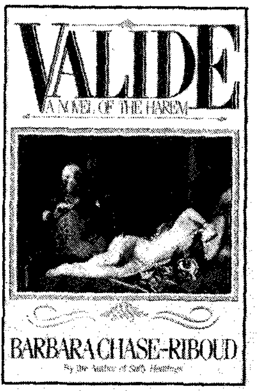

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to be the writing of novels like Dostoyevski's. In that Depression year, his grandmother lost her job and he could not find one, so, lying about his age, he bluffed and beguiled his way into the Army Air Corps. This memoir recalls Mr. Willeford's service as an enlisted man—a three-year hitch, two of the years in the Philippines—and his reënlistment, after his discharge, for another tour, this time in the cavalry. When the book ends, he has had not quite four years on active duty and has attained the ambition that superseded, if only temporarily, his literary aspirations: promoted to second horseshoer, he has at last risen to private first class. Mr. Willeford's recollections of America in the nineteen-thirties are as exotic as his recollections of the Philippines. The harsh assumptions that governed life in the United States included the acceptance of impoverishment and inequality, the denial of opportunity, and, in the Army, a pattern of extreme rigidity. Yet the author never presents himself as a victim. He is a greenhorn, apprenticed to arms as to life; though he learns by stumbling, he never pities himself. The alert, ignorant, literary recruit becomes a marvellous guide to the masculine ghetto that was our old peacetime Army, to the subtropical variety of the Philippines, and to an odd little reservation where men were attentively caring for horses and learning to fight a kind of war that was never to come.

•

A vacation can be hard work. For instance climbing up the newly restored Statue of Liberty may be exhilarating, as is the view from atop, but it also taxes the limbs; and waiting in line may tax the nerves. All this can dissipate, however, if you have something soothing and refreshing to recover with, such as a glass of delicious iced tea. You can sit back in your favorite recliner, stretch out those weary limbs, and congratulate yourself for having prepared a pitcherful beforehand.—*Blue Water Shopper, Spirit Lake, Iowa.*

And having not spilled a drop.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Portland Oregonian*]

NEW YORK (AP)—Antony Tudor, the 77-year-old British choreographer and creator of the "psychological ballet," received the 35th annual Capezio Dance Award on April 28. The occasion caused the American choreographer Agnes de Mille to reminisce.

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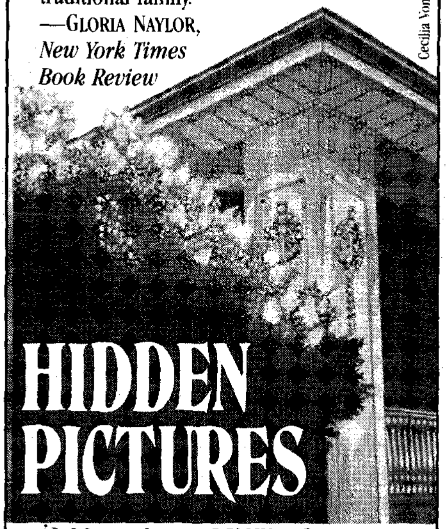
—GLORIA NAYLOR,
New York Times Book Review



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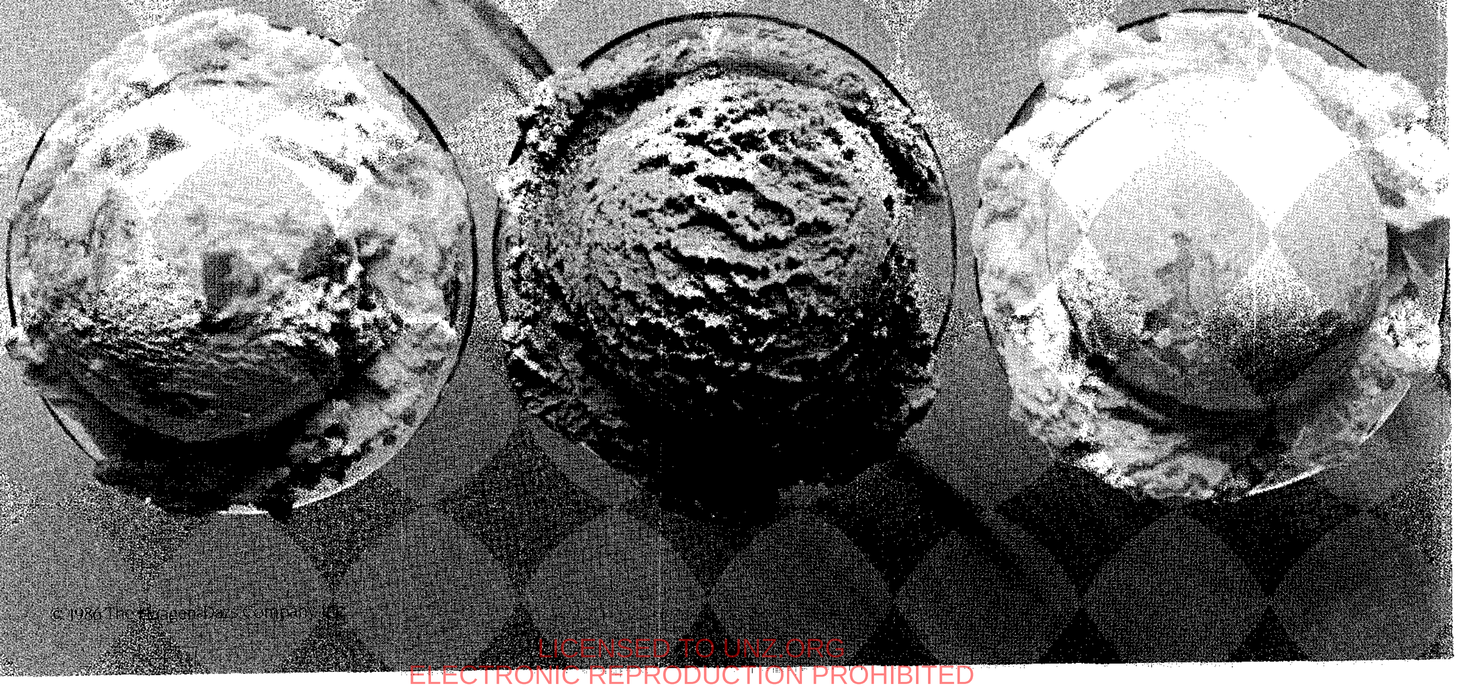

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